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MISCELLANIES

SELECTED FROM

THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

VOLUME SECOND.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.

1824.

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1860, July 13.
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The compiler ventures before the public with a second volume of "Miscellanies, selected from the Public Journals." The ingredients are arranged in a more formal manner; but it is uncertain whether this arrangement adds any thing to the value of the book, or whether every article is placed under its most appropriate leading title. The fourth division, it must be confessed, appears barren; but it should be recollected, that the barrenness of obituary notices, does not increase their claims to preservation. Two distinguished individuals deceased, within a short period before the compilation of this volume was undertaken, of whom no notices have yet been published, (at least, the compiler has seen none,) that he wished to transfer to his collection. It is to be regretted that no one, suitably qualified, has given to the public the characters of Lowndes and Pinkney.

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BOOK I.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

I. WEST POINT.

[Commercial Advertiser. New-York.]

" There is a cliff, whose high and bending head,
Looks fearfully in the confined deep." SHAKS.

A TOUR from New-York up the Hudson river affords one of the most beautiful excursions, that can be made in any part of our country; but the *writing* traveller has to encounter the difficulty, if he attempts a sketch, of describing what has so often been described before, that he may almost despair of introducing a novel scene, or a new idea. Hundreds of writers,—not forgetting that almost inimitable painter of animated nature, Irving,—have told of the " verdant pastures and green fields," the towering cliffs and lofty mountains, which alternately attract the admiration, the wonder, and the amazement of the beholder, almost from the confluence of that noble stream with the ocean to its source. " The theme," says a late tourist, " is measureless; such as Byron, with all his kindred sublimity, would delight to dwell upon, and conjure up a spirit in every breeze of its mountains, or that moved on the face of its waters. Its serpentine windings; its deep recesses; the little cottage under the rocky heights, and isolated, as it were, from the rest of the world; the splendid mansion in the distance, surrounded by dark foliage and

towering elms, imparting to it an air of romance; its deep and apparently impenetrable forests, where, to the stranger, the foot of man would seem never to have trod;—these are things which would call forth the finest strains of poetic inspiration, which would induce Byron again to say,—

> "Pass not unblest the Genius of the place!
> If through the air a zephyr more serene,
> Win to the brow, 'tis his; and if ye trace
> Along his margin a more eloquent green;
> If on the heart the freshness of the scene
> Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust
> Of weary life, a moment lave it clean
> With Nature's baptism,—'tis to him ye must
> Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust."

The most imposing scene presented to the eye of the spectator, before entering the Highlands, and that, which most attracts the admiration of the naturalist, and excites the attention of the geologist, is, the huge buttress of rocks, which, for miles, lift their tall heads from the western edge of the river, resembling what, in fairy land, might well be taken for the proud battlements of a race of giants. These rocks are called the palisadoes. They are basaltic, standing like massive gothic pillars, three or four hundred feet high, upon horizontal strata of sand-stone. This singular and unusual formation is a sore puzzle to the wise heads of geologists and theoretical world-makers, who can account for the position upon no other principle, than that, in some wonderful convulsion of the earth, the pillars have been pressed up through its surface.

At a distance of about forty miles from the city, we enter the Highlands, between Stony Point, on the north, and Verplanck's Point on the south. This magnificent region of country not only attracts attention from the grandeur and sublimity of the scenery, but from being closely associated with an important portion of our revolutionary history. The Highlands for a long period formed the main link in the chain of communication between the republicans of the east and south; and it was with a view of cutting off this communication, that Burgoyne attempted to march down from the north,

while the British assaulted from below. The fort at Stony Point had been taken from General Wayne in 1778, and was retaken by him the same year. At the recapture, an incident occurred, which was very characteristic of that fearless commander, and, as we have never seen it in print, perhaps it may not be amiss to mention it. The anecdote was related to us by one, who was among the foremost in the assault. After having been defeated by the British troops, they had attempted to ridicule the American General, by sneeringly calling him "Granny Wayne." When the fort was recaptured, the expedition from West-Point was conducted with such profound secrecy, that the British garrison were taken completely by surprise. Wayne was the third man who entered the fort, and, as he rushed impetuously upon the foe, brandishing his sabre, he exclaimed, "*By G—d, sirs, you have Granny Wayne among you again!*"

Ten miles above this place, we reach the site of Fort Montgomery, which was taken by the British from Governor George Clinton. Many of the gallant defenders of this post were never heard of after they laid down their arms; and what became of them will probably never be ascertained.

West-Point, however, forms the most conspicuous and important object of attention. What is particularly called 'The Point,' is an elevated plain, or table of land, situated at a short turn of the river, and elevated about 176 feet above its surface. It was at the point of this plain, that Fort Clinton was constructed by the venerable patriot, whose name it bears, after the loss of Fort Montgomery. Nothing now remains but ruins; but they are extensive, and well defined, and will probably long endure as one evidence of the labours performed by our ancestors in the purchase of freedom. About half a mile in the rear of this plain, upon a still further elevation of 560 feet, stand the ruins of old Fort Putnam; the high and massive walls of which still proclaim its former strength. These walls, however, were repaired, and in part rebuilt by President Adams. The area of the fort we should judge to contain near two

acres; and it must have been completely inaccessible to a hostile force, excepting upon one point. On two sides it was protected by a natural wall of forty or fifty feet; and in the middle there is still a never-failing pool of water, excavated in the solid granite. There are yet entire six or seven subterranean rooms [we forget the technical phrase] which may still be considered bomb-proof; and two cells, which we supposed to have been intended for magazines, are yet uninjured. But the place is now marked by silence and decay; and, as if time lingered in his labors of destruction, many visiters, from mere mischief, or sheer wantonness, lend him a sacrilegious hand, and tumble down masses of rock, which it would require ages to crumble away. There is a height in the rear of this fort, which would have commanded it; but that, as well as others in the neighbourhood, were strongly fortified. From the site of this fortress, we have a commanding view of the surrounding scenery. Among the cultivated spots on the opposite side of the river, is distinctly seen the house and farm of Colonel Robinson, which was occupied by the treacherous Arnold, while he commanded this important post, and was planning its surrender, and plotting the ruin of his country. While standing upon such a place, the mind is, of course, hurried back, to dwell upon those events which have rendered it so conspicuous in history. But our feelings are those of mingled pleasure and pain. We rejoice that the treason was timely crushed; but we regret that the foul traitor escaped, to glut his fury and disappointment with the blood of his own countrymen, whom he had so often and gallantly defended. We rejoice at the capture of Andre; and while we drop a tear of regret, that one so amiable, brave, and accomplished, should thus have fallen; we are compelled to say it was just. But other thoughts rush upon the mind. We think of the mighty and splendid display of forty-five years ago, when the din of arms and the clangor of battle echoed through these mountains, and when the banners of freedom proudly floated over these now solitary and decaying battlements. We think of the noble and patriotic race, that moved under

those banners ; of " the long and dubious conflict ; the splendid hazard, and the final and sweeping overthrow of our foes."

The principal mountains among this formidable range of highlands are, Antony's Nose, 1128 feet high ; the Bare Mountain, 1350 ; the Crow's Nest, 1418 ; Bull Hill, 1495 ; Butter Hill, 1529. The latter is on the east side of the river. The Crow's Nest, the base of which is about two miles from the Point, north, is the highest of this range on the west side of the Hudson, and is the only one that we had time to ascend. There is a path which winds several miles round among the hills ; now ascending a height ; now crossing a glen ; by which, we were informed, we could ride to within a mile of the summit ; but our party preferred a shorter route, and, after walking two miles over a " rough, ragged road," commenced the ascent by climbing from rock to rock, and jumping from crag to crag, through a deep and gloomy ravine, the bed of which was in most places perfectly dry. This is unusual, as a stream of water is generally tumbling down in foaming torrents during the greater part of the year. We accomplished the task in about an hour, often taking a moment to breathe, and, at the same time, to gaze upon the wild and magnificent scenery above, below, and around us. Arrived at the summit of the mountain, we seemed to inhale another atmosphere. The wind, which blew fresh and strong, was apparently as keen and searching, as a January north-wester. The landscape view from this lofty eminence is indescribably grand and beautiful. Completely overtopping the whole district of the highlands, (with the exception of Butter Hill,) the spectator can at one view number the mountain tops, and glance into the deep ravines and darksome glens beneath. Here and there is a cultivated spot of ground, near which is usually seen a volume of smoke curling gently up the sides of the hills from the cottages of the hardy mountaineers ; but in general this whole region is a wild and gloomy forest, now speckled over with yellow leaves of autumn, but seldom relieving the eye with any of the milder features in which rugged nature is there display-

ed. But to the north and northeast, the landscape is far different. Almost the whole of the rich county of Orange lies stretched at your feet, like a beautiful map, chequered with meadows, fields, orchards, and woodlands. A part of Dutchess county is also included in the landscape, and, aided by a good glass, we could distinctly see the citizens in the streets of Newburgh, and the beautiful village of Poughkeepsie. At a distance it is said the mountains of five states are visible ; and there is a grand view of the long range of Catskill mountains, standing proudly above all surrounding heights, and apparently rearing their cloud-capt summits to the blue vault of heaven. To the south, we have a view of the border towns upon the river down as far as Yonkers: and, occasionally, we catch a glimpse of the Hudson, rolling its majestic course onward to the ocean, but diminished so much by distance as to appear like the clear blue fountains depicted by an Italian master on the canvass. Approaching the river from the west, our course was suddenly arrested by the bold steep, which, at this place, descends almost perpendicularly to the river. Pausing for a moment, we could not but call to mind Shakspeare's unrivalled description of the cliffs of Dover.

> " Here 's the place :—stand still. How fearful
> And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low !
> The crows and choughs that wing the midway air,
> Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
> Hangs one that gathers samphire ; dreadful trade !
> Methinks he looks no bigger than his head :
> The fishermen that walk upon the beach
> Appear like mice ; and yon tall anchoring bark,
> Diminished to her cock ; her cock, a buoy,
> Almost too small for sight : The murmuring surge,
> That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
> Cannot be heard so high :—I 'll look no more,
> Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
> Topple down headlong."

Who can gaze upon scenes like these, without raising his thoughts with wonder and admiration to that GREAT POWER, " which has spread the canopy of the heavens, and which shows itself in its greatest, as well

as its smallest works, to be so infinitely superior to the skill of man !"

We changed our direction, and descended the mountain at a very rapid rate ; leaping from rock to rock, from one precipice to another, where it would have been nearly impossible to have ascended. On a small plain near the base of the mountain, now entirely covered with a thick and thrifty growth of timber, we found ourselves amidst the ruins of a great number of stone cottages, in which I was told a regiment of American troops wintered during the revolution. These ruins are ranged in two lines ; and one of them, standing in the centre, from its unusual size, we judged to have been constructed for the commanding officer and his staff.

> ——————————" Nor ever yét
> The melting rainbow's vermeil-tinctured hues
> To me have shown so pleasing, as when first
> The hand of SCIENCE pointed out the way
> In which the sun-beams, glancing from the west,
> Fall on the watery cloud, whose darksome veil
> Involves th' Orient." AKENSIDE.

The Military Academy at West Point was established by law in 1802. It then consisted, however, of the corps of engineers only—that corps having then just been organized. No teachers or professors were provided, and it appears originally to have been intended merely as a practical school for the officers of that corps. In 1803, an instructer of drawing, and a teacher of the French language, were authorized by law, and attached to the corps, for the instruction of the officers. In 1812, an act was passed, under which the academy has attained its present system of organization. It allowed an increase of the number of cadets to 250, and, by the establishment of professorships, provided for their more effectual instruction in all the elements of a scientific military education. It is a remarkable fact, that may well be noted here, that, for some time preceding the declaration of war, in 1812, the little corps of cadets, that had been authorized by previous laws, was greatly diminished in numbers. No attempts were made to fill its ranks, as the probability of war increased, and it is

believed that not more than one or two of the cadets were commissioned in the army during the year of the declaration. In this year, however, after the passage of the law abovementioned, and in 1813, the numbers were considerably augmented, and the professors and teachers, authorized by that law, commenced their duties as the circumstances of the institution from time to time required. But as yet there had been no organization of classes, answerable to that which appears to have been contemplated by the law. Some steps towards this were taken in 1815 and 1816; but the system was not completed and carried into effect until the latter part of the year 1817.

Since that period, various changes and modifications have been made; and the system so modified and improved, is the one by which the studies and academic duties are now regulated. It is by no means supposed, as the officers and professors informed us, that the organization is yet as complete as it might be, or the system as perfect. Every year, we are told, convinced them that their regulations are still susceptible of improvement. But as these improvements are generally made whenever circumstances appear to call for them; and as improvements are always made with more facility while a system is yet "young and tender," they indulge reasonable hopes that if the institution is not crushed by false notions of economy, at no very distant day it will have attained a degree of perfection fully adequate to all the objects contemplated by its creation.

The course of studies employs four years, and the cadets are organized into four corresponding classes, numbered 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, from the highest to the lowest. The first year after entering, the cadets are chiefly employed in the elementary branches of mathematics, beginning with algebra, and including of course geometry and plain and spherical trigonometry. In the afternoon they recite a lesson in the French language. The second year they pursue the more elevated branches of mathematics, as descriptive geometry and perspective; application of algebra to geometry, differential and integral calculus, &c.; and in the afternoon they recite

French and practise drawing, alternately, each three days in the week. In the third year they pass to mechanics, experimental philosophy, and astronomy, &c. They also attend lectures in chemical philosophy ; and in the afternoon apply the principles and practice of drawing to perspective and topography. In the fourth and last year, they are employed on the course of engineering, civil and military, and in acquiring a knowledge of the theory of war. They also attend lectures in chemistry applied to the arts, and mineralogy. In the afternoon they receive instruction in history, moral philosophy, and national law, successively.

The drills and military duties serve as a collateral exercise to the whole ; and during two months of the year, while the cadets are encamped, viz. from the first of July to the first of September, they are exclusively employed in these drills, and the duties peculiar to a camp. The effect of this kind of discipline and exercise, upon the carriage and health of the cadet, is truly astonishing. All who have seen them, we are persuaded, will be sensible of the truth of this remark.

The classes are subdivided into sections of about twenty each, for the purpose of instruction ; and this sub-division is so ordered that all the best of a class are in a section by themselves. The next best are in another, and so on to the last. The advantage of this mode is, that the best students not having to wait the progress of the more ordinary, are enabled to study a more elevated and useful course in some of the sciences, than some of their companions ; while on the other hand, those of less brilliant minds are never urged to attend to more branches than they can acquire with a tolerable degree of application. This system has, moreover, the effect of a very powerful stimulus, since it is manifest, at the first blush, that it affords a fair criterion of relative merit.

On the scientific branches, the cadets are engaged about three hours daily, with their instructers ; and from three to four hours on the same subjects, in their own rooms. The instructer generally explains and demonstrates to the section at the black board, or illustrates

by experiment, the business of the next meeting; and on the following day, the same principles are explained and demonstrated in like manner, by the members of the section—and that in such a way, that no pupil, who is not as it were *imbued* with the subject, can possibly succeed in doing it. One operation of this system, is, to make the pupils, i. e. the most prominent of them, excellent instructers themselves; and, accordingly, upon the Lancasterian plan, the professors employ several of the 1st and 2d classes to assist in the instruction of the 3d and 4th. The mode also, of mixing the cadets of the upper classes with those of the lower, in their rooms, tends greatly to facilitate the studies of the latter. In this way, it is found that studies, which, when first introduced, were considered as very abtruse and difficult, become, after a year or two, exceedingly plain and easy. And in this way, also, they are doubtless enabled to make intelligible many subjects, which would otherwise be difficult elements of instruction, and which on this account, indeed, are excluded from other seminaries. Descriptive geometry, for example, has been taught for several years past, and well understood, without any text book whatever.

The Differential and Integral Calculus of Lacroix is studied from the French text, as also the application of algebra to geometry of Biot. The most minute notes are kept by every instructer, on the recitations of the day; a system of conventional marks are employed, which serve to indicate the merit of each individual, in the performances of that day. Should it be necessary, these files would show in what manner any young gentleman had acquitted himself, in every performance of his class, during his whole term of residence at the academy.

Twice a year all the classes are subjected to a public examination; the first, commencing on the first Monday of January, and the other, on the first Monday of June. The first of these examinations lasts about three weeks, and the last, upwards of three weeks—ten hours per diem. No studies, however, are interrupted during this time, as all the sections, except that under examin-

ation, are in daily recitation as at other times. These examinations, in conjunction with the class reports, establish the merit-rolls, upon which, are founded the sub-division of the classes. The classes commence on the fourth of July, immediately after the examination in June, at which time, the graduating class is promoted, and the new class admitted. The whole corps of cadets then go into encampment, and continue encamped until the first of September, when the class studies recommence.

The examination in June is attended by a number of intelligent, literary, and scientific gentlemen, selected from different parts of the country, constituting, together with some officers of the army, a "Board of Visiters," whose duty it is to judge of the state and progress of the institution.

The police and barrack arrangements of the cadets, are under the immediate care of officers of the army, who reside among them. Such and such articles of furniture only, are permitted to them, and every article, both of furniture and equipment, has its prescribed place in the room. The rooms are inspected several times each day, by the officer in charge, as a matter of course, and are liable to inspection at all times. No servants are allowed; but all menial duties are performed by contract, at a very small expense to each individual cadet. Clothing, equipments, and supplies of every kind, are furnished by contract, of domestic fabric, as far as is practicable, and at the cheapest rates; and the most severe inspections are imposed, to prevent even the possibility of imposition. No debts are incurred, which is too often the case at other seminaries. The cadets are not *bona fide* members of the institution, until they have been engaged six months, and satisfactorily passed the January examination, following their admission. Those who do so, and whose conduct has not been exceptionable up to this time, then receive their warrants.

It will be seen, by glancing at the course of studies given above, that the education conferred by this institution, is not merely military. It embraces a great va-

riety of elements, and none which is not highly valuable as a branch of national education. It is calculated to render the pupils not less useful as public servants in civil capacities, than as military men. As civil engineers, should the unfounded constitutional scruples upon this subject ever be surmounted, and internal improvements become a part of our national policy, the pupils of the Military Academy will be invaluable. How much treasure might not already have been saved, by the employment of such officers, in the different national surveys, which have, from time to time, been undertaken!

All the *permanent expenses* of this institution have been defrayed. The necessary buildings and fixtures, are erected and paid for; and hereafter, the current expenses only, are required to be met. These, when compared with the objects of permanent expenses already provided, are by no means great in a national point of view; and not great either, it is presumed, when compared with the advantages which the nation will very soon derive, and has already begun to derive, from the institution.

The buildings belonging to the institution, are five in number, built of stone, substantial and spacious. In addition to these, there are six fine brick houses erected by the government, for the accommodation of the officers and professors. The old wooden building, formerly occupied as the academy, is now used for barracks for a company of United States' troops, which are constantly stationed there. The library is already extensive, though it is there considered merely as the foundation of one. The majority of the scentific works are in French; and there is a large and superb collection of maps and other military and scientific plates and drawings—the whole principally selected by Major Thayer, who, we believe, travelled in Europe to complete his military education, and who is at the head of the institution. The library room is embellished with portraits of General Williams, (who first organized the academy,) and Mr. Jefferson, painted last year by Sully.

Most persons, who merely travel upon the river, without landing, would think West Point presented but few attractions. But we found it far different. The plain upon which the public and private buildings are situated, surrounded as it is, by the most grand and magnificent scenery, is truly a delightful place of residence. It does not resound with the hum of business, it is true; nor, when taking a peaceful walk, is the passenger momently in expectation of the pleasure of being jostled over by the crowd. The residents are also deprived of the musical strains of the chimney sweepers, at daylight; but instead thereof, those who choose can awake and listen to the brisk notes of the reveillé.

Including the officers, professors, and their families, together with the cadets, regular troops, artizans, and others attached in one way and another to the establishment, there are probably from five to six hundred people on the station. The genteel society is necessarily circumscribed to narrow limits; but it is select, intelligent, and very agreeable, and sufficiently numerous for pleasant literary circles, or convivial parties. Nor can we forget to mention the ladies, with whom we had the pleasure of becoming acquainted, and whose society diffuses a charm over these wild, romantic, and sequestered regions—

> "For, even from boyhood, was my mind
> A willing slave to woman's witchery;
> On her I love to look, severe, or kind;
> As the young eagle gazes on the sky,
> Drinking the sun-beams with delighted eye."

There are some objects of curiosity and interest, at this place, to which we should like to direct the attention of the reader, if we had room. The park of artillery with which the cadets are occasionally exercised, is chiefly composed of beautful brass field pieces, taken from the French at Quebec, at the battle in which Wolfe lost his life, and again taken by the Americans from Burgoyne, in 1777. The old military store houses situated on a smaller plain, near the water's edge, at the north of the principal site, are well worthy of an examination. Here, in two or three large store houses

are collected together, as it would seem, a great portion of the relics of the arms, accoutrements and camp equipage of the revolutionary army. While sauntering among these large collections of decaying muskets, gun-stocks, espontoons, blunderbusses, old military coats and dusty three-cornered cock'd hats—all looking as though in days gone by, they had 'seen some service,' we could not but revert back to that momentous period, when "the cry of invasion echoed from hill to hill, and from village to village;" and when—

> "From the grey sire, whose trembling hand
> Could hardly buckle on his brand,
> To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow
> Were yet scarce terror to the crow,
> Each valley, each sequestered glen,
> Mustered its little horde of men,
> That met as torrents from the height
> In highland dale their streams unite;
> Still gathering as they pour along,
> A voice more loud, a tide more strong."

But peace to their manes! The hands which wielded these rusty spears, and caused these bayonets once proudly to bristle in the air at every blast of the hostile bugle, are for the most part, mingled with their kindred dust. A few of these worthies yet linger upon earth, as if they were afraid to relinquish, entirely, the rich purchase of their youthful blood, to degenerate children.

II. UNCOMMON SELF-POSSESSION.

[Detroit Gazette.]

On the banks of the Naugatuck, a rapid stream, which rises in and flows through a very mountainous part of the state of Connecticut, a few years since lived a respectable family, by the name of B ——. The father, though not a wealthy, was a respectable man. He had fought the battles of his country in the revolution, and, from his familiarity with scenes of danger and peril, he had learned that it is always more prudent to preserve and affect the air of confidence in danger, than to betray signs of fear; and especially so, since his conduct might have a great influence upon the minds of those

about him. He had occasion to send a little son across the river to the house of a relation, on an errand, and, as there was then no bridge, the river must be forded.

The lad was familiar with every part of the fording place, and when the water was low, which was at this time the case, could cross without danger. But he had scarcely arrived at his place of destination, and done his errand, when suddenly, as is frequently the case in mountainous countries, the heavens became black with clouds, the winds blew with great violence, and the rain fell in torrents; it was near night, and became exceedingly dark. By the kindness of his friends, he was persuaded to relinquish his design of returning in the evening, and to wait until morning. The father suspected the cause of his delay, and was not over anxious on account of any accident that might happen to him during the night. But he knew that he had taught his son to render the most obsequious obedience to his father's commands; that, as he possessed a daring and fearless spirit, and would never be restrained by force, he would, as soon as it should be sufficiently light in the morning, attempt to ford the river on his return. He knew also, that the immense quantity of water that appeared to be falling, would, by morning, cause the river to rise to a considerable height, and make it dangerous, even for a man in full possession of strength and fortitude, to attempt to cross it. He therefore passed a sleepless night; anticipating, with all a father's feelings, what might befal his child in the morning.

The day dawned; the storm had ceased; the wind was still, and nothing was to be heard but the roar of the river. The rise of the river exceeded even the father's expectations, and no sooner was it sufficiently light to enable him to distinguish objects across it, than he placed himself on the bank to watch for the approach of his son. The son arrived on the opposite shore at the same moment, and was beginning to enter the stream. All the father's feelings were roused into action, for he knew that his son was in the most imminent danger. He had proceeded too far to return; in fact, to go forward or return was to incur the same

peril. His horse had arrived in the deepest part of the channel, and was struggling against the current, down which he was rapidly hurried, and apparently making but little progress toward the shore. The boy became alarmed, and raising his eyes towards the landing-place, he discovered his father: he exclaimed, almost frantic with fear, "O! I shall drown, I shall drown!" "No!" exclaimed the father, in a stern and resolute tone, and dismissing, for a moment, his feeling of tenderness, "If you do, I'll whip you to death; cling to your horse." The son, who feared a father more than the raging elements, obeyed his command, and the noble animal, on which he was mounted, struggling for some time, carried him safe to shore. "My son," said the glad father, bursting into tears, "remember, hereafter, that in danger, you must possess fortitude, and, determining to survive, cling to the last hope. Had I addressed you with the tenderness and fear, which I felt, your fate was inevitable; you would have been carried away in the current, and I should have seen you no more." What an example is here! The heroism, bravery, philosophy, and presence of mind of this man, even eclipses the conduct of Cæsar, when he said to his boatman, *Quid times? Cæsarem vehis.*

III. STUPENDOUS CAVERN.

[Republican. Watertown, N. Y.]

THERE was discovered about three weeks since, on the north bank of the Black river, upon the land of James Le Ray, Esq. opposite to the village of Watertown, an extraordinary cavern, or grotto; the mouth of which, is about ten rods from the river, north of the falls and of Cowan's Island.

The great extent of the cavern, and the great number of spacious rooms, halls and chambers, into which it is divided, and the immense quantities of calcareous concretions, which it contains, and different states of those concretions, from the consistence of lime mortar, to that of the most beautiful stalactites, as hard as marble, render it difficult, if not impossible, to describe it, and I shall only attempt to give a faint description of three or four rooms.

The mouth of the cavern is in a small hollow, about five feet below the surrounding surface of the earth; you then descend sixteen and a half feet into a room, about 16 by 20 feet and 8 feet high; and behold in front of you, a large flat, or table rock, 12 or 14 feet square, 2 feet thick, and elevated about 4 feet from the bottom of the cavern; the roof over head covered with stalactites, some of which reach to the table rock. On your left hand, is an arched way, of 150 feet; and on your right hand, is another arched way, 6 feet broad at the bottom, and six feet high, which leads into a large room. Passing by this arch about 20 feet, you arrive at another, which leads into a hall 10 feet wide, and 100 feet long, from 5 to 8 feet high, supported with pillars and arches, and the sides bordered with curtains, plaited in variegated forms as white as snow. Near the middle of this hall, is an arched way, through which you pass into a large room; which, like the hall is bordered with curtains, and hung over with stalactites: returning into the hall, you pass through another arch, into a number of rooms on the left hand, curtained, and with stalactites hanging from the roof. You then descend about ten feet, into a chamber about twenty feet square, and two feet high, curtained in like manner, and hung over with stalactites. In one corner of this chamber, a small mound is formed about twelve feet in diameter, rising three feet from the floor; the top of which is hollow, and full of water from the drippings of stalactites above; some of which, reach near the basin.

Descending from this chamber, you pass through another arch into a hall, by the side of which, you see another basin of water, rising about four inches from the floor; formed in the same way, but in the shape, size, and thickness of a large tea-tray, full of the most pure and transparent water.

The number and spaciousness of the rooms, curtained and plaited with large plaits, extending along the walls from two to three feet from the roof; of the most perfect whiteness, resembling the most beautiful tapestry, with which the rooms are embroidered; and the large drops of water, which are constantly suspended on the

points of innumerable stalactites, which hang from the roofs above; and the columns of spar resting on pedestals, which, in some places, appear to be formed to support the arches above—the reflection of the lights, and the great extent and variety of this amazing cavern, form altogether, one of the most pleasing and interesting scenes that was ever beheld by the eye of mortal man.

The cavern has been but partially explored, and no one, who has been into it, although some suppose they have travelled more than one hundred rods, pretends to have found the extent of it, or to know the number of rooms, halls, and chambers which it contains.

IV. EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVELLER'S PORT-FOLIO.

[Spectator. N. Y.]

RICHMOND.

Richmond, the metropolis of the "Ancient Dominion," stands upon the head of the tide waters of the James. In its situation there is much to admire. From its elevation it commands an extensive prospect of the surrounding country; a prospect variegated with hill and dale, interspersed with the "hospitable domes" of wealth and elegance, and with the "humble sheds" of poverty and slavery. On the south side of the city are the falls. These are formed by the gradual descent of the river. From the huge and numerous rocks, which obstruct its passage, the several opposing islands, and the constant dashing and roaring of waters, these falls present to the eye a truly interesting scene. Their heavy sound falling upon the ear in the lonely midnight hour, mingled with the harsh notes of the sentinel, and the deep and hollow tones of the watch-bell, forms that union of circumstances, which, it might be supposed, would render Richmond the favoured residence of the muses; but Melpomene and Clio, who, if any, must preside at this Parnassus, it seems have not yet deigned to acknowledge their authority.

The several hills in the different parts of the city add much to its variety and beauty; and although "in all

unlike," are sure to remind the traveller of transatlantic Richmond, and the scholar of ancient Rome. The houses are built principally upon three streets, running in a westerly direction from the river, parallel to each other, and upon the numerous other streets intersecting these at right angles. They are mostly of brick and distinguished neither for elegance nor neatness. In about the centre stands the capitol, upon a hill that completely overlooks the town. This is the boast of Virginian architecture. It is a spacious edifice and, though in its appearance it displays that boldness and independence which have ever characterized the legislative bodies, that have convened in it; it is deficient in that elegance, symmetry, and aptitude of design, which we should expect in the capitol of Virginia. In these respects it is inferior to the city-hall of New-York, or the state-house at Albany. Besides a large number of state offices, it contains a commodious senate chamber, an apartment for the house of delegates, and a spacious court room. As might be expected, the state, proud of being the birth-place of the immortal Washington, and honourably solicitous to perpetuate his memory, has not neglected to place here, in this focus of its energies and authority, a lasting memorial of his virtues. The statue stands in the vestibule of the capitol. It is neatly executed, and is said to be a striking likeness. In it the two predominant traits of his character are admirably blended and happily expressed; the one, his military endowments, by his costume: the other, his predilection for rural occupations, by the implements of husbandry that surround him. On the latter his arm is gracefully reclining. Near him is placed the bust of De La Fayette, his faithful concomitant in arms.

The other public buildings are a banking-house, occupied by the Farmer's Bank, and Bank of Virginia, an armory, court-house, penitentiary, and several churches; the latter, as the people of Richmond are not remarkable for their church-going habits, are neither large nor elegant. I was disappointed to find here another theatre, and much more so, to find that its finished walls were echoing the allurements of pleasure, before the

"monumental church," erected upon the ashes of the old one, and consecrated to the memory of that awful conflagration, and of the persons, who perished in it, was entirely completed.

To a northern man, upon his first arrival in Virginia, there are two things, which principally attract attention; viz. difference of character, and the state of slavery. That there is a wide difference between the northern and southern character, manners, customs, &c. is soon apparent. This difference may be ascribed partly to natural and partly to adventitious causes. As the royal queen said of Carthage and its inhabitants, the Virginians may say,

"Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Poeni:
Nec tam aversus equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe."

The influence of slavery is, however, much more extensive. To this source may be traced the principal distinguishing traits of character. Among the Virginians may be observed more delicacy of sensibility, a higher spirit of personal independence and bravery, a deeper regard to the obligations of friendship, more cordiality, hilarity and *dissipation*. In mental culture and refinement, and in the improvement of the arts, it must be admitted we are at least a quarter of a century before them. There are but two endowed literary institutions in the state, and these have ever been fettered in their exertions by the ill-judged parsimony of the legislature, and are now restricted by the same illiberal spirit. The central university, now erecting under the superintendence of Mr. Jefferson, if conducted upon the extensive plan proposed, will, in a measure, retrieve the literary character of the state and form an agreeable and useful resort for our *literati*, that will do honour to the head that projected it, and the authority that patronized and erected it. It may be noticed, that except in the larger towns, literature and the fine arts have not many votaries. The young men are not sedulous in their exertions to drink of the spring of Parnassus, or to ascend the rugged hill of science. We see little of that literary taste prevailing that characterizes the New-England states. Among the farmers and plant-

ers, whose occupations free from labour and oppressive care, seem favourable to

"Calm contemplation, and poetic ease,"

we see little to induce the belief that they have drank more deeply at the "Pierian Spring" than a sufficiency "to intoxicate the brain." This, however, is a general remark; for there are here, men in all the professions of life, whose literary acquirements are not surpassed by those of any scholar in our country.

If there be any political differences existing between the good people of the north and south, the stranger will be reminded of them here. The people, generally republican in principle, and independent in action, proud of having produced in Henry "the moving ball of the revolution,"—in Washington, "the father of our country,"—in Jefferson, "the founder of genuine republicanism,"—and in Madison and Munroe the able supporters and defenders of their country's rights, hesitate not, boldly, to declare their sentiments and their feelings, and to assert that *pro rebus gestes et meritis*, Virginia's voice should ever be listened to with an almost parental veneration.

JAMESTOWN.

— Take passage down the James. The bar five miles below Richmond prevents the passage of the larger ships to the city. Hence they receive their lading at Warwick, a small landing near the bar; or now generally, a part of it here, and the remainder at City Point, a village, situated at the junction of the James and Appomatox. A few miles below this is fort Powhattan. It is in a dilapidated state, and has done in the defence of the country, all it ever will do; to wit, NOTHING. Not far distant, upon the bank of the river, was pointed out to me the birth-place of its projector, the illustrious Jefferson. It is an ordinary mansion, of an ordinary planter. It's appearance, while it proves the superiority of his talents and his worth, and shows the regard of our county to merit, suggests the idea that genius and distinction in this republic, are not confined to the palaces of the great.

The scenery presented to the spectator from the

banks of the river, is by no means picturesque or interesting when compared with that of the "majestic Hudson." The eye meets here none of "nature's disports," no bold and precipitous shores—rocks piled on rocks, and highlands towering to the skies; but the labours of her milder hours,—extensive valleys occasionally variegated with a gentle eminence, skirted with woodlands and adorned with marshes.

There is, however, upon this river, one object which must arrest the attention of every intelligent traveller,—that is, the site of ancient Jamestown. As this was the first place of a permanent European settlement in this country,—the theatre of actions, alike honourable to savage and civilized life; as it has become in this *new world* a place remarkable for its antiquity; a memento of the ravages of time; and as it is the cemetery of many of our progenitors, it is connected in the mind of every American, with a thousand interesting associations. In the surrounding scenery there is little to divert the eye, or please the fancy. There is remaining of the vestiges of the ancient occupants, barely sufficient to tell the passing stranger "*Ilium fuit.*" It is the imagination principally, that gives interest to the scene. At this season of the year, however, when the adjacent forests that far and near crowd upon the eye "are tinged with the hues of earliest autumn," nature seems dressed in an attire best calculated to aid the imagination to ruminate upon the emotions which recollections and associations have inspired. As I put foot upon this romantic spot, the sun was just gilding it with his last glimmering beams: several vessels at anchor were waiting the favour of the tide; no sound was heard but the lashing of the recurring flood; all nature seemed to conspire to render the scene favourable to contemplation and poetic musing.

There is now on the premises but one building and a few out-houses. The former occupied by the steward of the gentleman who owns the whole premises, the latter by the servants who work on the plantation. The whole land is in a state of cultivation. Of the ancient village nothing now remains, but the demolished

ruins of a few houses, a part of the wall of the church about thirty feet in height covered with ivy, and the grave-yard, occupying about a quarter of an acre of ground, inclosed by a brick wall of rude and antiquated appearance. The whole reminded the admirer of Ossian, of his happy description of the ruins of the dwelling of Morna. "I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded within the walls, and the voice of the people is now heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls: the thistle shook then its lonely head; the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out at the window; the rank grass waved round his head." In the grave-yard are deposited the remains of many of the early adventurers. Over the ashes of some of them are erected monuments, perhaps the only memorials of their existence. Others, however, who here found an end to their troubles, have by their learning, their virtue, and their enterprize, given themselves an immortality as lasting as the history of the eventful time that records their transactions. As the workmanship and inscriptions of these memorials of the dead show the state of sculpture and of writing for two centuries past, and the taste and feelings of those who reared them, they are singularly interesting. Within the enclosure stands a large sycamore. Its huge trunk and wide-spreading boughs, its whole appearance which indicates that the "blasts of at least a hundred winters have whistled through its branches," impart to the scene a melancholy aspect. In the progress of time, its body has grown over a tomb-stone placed by its side nearly a foot in extent. Upon the prominent part of this stone sat the *British Spy* when he wrote that most elegant production of his pen—the description of Jamestown.

When contemplating upon scenes of this melancholy character, surrounded by the tombs of those whose names we venerate, and by

> "fallen columns in the shade
> "Of ruin'd walls, that have survived the times
> "Of those who rear'd them,"

how naturally and fondly does the imagination run to "older times," and picture to the mind the varied scenes in which those who then were conversant with them were engaged. Here, it can have full scope. The laspe of two centuries is replete with circumstances full of interest. Here, at the commencement of that period

"Beast with man divided empire claimed;"

here the Indian dance was held, his war-whoop sounded, his cruelties manifested, and his virtues discovered. Here, his eye first caught the wide-spread canvas of civilization; his wild heart beat at the voice of the cannon's thunder, and at the glitter of the white man's arms. Here the invincible and ardent Smith

"Environed as he was with many foes,
"And who stood against them as the hope of Troy,"

in defiance of savage ferocity and treachery, and of the mutinies and intrigues of his associates, planted the standard of his country, and laid the step-stone to the extensive empire, which now rivals in liberty, in wealth and in prowess, the proudest kingdoms in Europe. Here, too, the cunning and insidious Powhatan, swayed his savage sceptre; here his daughter, the humane, and ever memorable Pocahontas displayed those virtues which, as they have given her an immortality, have proved to the world, that the warmest sensibility and most disinterested friendship are not confined to civilized life.

Who can think of her vigilance, her humanity, her despairing intreaties in behalf of captain Smith, while in the power of her inexorable father, without emotion? So much virtue, constancy, and magnanimity, even to the savage heart, was irresistible.

"Her sighs did make a battery in his breast,
"Her tears did pierce into his marble heart,
"The tiger will be mild while she doth mourn;
"And Nero would be tainted with remorse.
"To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears."

These were "troublous times," to the Indian, as well as to the white man; to the former, that he saw his country invaded by a foe, superior to him in power and intelligence—expelling him from the forests, that gave

him his pleasure in the chase, and his hope for subsistence,—and trampling sacrilegiously upon the ashes of his fathers. To the latter, that in all his movements, his wily adversaries were lurking to ensnare him; that all his exertions were restricted and precarious, and that in one unexpected moment, all his prospects might be blasted. The colonists for several successive years, were surrounded by enemies, whom no stratagem could delude, no force overcome, no prudence conciliate. Hope and fear alternately possessed them. At one time fell disease, and ghastly famine would stare them in the face; at another, health would attend their exertions, and plenty crown their board. Now, success, and victory, and joy, would await their banner, and illumine their horizon; then defeat and massacre, and despair, would succeed, and envelope it in the darkest clouds.

"Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
"Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;
"Now sways it that way, like the self same sea
"Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind.
"Sometimes the flood prevails, and then the wind;
"Now one the better, then another best;
"Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
"Yet neither conqueror nor conquered;
"So is the equal poise of this fell war."

There is, however, a strain of reflections inspired by a view of ancient Jamestown, totally different from the former. From the efforts of our fathers in this "new world," efforts replete with labour, solicitude, trouble and death; a foundation was laid for an empire, whose unprotected inhabitants, in process of time, moved the arm of just resentment, against the tyranny and oppression of an unnatural parent, declared and acquired their independence of foreign alliance, humbled the pretensions of the British crown, plucked from it its "brightest jewel," and established a government, upon the firm basis of equality and justice, that has become a home for the stranger, an asylum for the oppressed, "a name and a praise throughout the whole earth." But truce to such reflections. This is a string so often struck, that its music has almost ceased to command our admiration.

VI. LEXINGTON, (Mass.)

[Courier. Charleston.]

It is given to none but Americans, to retrace, in the short progress of human life, the origin of the existence of their nation. It is given to few, to be able to designate the spot where, if it may so be said, the seed of national liberty and independence was first sown, and nourished with blood and with tears. If any thing of the venerable awe of antiquity be necessary, to adorn, and consecrate the still recent honours of our revolution, surely they acquire some little interest of an opposite kind, from their proximity and alliance to the times in which we live. The domestic endearments mingle with the tributes of gratitude, at the shrine of virtue, and the reputation of the hero, loses nothing in the bosom of his child, bending in luxurious sorrow over his grave. That, which is remote from the eye, is too apt to become remote from the heart; and that, which is distant, too often degenerates from a sentiment, into a sense of pride or of duty.

The mind wanders in cold and barren pilgrimage, to Marathon, and Thermopylæ, and Platæa. We love them, as we do the stars, but they shine upon us with a cold splendour. We must have nearer to us, the kindling sources of fervour and of glory. And fortunately, we are not without these.

The village of Lexington, first stained by British cruelty—first honoured by the effusion of American blood—affords resistless attractions to the patriot, and sweet reflections to the philanthropist. Here was shed the virginal blood of liberty, for the happiness of mankind. Here sleep the early martyrs of a cause, which, from imperceptible beginnings, eventuated in the grand and surprising result of adding a new and great nation to the catalogue of empires, and exhibiting the model of those states only, which can flourish in an enlightened world.

The following is the inscription on the monument at Lexington, where the battle was fought.

It is a rude column, simple and natural, as the characters it commemorates.

SACRED
TO
LIBERTY AND THE RIGHTS OF MANKIND!
The Freedom and Independence of America, Sealed and Defended by the Blood of her sons!

THIS MONUMENT

Is erected by the
INHABITANTS OF LEXINGTON,
under the patronage, and at the expense of the
GOVERNMENT of *MASSACHUSETTS*,
to the Memory of their
FELLOW-CITIZENS.
Ensign ROBERT MUNRO, JONAS PARKER, SAMUEL HADLEY, JOHN HARRINGTON, ISAAC MUZZY, CALEB HARRINGTON, and JOHN BROWN, *of Lexington;*
and ASAHEL PORTER,
of Woburn:
Who fell on this Field,
the first victims to the sword
Of British Tyranny and Oppression,
on the morning of the ever memorable
Nineteenth of April, 1775.—The die was cast! the Blood of these Martyrs was the cement of the Union of these States! then colonies.—And gave spring to the Spirit, Firmness, and Resolution of their Fellow-Citizens. They rose as one man, to revenge their Brethren's Blood! and, at the point of the Sword, to assert and defend their native Rights!
THEY NOBLY DARED TO BE FREE!
The Contest was Long, Bloody, and Affecting!
Righteous Heaven approved the Solemn Appeal!
VICTORY CROWNED THEIR ARMS,
and the Peace, Liberty and Independence of the
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
were their Glorious Reward!

V. BUNKER HILL.

[Courier. Charleston.]

This country, so virginal in her history, and fresh in her appearance, deserves examination and analysis, as well in her exterior arrangement and decorations, as in the internal government, and organization, of her happy constitution. It will be discovered, with little effort, that there is a corresponding and sympathetic grandeur, between the structure of her hills, and the immensity of her forests and rivers, and the towering, and ardent, and impetuous spirit of her people; that if patriotism had no other luxury, nor incentive than it derives from the eye, still it would drink in inexhaust less sources of affection, in the romantic beauties of American soil. The genius of place would come to strengthen the spirit of patriotism, and plead with re sistless energy for the protection which valour owes to beauty.

Illustrating this idea by reference to the early scene of our revolutionary war—place an American on the heights of Bunker-Hill—show him the magnificent ho rizon of successive hills and vales—mark the streams that bear wealth on their bosoms—the cities, the marts of industry and enterprize—the munificent institutions of learning and humanity—the ocean, tost with contend ing billows—and the elegant villas of rural repose—and if he have a soul, would he not fight for these? Could he desert all, or one of these delightful attractions?—the blended and beautiful combinations of art and nature. He could not. In the scenery around him, he would find encouragement and incentive, and a rebuking enthusiasm. He could not, of his own accord, leave the garden of Eden. Perhaps no better site to commence the battles of liberty, could have been devised, than the vicinity of Bunker-Hill. The landscape was full of rural and of physical beauty. There was the ocean, from whose benevolent waters, the sailors of Massachusetts earned their perilous support—there were the hills of the surrounding country, crowned with the mothers and children of the inspired soldiers—there were the vales, rich with agricultural beauty—and there the cities, rear-

ed in the wilderness, by the steadfast and devoted pilgrims, who brought us out of the land of England, and out of the house of bondage.

Attribute, then, what you will, to the patriotic ardour of that herioc force which immortalized the scene of their valour—analyze, if you will, the ingredients of that gallant defence—and, if we mistake not, you will find that the hills, and the vales, and the rivers, which re-echoed with their cannon, roused, and inspired, and sustained the soldiers of liberty.

VII. NATIONAL BURYING GROUND.*

[Statesman. New-York.]

One of the first objects for which I inquire on entering a new place is the church-yard, since, independent of the pleasing melancholy derived from meditations "among the tombs," the selection of a site for a burying-ground, the manner of laying it out, the sculpture of the monuments, and the inscriptions they bear, furnish a pretty correct index to the intelligence and taste of the inhabitants. In the congregation of the dead, you may study and catch the manners of the living, discovering in turn, refinement or rudeness of taste, knowledge, or ignorance, ostentation or modest retirement, affectation of sorrow, or the simplicity and sincerity of real affection and real grief. Had Mr. Alden been less voluminous and less indiscriminate, his collection of epitaphs might have been an interesting and useful work, presenting at least one striking feature in the moral physiognomy of the country.

It was my intention sooner to have given a brief sketch of what may be considered the *National Burying-Ground*, as members of congress and other officers of the government are there interred. I have paid it two visits—the first at evening twilight, in company with the obliging friend alluded to in my last letter, and an English traveller. We arrived in season to take on-

* This article is one of a series of letters written from Washington in the winter of 1822–23, by N. H. Carter, Esq. one of the editors of the N. Y. Statesman.

ly an imperfect view of the ground, and to read a few of the inscriptions before the departure of day-light, all the horizontal monuments being covered with snow, to the depth of several inches. Yesterday morning I walked there alone, and passed an hour before the meeting of the House.

This cemetery is in a remote and lonely situation, being something more than a mile in a southeasterly direction from the capitol. It lies immediately upon the bank of East Branch, at the distance of only a few yards from the water's edge, but elevated considerably above it and commanding an extensive view of the river. The winding path leading to it, is over a wide and barren common —there are no houses in the vicinity—and it will be long before it will be in the midst of the city. Had the churchyards in New-York been laid out with the same precaution, they would not now have formed a subject of legislation for the common council, nor for newspaper discussion. This grave-yard contains an area of two or three acres, enclosed by a plain wooden fence, and sprinkled with copses of native cedar, stinted in their growth, and many of them withered, either from the poverty of the soil, or from having their roots broken by the spade of the grave-digger. There are, however, enough living to conceal many of the graves; and their verdure contrasted with the grey tomb-stones produces an agreeable effect.

The most conspicuous monument, is that erected in memory of GEORGE CLINTON, Vice President of the United States. It is a handsome pyramid of stuccoed free stone, ten or twelve feet in height, standing upon a broad base and mounting by steps. On one side is a profile likeness cut from marble in bold relief, and surrounded with a civic wreath. Beneath is the following inscription: "To the memory of George Clinton.—He was born in the state of New-York on the 26th July, 1739, and died in the city of Washington on the 20th of April, 1811, in the 73d year of his age. He was a soldier and statesman of the revolution. Eminent in council, and distinguished in war, he filled, with unexampled usefulness, purity and ability, among many other

offices, those of governour of his native state, and of vice president of the United States. While he lived, his virtue, wisdom, and valour, were the pride, the ornament and security of his country; and when he died, he left an illustrious example of a well-spent life, worthy of all imitation. This monument is affectionately dedicated by his children." I have copied the whole of this inscription, because it is concise, neat and appropriate, and because I do not recollect to have seen it noticed. The virtues and services of such a distinguished patriot cannot be too often called to mind, especially by the citizens of a state, to which he was a public benefactor.

Near the grave of George Clinton commences a range of monuments, which extends for some rods towards the south, erected to the memory of members of congress, who died at Washington. These memorials are placed in an exact line, and are of the same height, composed of the same materials, uniform in their structure, and uninterrupted in the series, except by a marble pyramid in honour of Capt. Hugh George Campbell, of South-Carolina. They are built of free-stone painted white, and consist of short, square, and plain pillars, with a cone at top, and resting on a broad pedestal, which rises by two steps. On one face of the pillar is an inscription, similar throughout, with the exception of names and dates. I shall give that of Mr. Pinkney as a sample, because he is among the most distinguished in this assemblage of the dead, and because it is a perfect contrast to the epitaphs proposed by several persons soon after his death. In plain black letters, you find the following brief inscription: "In memory of the Hon. William Pinkney, a senator in the congress of the United States from the state of Maryland, died Feb. 25th, 1822, aged 58 years." Here sleep the remains, and such is the epitaph of the man, on whose eloquence courts and senates have hung with admiration and delight. By his side and near him, sleep the ashes of Mr. Trimble, of Ohio--Mr. Burrill, of Rhode-Island—Mr. Malbone, of the same state, and Mr. Tracy, of Connecticut, members of the senate, together with Samuel A. Otis, former se-

cretary of that body: also, Mr. Smilie, of Pennsylvania —Mr. Dawson, of Virginia—Mr. Slocumb, of North-Carolina—Mr. Hazard, of Rhode-Island—Mr. Walker, of Kentucky—Mr. Mumford, of North Carolina—Mr. Sandford, of the same state—Mr. Brigham, of Massachusetts —Mr. Darby, of New-Jersey, and Mr. Blount, of North-Carolina, members of the house of representatives, making an aggregate in both branches, of seventeen. It is somewhat remarkable, that so large a state as that of New-York, has no other representative in this congress of the dead, than George Clinton, while the small state of Rhode-Island has three or four. In the monuments and tomb-stones of other persons interred here, there is is nothing very peculiar or striking, if you except the marble slab over the remains of Tobias Lear, which "his desolate widow and mourning son erected *to mark the place of his abode in the city of silence*," and a plain tomb-stone to the memory of Mr. Machen, with the classical and beautiful expression of filial affection,

"Heu! genitorem, omnis curæ casusque levamen,
Amitto."

IX. THE INDIANS.

[National Republican. Cincinnati.]

THERE are many traits of the Indian character highly interesting to the philosopher and christian. Their unconquerable attachment to the pristine modes and habits of life, which counteracts every effort towards civilization, furnishes to the philosopher, a problem too profound for solution. Their simple and unadorned religion, the same in all ages, and free from the disguise of hypocrisy, which they have received by tradition from their ancestors, leads the mind to a conclusion, that they possess an unwritten revelation from God, intended for their benefit, which ought to induce us to pause before we undertake to convert them to a more refined and less explicit faith. The religion of the Indian appears to be fitted for that state and condition in which his Maker has been pleased to place him. He believes in one Supreme Being, with all the mighty attributes which we ascribe to God; whom he denomin-

ates the *Great and Good Spirit*, and worships in a devout manner, and from whom he invokes blessings on himself and friends, and curses on his enemies. Our Maker has left none of his intelligent creatures without a witness of himself. Long before the human mind is capable of a course of metaphysical reasoning upon the connection which exists between cause and effect, a sense of Deity is inscribed upon it. It is a *revelation* which the Deity has made of himself to man, and which becomes more clear and intelligible, according to the manner and degree in which it is improved. In the Indian, whose mind has never been illumined by the light of science, it appears weak and obscure. Those moral and political improvements, which are the pride and boast of man in polished society, and which result from mental accomplishments, the savage views with a jealous sense of conscious inferiority. Neither his reason, nor his invention appears to have been exercised for the high and noble purposes of human excellence; and while he pertinaciously adheres to traditional prejudices and passions, he improves upon those ideas, only, which he has received through the senses.

Unaided by any other light than that which he has received from the Father of lights, the Indian penetrates the dark curtain which separates time and eternity, and believes in the immortality of the soul, and the resurrection of the body, not only of all mankind, but of all animated nature, and a state of future existence, of endless duration. It is, therefore, their general custom to bury with the dead their bows, arrows, spears, &c. that they may be prepared to commence their course in another state. Man is seldom degraded so low, but that he hopes and believes that death will not prove the extinction of his being. Is this a sentiment resulting from our fears or our passions? Or rather, is it not the inspiration of the Almighty which gives us this understanding, and which has been imparted to all the children of men? A firm belief in the immortality of the soul, with a devout sense of a general superintending power, essentially supreme, constitutes the fundamental article of the Indian faith. His reason, though never employed in high

intellectual attainments and exertions, is less corrupted and perverted while he roams in his native forests than in an unrestricted intercourse with civilized man. The moral sense, or conscience, makes part of our constitution, and its dictates are never more clear and certain, than when called forth by the genuine and undisguised voice of nature. We are, therefore, never more unjust in our denunciations than when we assert, "that both those sentiments,—the existence of a God, and a state of future existence,—are nothing more, in the rude and uncultivated savage, than the dictates of nature; that without a priest, a temple, sacrifice or altar, the Indian is sunk under the thickest gloom of ignorance and moral despondency." He beholds in the rising sun the manifestation of divine goodness, and pursues the chase with a fearless and unshaken confidence, in the protection of that great and good Spirit, whose watchful care is over all his works. Let us not, then, attribute his views of an omniscient and omnipresent Being, to the effect of a sullen pride of independence; and his moral sense of right and wrong, to a heartless insensibility. Deprived, by the peculiarities of his situation, of those offices of kindness and tenderness, which soften the heart, and sweeten the intercourse of life, in a civilized state, we should consider him a being doomed to suffer the evils of the strongest and most vigorous passions, without the consolation of those divine and human virtues, which dissipate *our* cares and alleviate our sorrows.

It is now two hundred years since attempts have been made and unceasingly persevered in, by the pious and benevolent, to civilize and christianize the North-American savage, until millions of those unfortunate beings, including many entire tribes, have become extinct. The few, who remain within the precincts of civilized society, stand as human monuments of Gothic grandeur, fearful and tremulous amidst the revolutions of time. Neither the pride of rank, the allurements of honours, nor the hopes of distinction, can afford to the Indian a ray of comfort, or the prospect of better days. He contemplates the past, as the returnless seasons of happi-

ness and joy, and rushes to the wilderness as a refuge from the blandishments of art, and the pomp and show of polished society, to seek, in his native solitudes, the cheerless gloom of ruin and desolation.

If it had been the intention of heaven, that this race of human beings should embrace Christianity, would the unremitting efforts of two centuries, to accomplish that object, have proved unsuccessful? A savage christian is as great an absurdity in theology, as a civilized savage is in politics. *Have we not attempted that which has not been provided for in the dispensation of Providence?* This is a question of no inconsiderable importance, and its investigation may induce us to look upon the Indian as *equally* under the protection of heaven, possessing a divine revelation, simple, yet pure,—a devout worshipper of the same God,—and animated with as bright hopes of immortality.

X. THE BEAVER HUNTER.

[Missouri Intelligencer.]

Not many moons since, I gave the world a brief but authentic account of Michael Shuckwell. Having subsequently become acquainted with several new items of his "life and opinions," I now hasten to record them. With that candour that only emanates from the polar regions, the land of my nativity, I deem it proper to aver, once for all, that the character here described is a living member of the human family, and not the offspring of imagination.

It was my peculiar good fortune, not many days since, to obtain an interview with this hero of the frontier. He arrived at this village at 12 o'clock, when "the noisy children just let loose from school" were ready to grace his triumphant entry. He brought with him from his forest haunts a pet bear, that accompanied him in the double capacity of companion and servant. This animal has been so trained, as to serve with great sagacity as a packhorse, and Mike Shuck, in his advanced age, is no longer forced to bear the oppressive burthen of his traps, beaver, &c.

The stranger, so much gazed at by his juvenile train, I instantly recognized; his costume and person answered perfectly the description I have given of him, with the exception of a Madrass handkerchief, that had been tied about the collar of his hunting shirt, as a cravat, in deference to the customs of civilized life. As by instinct, Mike addressed himself to me, and desired me to point out to him a hatter's shop. Having drawn him aside, I requested him to spend the evening with me. He appeared somewhat disconcerted by my proposition, but promised to do so, if I would shew him where I was encamped. I pointed out my residence, and, at sun-set, Mike, and his humble friend, entered my room. I offered him a chair, but he threw himself down on an old trunk, in a recumbent posture, while his pack-horse took possession of the chair. Mike smiled at this assurance, but, like the shooting of a star, it was its first and last appearance for the season. "That 's a complete counterfeit," said Mike. "You will make a gentleman of him, stranger, and I shall never persuade him to return home with me." Where is your place of residence, Mr. Shuckwell? said I, in a very conciliatory tone of interrogation. Between *Wock-daw* and *Nish*, was the reply. These rivers, that form two boundaries of his home, are Wilconda, and the Nish-ua-botta-na, and empty themselves into the Missouri; the former in the upper settlements of the state, and the latter one hundred and eighty miles above;—so that it will be seen Mike is not confined to very close quarters. A few other instances may serve also as specimens of his geographical knowledge. In the course of business he has pushed his discoveries as far as the Arkansas river, which he calls the *Arks*. To the Council Bluffs he gives the appellation of *The Councils;* the Nodowa river, *The Nod;* and the two forks of the Tarkeo, *The Turks.*

In the course of the evening's conversation, I inquired of him if he had never felt disposed to enter into matrimonial engagements with some one of the fair daughters of the frontier. He assured me the life of a bachelor was by far the most independent, and agreeable to him.

That *Morg's* wife had nearly ruined a very promising hunter, by confining her husband to the plantation.

Morg's Oman, (as he calls her) he says is a heap smarter than Morg himself. She has an eye like an eagle, a paw like a white bear, and a voice like a panther. Who this Morg, or his amiable partner is, Mike never explained; but they are, doubtless, some of his frontier acquaintances. Morg's Oman, added he, once made a complete counterfeit of me. She called me a villanous old wrinkle-faced backwoodsman. Had this been charged, said he, drawing his gun to his face, her hide would not have held sucks in two minutes; meaning, probably, that he would have peforated it with so many bullets, as to have made a riddle of it. The word counterfeit, so often made use of in this interesting dish of discourse, is a technical term, that belongs to the vocation of a beaver hunter. Mike informs me, that to conduct his business with success, it is necessary to conceal his traps beneath a little artificial mound of earth, resembling those raised by his game, in the vicinity of their dams. This he calls a "complete counterfeit;" and in conversation applies it, figuratively, to almost every subject. "Boon's Lick," said Mike, in the course of our conversation, "was once a desirable place. When I first came to this country, every man in it had elbow-room; but now, I may make three sabbath day's journies without finding land to encamp upon, without committing what they call a trespass. In the good old times, there was no such things as fines and trespasses, roads and turnpikes, to turn a traveller out of his course: I have lost this day, said Mike, "at least five miles, by the zig-zag of these river-dams, or fields, as the farmers call them."

Immediately after supper, I had directed that a pallet should be laid before the fire, as best suited to the taste of Mike Shuck; but when the time arrived for him to "camp down," as he termed it, my guest seized a brand, bid me a good night with very complaisant "*digs*," and lit himself a fire in the high-way, at the trunk of a fallen tree; and although the weather was extremely cold,

was snoring in social unison with his bear, in less time than would have been employed by a modern Corinthian to divest himself of his stays.

XI. INDIANS AT WASHINGTON.

[National Intelligencer.]

HAPPENING to make a morning visit to the president, two or three days ago, I had learnt that the Indians, now in Washington, would be there in a few minutes, for the purpose of having a *talk* with their great father, and I was tempted to wait and witness a spectacle to me so novel and interesting. They accordingly soon arrived, and were shewn into the anti-chamber, to the right of the drawing-room. When I entered, I found the whole thirteen, that is, twelve men and one woman, seated round the room, and Major O'Fallon, the officer who has charge of them, with four or five other gentlemen, standing at the fire-place. They were all dressed in blue cloth surtouts, with red cuffs and capes, blue pantaloons, and boots—in short, in complete American costume, except that they wore on their heads a sort of coronet bedizened with red and blue foil, and stuck all round with feathers of the gayest colours. Their faces, too, were painted, though in a less fantastic style than usual. The squaw sat on a sofa near her husband, dressed in scarlet pantaloons, and wrapped in a green camblet cloak, without any ornament on her black hair. They consisted, as I was told, of the Pawnees, Kansas, Ottoes, Mahas, and Missouries. The five chiefs were distinguished by two silver epaulettes, and the two half chiefs by one. They were evidently not easy in their new habiliments—their coats seemed to pinch them about the shoulders; now and then, they would take off their uneasy head-dresses, and one sought a temporary relief by pulling off his boots.

Upon major O'Fallon suggesting that they had left the presents they intended for the president, the young men were immediately despatched by their chiefs, and the squaw by her husband, for their intended tokens of friendship and good will. They returned in a few min-

utes with buffalo skins, pipes, moccasins, and feather head-dresses. The president entered, with the secretary of war, and, taking his seat, delivered to them, through the interpreters, an extempore address, from notes held in his hand—and, as they used two distinct languages, it was necessary that every sentence should be twice interpreted. The president told them, he was glad to see them—that, when he had met them before, he was too much engaged in receiving his great council to shew them the attention he wished—and that now he had more leisure, and he was pleased to see them in the dress of their white brethren as he had been before in that of their own country. He adverted to the visit they had made in our large towns—to our arsenals, navy-yards, and the like, and told them that as much as they had seen, it could give them but a faint idea of our numbers and strength—as the deer and the buffalo, they might chance to meet in passing through their forests bore a small proportion to those they did not see. That they had met with few of our warriors, because they were not wanted at the seat of government, and because we were at peace with all the world—but if we were in a state of war, all our citizens would take arms into their hands and become brave warriors. He enjoined them to preserve peace with one another, and to listen to no voice, which should persuade them to distrust the friendship of the United States. They were told that they would receive some presents, and be conducted safely back to their wives and children, by major O'Fallon, whose advice they were told to consider as the advice of their great father, the president, and were earnestly recommended to pursue.

This address was interpreted, sentence by sentence, and at the end of each, first those who spoke one language, and then those who spoke the other, gave, invariably, a sign of assent, which was a sort of inarticulate sound or grunt. Before the president had finished, the judges of the supreme court, and some others, happening to call on the president, increased the number of attentive auditors.

When the president had finished, major O'Fallon then

told them their great father was ready to hear what they had to say, and he encouraged them to speak with the same freedom that they would use in their own village. The principal Pawnee chief then stept forward, and having shaken hands with the president, secretary of war, and major O'Fallon, he delivered his oration, pausing however, after every two or three sentences until the interpreter could do his office. He appeared to be about 45 years of age, was 6 feet high; had a fine face and person, a dignified gravity. and gestures which, though violent and excessive, were never ungraceful, and always appropriate. He was followed by the four other chiefs, each of whom exhibited a style of oratory of his own, though they all used the same vehement and significant gesticulation. Short speeches were then made by their followers—they brought their presents, and, laying them at the feet of the president, made some pertinent remarks on each, explaining its history or use.

In these numerous speeches, I regret that I had not thought of taking notes, or even of impressing on my mind what was said by each. As it is, I can only recal some of their most striking remarks, without almost remembering by which speaker they were made.

The first speaker said, that he had heard the words of his great father, and they had gone in at one ear, but would not go out of the other; that they had seen our chiefs, our towns, our buildings, and were much pleased with all they had seen. They found the United States populous and powerful, while they were weak and few; that the great spirit had made some men white and others red; the white men could make fine houses, and clothing, and guns, and furniture; the red men could make nothing; the white man lived upon the animals he raised at home; the red men hunted the buffalo, whose skin he wore, and whose flesh he ate. Yet the great spirit intended there should be red men and white men, and protected them both. He said that some white men had offered to send preachers among them, to teach them their way of worshipping the great spirit, and of cultivating the ground. He said there were a good

many buffaloes in this country, which his nation wished to be permitted to hunt a while longer; and after he was dead, and the buffalo extinguished, his nation might plant corn, and raise animals like the whites. He gave thanks for their new clothes, professed friendship for the whites, and hoped soon to return to his own country.

The next orator, in a different language, began by shewing his hands, and stating that they were clean—unstained with blood; that he had, from a boy, been a friend to the whites, and had been, on that account, an object of suspicion among his own tribe. He said he had seen our towns and our churches, and that we worshipped the great spirit one way, and they worshipped him another. He, like the first speaker, deprecated the habits of civilization so long as buffalo were abundant in their country.

One speaker began by saying that he had been very wicked in his life; he had been like a mad dog; he had killed men belonging to all three tribes, pointing to the rest; but, since he had known his father, (major O'Fallon,) he had been at peace. For the last three years, he had been as if his arms were broke—he had not struck a blow.

An ardent attachment to their country, as well as their habits of life, were frequently manifested. They said to their great father, "you have a fine country, great towns, large houses to live in, fine clothes to wear; but we love our country as much as you love yours. You love to work—we don't want to work as long as we can kill buffalo and steal horses. Our villages are small—we won't lie and say they are as large as yours —but our men are as brave. Such as you see us, such are the men we have left behind us."

Two of them spoke with great humility of the red people, compared with the whites, whom they distinctly admitted, that the great spirit had made their superiours. They all expressed the pleasure they derived, from their new clothes, and one said, he felt in his new dress like an animal that had shed his own hair and come out sleek in the spring.

Though they in general have a composedness and self-posession which is unknown to civilized men, it was clear that the first speaker was not quite at his ease. Each succeeding orator, however, seemed to feel less of embarrassment or rather reserve, until the fourth was as loud as you ever heard a lawyer at a country court bar.

After the chiefs and half chiefs had spoken, each of their followers also made a short speech. One of these, a young man, about 25 years of age, upwards of six feet high, with a remarkably handsome face, shewed a hesitation at first, that produced a general smile from the more experienced orators. He was fluent enough, however, after he had begun. He said that his father had died when he was very young, and that he had grown up like the grass which again shoots forth, after it seems to have been killed by the frost. He was not yet a great man—he was a mere boy—he was not equal to his chief, but he endeavoured to keep close behind him (putting one fore-finger behind the other.) He hoped one day to be a leader in his tribe. This youth had been mentioned by his chief, in warm terms of commendation and friendship, and an epaulette indirectly solicited for him.

When our lordly sex had finished their speeches, which they seemed as fond of making as are the members of some other great councils, the squaw, a comely young woman of eighteen, urged by some of them, apparently in sport, approached the president, and hanging her head on one side, with a pleasing smile, and yet more pleasing timidity, said that her great father had given the red men new clothes like white men, and they looked very well in them; that those who had no silver medals, would look still better if they had them, and that she too would like to be dressed as a white woman, if her great father would give her a new dress. I suspected the first part of her speech was suggested by others, and the last was as natural as her blushes and smiles. You see that the love of finery is not created by civilization; it merely becomes more chaste and discriminating.

Before the presents were delivered, the chief of the great Pawnees decorated himself in a singular head dress of turkey feathers, so stuck in the ridge of a long slip of wampum as to form a crown round his brows, and a large oval down his back, which it almost completely covered. An elderly chief, of the Missouri tribe, who proved to be the husband of the squaw, followed his example, and substituted his native head dress for that which had been given him. This consisted of a profusion of horse-hair, stained, of a bright scarlet, and surmounted (*risum teneatis?*) with two polished taper *horns*, as long as those of an ox. There was, however, I assure you, nothing in the looks or demeanour of his spouse to justify the wicked ideas which this ill-omened ornament suggested.

After the conference was at an end, they partook of wine, cake and other refreshments, of which they were no wise sparing; and then, lighting their pipes, offered them to the president, chief justice, and others, to take a whiff, in token of peace and amity.

It is impossible to see these people, and believe, as I do, that they are destined, in no very long lapse of time, to disappear from the face of the earth, without feeling for them great interest. With some vices and much grossness, they possess many fine traits of character; and we never can forget that they were the native lords of that soil, which they are gradually yielding to their invaders. Yes, I firmly believe that all our liberal and humane attempts to civilize them will prove hopeless and unavailing. Whether it is that they acquire our bad habits before our good ones, or that their course of life has, by its long continuance, so modified the nature of their race that it cannot thrive under the restraints of civilization, I know not; but it is certain, that all the tribes which have remained among us, have gradually dwindled to insignificance or become entirely extinct. You know that every experiment to rear the young wild duck has failed, and that they die as certainly by your kindness, as your neglect. It may be so with them. Considering the race to be thus transient, I have often wished that more pains were bestowed, and by more

competent persons, in recording what is most remarkable and peculiar among them, now that these peculiarities are fresh and unchanged by their connection with us. And I am sorry that I have not been able to give you a more faithful picture of a scene which, I believe, above all others, is calculated to shew them to the best advantage. I am sure I have given you but a faint idea of the very lively gratification it afforded.

XII. SARAH BISHOP.

[Connecticut Mirror. Hartford.]

THE following lines are founded upon the history of Sarah Bishop, a hermitess, who lived 25 years in the clift of a rock, on the mountain which forms the boundary between this state, and that of New-York. She used often to visit the adjacent villages, but had little intercourse with the inhabitants. Her name, and some obscure hints of the occasion of her misfortunes, were all that could be gathered from her, respecting her earlier life. She was found dead on the mountain about fifteen years ago, standing erect, her feet somewhat pressed into the mire. The following lines are believed to convey a correct representation of her in the main; for the appearance of the grey stranger at the end of the story, however, I will not vouch.

FOR many a year the mountain hag
Was a theme of village wonder,
For she lived in a cave of the dizzy crag,
Where the eagle bore his plunder.

Up the beetling cliff she was seen at night,
Like a ghost to glide away;
And she came again with the morning light,
From the forest wild and grey.

And when winter came with its shrieking blast,
Old Sarah no more was seen,
'Till the snow wreath away from the mountain passed,
And the forests were waving in green

Her face was wrinkled, but, passionless, seemed
As her bosom were withered and dead,
And her colourless eye, like an icicle gleamed,
But no sorrow or sympathy shed.

Her long snowy locks like the winter drift,
On the wind were backward cast—
And her crippled form glided by so swift,
You had said, 'twere a ghost that passed.

And her house was a cave in a giddy rock,
That o'erhung a sullen vale—
And 'twas deeply scarred by the lightning's shock,
And swept by the vengeful gale.

As alone on the cliff she musingly sate,
The fox at her fingers would snap—
The raven would sit on her snow-white pate,
And the rattlesnake coil in her lap.

And the vulture looked down with a welcoming eye
As he stooped in his airy swing—
And the haughty eagle hovered so nigh,
As to fan her long locks with his wing.

But when winter rolled dark its sullen wave
From the west with gusty shock—
Old Sarah, deserted, crept cold to her cave,
And slept without bed in her rock.

No fire illumined her dismal den,
Yet a tattered bible she read,
For she saw in the dark with a wizzard ken,
And talked with the troubled dead.

And 'twas said that she muttered a foreign name,
With curses too fearful to tell;
And a tale of perfidy—madness—and shame,
She told to the walls of her cell.

* * * *

Years—years passed away, and a stranger came
To the village, with age all white—
He gloomily listened to tales of the dame,
And went to her desolate height.

He saw her—she stood on the jutting cliff,
Her hair on the wild wind's breath—
Yet a statue she seemed, for her limbs were stiff,
And pale in the palsy of death.

Like a desolate ruin she stood on the brink,
With a writhed lip and glaring eye—
And her cold clay, with horror, seemed to shrink,
As the stranger came shuddering nigh.

He approached—but the hurrying gust swept on,
And bore her away from his sight—
And high on the crag, the wild eagle, alone,
Attended her funeral rite.

XIII. THE FALL OF TECUMSEH.

[Statesman. New-York.]

THIS highly intellectual savage, appropriately styled "*king of the woods*," was no less distinguished for his acts of humanity than heroism. He fell in the bloody charge at Moravian town, during the late war.

WHAT heavy-hoofed coursers the wilderness roam,
To the war blast indignantly tramping,
Their mouths are all white, as if frosted with foam,
The steel-bit impatiently champing?

'Tis the hand of the mighty that grasps the rein,
Conducting the free and the fearless—
Ah! see them rush forward with wild disdain,
Through paths unfrequented and cheerless,

Free the mountains had echoed the charge of death,
Announcing that chivalrous sally,
The savage was heard with untrembling breath,
To pour his response from the valley.

One moment and nought but the bugle was heard,
And nought but the war-whoop given—
The next—and the sky seemed convulsively stirred,
As if by the lightning riven.

The din of the steed—and the sabred stroke,
The blood-stifled gasp of the dying,
Were screen'd by the curling sulphur-smoke,
That upward went wildly flying.

Mid the mist that hung over the field of blood,
The chief of the horsemen contended,
His rowells were bathed in the purple flood,
That fast from his charger descended.

That steed reeled and fell in the van of the fight,
But the rider repressed not his daring,
'Till met by a savage, whose rank and might,
Borrowed proof from the plume he was wearing.

The moment was fearful—a mightier foe,
Had ne'er swung the battle-axe o'er him—
But hope nerved his arm for a desperate blow,
And Tecumseh fell prostrate before him.

'Tis done—the fierce onset of strife subsides,
The thunder of tumult that causes,
And victory's herald exultingly rides,
To tell that the massacre pauses.

O ne'er may the nations again be curst,
With conflict so dark and appalling,
Foe grappled with foe till the life-blood burst,
From their agonized bosoms in falling.

Gloom, silence and solitude, rest on the spot,
Where the hopes of the red man perished,
But the fame of the hero, who fell, shall not,
By the virtuous, cease to be cherished.

He fought in defence of his kindred and king,
With a spirit most loving and loyal,
And long shall the Indian warrior sing,
The deeds of Tecumseh, the royal.

The lightning of intellect flashed from his eye,
In his arm, slept the force of the thunder,
But the bolt passed the suppliant harmlessly by,
And left the freed captive to wonder.

Above, near the path of the pilgrim, he sleeps,
With a rudely-built tumulus o'er him,
And the bright-bosomed Thames, in its majesty, sweeps
By the mound where his followers bore him.

XIV. GEEHALF. AN INDIAN LAMENT.

[Statesman. N. Y.]

THE blackbird is singing on Michigan's shore,
As sweetly and gaily as ever before;
For he knows to his mate he at pleasure can hie—
And the dear little brood she is teaching to fly.
The sun looks as ruddy, and rises as bright,
And reflects o'er our mountains as beamy a light,
As it ever reflected, or ever expressed,
When my skies were the bluest—my dreams were the best.
The fox and the panther, both beasts of the night,
Retire to their dens on the gleaming of light,
And they spring with a free and a sorrowless track,
For they know that their mates are expecting them back.
Each bird and each beast—it is blest in degree,
All nature is cheerful—all happy, but me.

I will go to my tent and lie down in despair—
I will paint me with black, and will sever my hair;
I will sit on the shore, where the hurricane blows,
And reveal to the god of the tempest my woes;
I will weep for a season, on bitterness fed,
For my kindred are gone to the hills of the dead;
But they died not by hunger, or lingering decay;
The steel of the white man hath swept them away.

This snake-skin, that once I so sacredly wore,
I will toss with disdain to the storm beaten shore ;
Its charms I no longer obey, or invoke—
Its spirit hath left me—its spell is now broke ;
I will raise up my voice to the source of the light,
I will dream on the wings of the blue-bird at night,
I will speak to the spirits that whisper in leaves,
And that minister balm to the bosom that grieves,
And will take a new Manito—such as shall seem,
To be kind and propitious in every dream.

Oh ! then I shall banish these cankering sighs,
And tears shall no longer gush salt from my eyes ;
I shall wash from my face every cloud-coloured stain,
Red ! red, shall alone on my visage remain.
I will dig up my hatchet, and bend my oak bow,
By night and by day I will follow the foe ;
No lake shall repress me—no mountain oppose,
His blood can alone give my spirit repose.

They came to my cabin, when heaven was black,
I heard not their coming—I know not their track,
But I saw by the light of their blazing fusees,
They were people engendered beyond the big seas :
My wife and my children—oh spare me the tale—
For who is there left that is kin to GEEHALE !

XV. THE SNOW-STORM.*

[Eastern Argus. Portland.]

THE cold winds swept the mountain's h eight,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wander'd with her child.
As through the drifted snows she press'd
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,

* In the month of December, 1821, a Mr. Blake, with his wife and an infant, were passing over the Green mountain, near the town of Arlington, Vt. in a sleigh with one horse. The drifting snow rendered it impossible for the horse to proceed ; Mr. Blake set off on foot in search of assistance, and perished in the storm, before he could reach a human dwelling. The mother alarmed (as is supposed) at his long absence, went in quest of him with the infant in her arms. She was found in the morning, dead, a short distance from the sleigh. The child was wrapped in her cloak, and survived the perils of the cold and the storm.

And deeper grew the drifts of snow—
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone—
O God, she cried, in accents wild,
If I must perish, save my child.

She stript her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapt the vest,
And smiled, to think her babe was warm,
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sunk upon a snowy bed.

At dawn, a traveller passed by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil—
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale—
He moved the robe from off the child;
The babe looked up, and sweetly smiled.

XVI. BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.

[Chronicle. Reading.]

The host moved exulting, the fortress was near,
And the forest around them waved lonely and drear;
'Twas the home of the savage, defenceless and lorn,
And they thought on his prowess, and laughed him to scorn:

But ghastly they gazed when his yelling accurst,
The war-cry of death, from that wilderness burst,
When an enemy's presence alone they could tell,
By the flash, and the shout, and the warrior that fell.

From his rocks, and his fastnesses, tangled and green,
There his fury was felt, and his prowess was seen,
For the rude chieftain shewed, though untutored in art,
That the fortress of freedom is fixed in the heart.

With the rushing of ocean, the might of a flood,
The veterans of Albion advanced in the wood;
Like the scattering of water, when dashed into spray,
The strength of the Briton was melted away.

As gleams the light rainbow, that waters spray on,
So bright from the battle-mist Washington shone,
And protected each band, that fled scattered and fast,
Like a fleet broken cloud, when the tempest is past.

Though fast fell around him his brethren in arms,
Though maddening and wild, rose the battle's alarms,
Yet the hero undauntedly stood on the field,
For the arm of Jehovah was Washington's shield.

XVII. THE CHAIR OF THE INDIAN KING

[Mirror. Connecticut.]

In the neighbourhood of Mohegan, is a rude recess, environed by rocks, which still retains the name of "the chair of Uncas." When the fort of that king was besieged by the Narragansetts, and his people perishing with famine, he took measures to inform the English of their danger, and was found seated in this rocky chair, anxiously watching the river, on the night when those supplies arrived, which rescued his tribe from destruction. These were conveyed in a large canoe from Saybrook, under cover of darkness, by an enterprising man, of the name of Leffingwell, to whom Uncas, as a proof of his gratitude, gave a large tract of land, comprising nearly the whole of Norwich.

The monarch sat on his rocky throne,
Before him, the waters lay;
His guards, were shapeless columns of stone,
Their lofty helmets with moss o'ergrown,
And their spears of the braken grey.

His lamps were the fickle stars that beamed
Through the veil of their midnight shroud,
And the reddening flashes that fitfully gleamed
When the distant fires of the war-dance streamed
Where his foes in frantic revel screamed
'Neath their canopy of cloud.

Say! why was his glance so restless and keen
As it fell on the waveless tide?
And why, mid the gloom of that silent scene
Did the sigh heave his warlike bosom's screen
And bow that front of pride?

Behind him his leagured forces lay
Withering in famine's blight,
And he knew, with the blush of the morning ray,
That Philip would summon his fierce array
On the core of the warrior's heart to prey,
And quench a nation's light.

It comes! it comes!—that misty speck
Which over the waters moves!
It boasts no sail, nor mast, nor deck,
Yet dearer to him was that nameless wreck,
Than the maid to him who loves.

It bears to the warrior's nerveless arm
The might of a victor's aim—
Its freight is a spell, whose mystic charm
Shall protect the tottering sire from harm,
And the ire-doomed babe, whose life-blood warm
Was to hiss in the wigwam's flame.

The eye of the king with that rapture blazed
Which the soul in its rapture sends;
His prayer to the spirit of good he raised,
And the shades of his buried fathers praised
As toward his fort he wends.

That king hath gone to his lowly grave!
He slumbers in dark decay;
And like the crest of the tossing wave,
Like the rush of the blast, from the mountain cave,
Like the groan of the murdered, with none to save,
His people have past away.

The monarch hath gone, but his rocky throne
Still rests on its frowning base;
Its motionless guards, rise in phalanx lone,
And nought save the winds through their helmets that moan,
And none, but those bosoms and hearts of stone,
Sigh over the fallen race.

XVIII. THE FALL OF NIAGARA.

[From the same.]

Labitur et labetur.

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from his hollow hand;
Had hung his bow upon thy awful front;
Had spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos, for his Saviour's sake,
The sound of many waters; and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime!
O! what are all the notes, that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler! what art thou to Him,
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains? a light wave
That breaks and whispers of its Maker's might.

XIX. POETICAL DESCRIPTIONS

OF TREES, BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES OF NEW-ENGLAND, WRITTEN IN 1629.

[Old Colony Memorial. Plymouth.]

TREES.

TREES, both in hills and plains, in plenty be
The long-lived Oak, and mournful Cyprus tree;
Sky-towering Pines, and Chesnuts coated rough,
The lasting Cedar, with the Walnut tough;
The rozin-dropping Fir, for masts in use,
The boatmen seek for oars, light, neat brown Spruce;
The brittle Ash, the ever trembling Asps,
The broad-spread Elm, whose concave harbours wasps;
The water spongy Alder, good for nought,
Small Eldern, by the Indian fletchers sought;
The knotty Maple, pallid Birch, Hawthorns,
The Horn-bound tree that to be cloven scorns,
Which from the tender vine oft takes his spouse,
Who twines embracing arms about his boughs.

Within this Indian orchard fruits be some,
The ruddy Cherry, and the jetty Plum;
Snake-murthering Hazel, with sweet Saxaphrage,
Whose spurns in beer, allay hot fever's rage;
The dear Shumach, with more trees there be
That are both good to use, and rare to see.

BIRDS.

THE princely Eagle, and the soaring Hawk,
Whom in their unknown ways there's none can chalk;
The Humbird, for some queen's rich cage more fit,
Than in the vacant wilderness to sit;
The swift-winged Swallow, sweeping to and fro,
As swift as arrow from Tartarian bow;
When as Aurora's infant day new springs,
There the morn mountain Lark her sweet lays sings;
The harmonious Thrush, swift Pidgeon, turtle Dove,
Who to her mate does ever constant prove;
The Turkey-Pheasant, Heathcock, Partridge rare,
The carrion-tearing Crow, and hurtful Stare;
The long lived Raven, the ominous Screech Owl,
Who tells, as old wives say, disasters foul;
The drowsy Madge, that leaves her day-loved nest,
And loves to rove, when day-birds be at rest;
The eel-murdering Hearne, and greedy Cormorant,
That near the creeks in morish marshes haunt;
The bellowing Bitterne, with the long-legged Crane,
Presaging winters hard, and dearth of grain;

The silver Swan, that tunes her mournful breath,
To sing the dirge of her approaching death;
The tattling Oldwives, and the cackling Geese,
The fearful Gull, that shuns the murthering piece;
The strong winged Mallard, with the nimble Teal,
And ill-shaped Loon, who his harsh notes doth squeal;
There Widgins, Sheldrakes, and Humilitees,
Snipes, Dippers, sea-Larks, in whole millions flee.

BEASTS.

THE kingly Lion, and the strong armed Bear,
The large limbed Mooses, with the tripping Deer;
Quill-darting Porcupines, and Racoons be
Castel'd in the hollow of an aged tree;
The skipping Squirrel, Rabbit, purblind Hare,
Immured in the self-same castels are,
Lest red-eyed Ferret, wiley Foxes should
Them undermine, if rampired but with mould;
The grim-faced Ounce, and ravenous howling Wolf,
Whose meagre paunch, sucks like a swallowing gulf;
Black glistering Otters, and rich coated Bever,
The Civet, sented Musquash smelling ever.

FISHES.

THE king of waters, the sea shouldering Whale,
The snuffing Grampus, with the oily Seal;
The storm-presaging Porpus, Herring-Hog,
Line shearing Shark, the Catfish, and Sea-Dog;
The scale-fenced Sturgeon, wry-mouthed Halibut,
The flouncing Salmon, Codfish, Greedigut,
Cole, Haddock, Hake, the Thornback, and the Scate,
Whose slimy outside makes him seld' in date;
The stately Bass, old Neptune's fleeting post,
That tides it out and in, from sea to coast;
Consorting Herrings, and the boney shad,
Big-bellied Alewives, Mackerels richly clad
With rainbow colour, the Frostfish and the Smelt,
As good as ever lady Gustus felt;
The spotted Lamprons, Eels, the Lamperies,
That seek fresh water brooks with Argus eyes;
These watery villagers, with thousands more,
Do pass and repass near the verdant shore.

XX. CONNECTICUT.

[Western Sun. Indiana.]

WHAT land is that so nicely bound,
By Massachusetts and the Sound,
Rhode-Island and New-York around;
Where Yankees thick as hops are found;
And hasty-puddings do abound? Connecticut.

What land is that, when George the king
Did over the sea his fetters fling,
And think to link us in their ring,
Which gave the cry, "*there's no such thing*,"
Whose sons did Yankee Doodle sing? Connecticut.

What land is that, where folks are said
To be so scrupulously bred,
To be so steady habited;
Where hearty girls and boys are fed,
With pumpkin pies and gingerbread? Connecticut.

What land is that, where old time walks
In steady space o'er maple blocks;
Forsakes his glass for wooden clocks;
Where heads too high will meet with knocks;
And land were more, if fewer rocks? Connecticut.

What land is that, where onions grow;
Where maiden's necks are white as snow,
And cheeks like roses red, you know;
Where jonny-cakes are baked from dough,
That land where milk and honey flow? Connecticut.

What land is that, whence pedlars come
A thousand miles, or more, from home,
With tin, with bass-wood trenchers; some
With patent nutmegs and new rum;
To gather up the coppers!—hum! Connecticut.

What land is that, where parsons live;
Where men hear gospel and believe;
Where humble sinners seek reprieve;
Where women stay at home and weave,
Nor gad without their husband's leave? Connecticut.

What land is that, where I can trace,
My nineteenth cousin by his face;
Where once I fished for little dace,
And never learned the deuce from ace;
Where grand-mother this night says grace? Connecticut.

What land is that, when we behold,
And all its history unfold,
And all about the land is told,
We like most things, but some we scold?
Ah! gentle reader, that is old Connecticut.

BOOK III.

FICTITIOUS, MORAL, AND SENTIMENTAL.

I. THE CAPTIVE BOY.

[Emporium. Trenton, N. J.]

"But who is he that yet a dearer land
Remembers over hills and far away?—CAMPBELL.

ALL who are conversant with the early history of our country, will recollect that our frontier settlements were, many years ago, before the power of the aborigines was broken and subdued, frequently laid waste and desolate, by the incursions of the Indians, who, not content with pillaging and destroying whatever property lay in their way, marked their footsteps with blood, and made captives of all whom glutted vengeance, or caprice induced them to spare.

It happened in one of these incursions, that a young man by the name of Bird, with his wife and child, an infant boy of about six months old, was made a prisoner. The quantity of plunder in possession of the savages, making the assistance of the unfortunate father and mother important, their lives were spared, for the sole purpose of assisting in carrying it off; they were shown their burdens, and directed to follow. The mother, knowing the fate, which in these circumstances awaited her infant, should it be discovered, contrived to conceal it from her inhuman captors, and having wrapped it up in her burden, close to her breast, journeyed by the side of her husband, towards the wilderness,

sorrowing, no doubt, but invoking the protection of Him whose Almighty arm can succour the most unfortunate, and deliver in the greatest peril.

After travelling from sunrise until late at night through a long summer's day, the party arrived at an Indian village, and the captives being secured, the Indians threw themselves on the ground, and were soon asleep; but it may well be supposed that Bird and his wife, even after so much fatigue, felt little disposition to close their eyes. How they might escape, alone occupied their thoughts; they matured their plan and put it into execution; but to avoid recapture, required even more vigilance and resolution than it required ingenuity and strength to free themselves from the cords that bound them.

They however set out, and, with their helpless babe, which, as by a miracle, they had still succeeded in preserving unnoticed, began at midnight to retrace their steps; but before day, fatigue, anxiety, and the want of nourisment so completely exhausted them both, that they found this dilemma placed before them—the child must be left in the wilderness, or they must remain and perish with it. The morning was already streaking the east with grey, and they knew that their flight must have been already discovered; they knew, too, the characters they had to deal with, and that to escape, there was not a moment's time to be lost. Distracted with opposing resolutions, a sense of duty to themselves, finally prevailed over the parent's fondness; the mother for the last time, pressed her innocent offspring to her breast, bedewed its unconsciously smiling cheek with tears, and sat it down on the green bank of a little tinkling rill, to perish, where, as she cast a last anguishing look, after she left it, she saw it scrambling after the flowers that grew around it.

The father and mother escaped to the settlements, and Mr. Bird speedily collected a large party of his neighbours and returned to the spot where the child had been left; but it was gone; and, in the lapse of years, blest with riches and a numerous progeny, the parents ceased to weep over their lost boy.

Fifteen summers had smiled upon the harvests, when, in a treaty with a distant tribe of Indians, an article of which bound them to deliver up any captives that might be in their posession, a boy was put into the charge of the commissioners on the part of the whites, with the declaration that he was a white, found in infancy, upon the very spot where young Bird had been left. He was sent to his parents, who immediately recognized him by a remarkable scar on his right hand, which he had received in his father's house.

The measure of the parents' joy was full, but the boy wandered through the rich possessions of his father, without a smile. His bow and blanket were his only joy. He despised alike, the dress, the habits, and the luxuries that were proffered him; and his mind constantly brooded over the forest scenes, and sports in which he had passed his boyhood. Vain were all the attempts to wean him from his native habits—and as vain the efforts to obliterate the recollection of his adopted home from his mind. While persuasion and indulgence were alone resorted to, he modestly resisted; but when force was tried, and he was compelled to change his blanket for the garments of civilized life, and his favourite bow for a book, he grew sullenly discontented; and, at last, was missing in his father's house, and seen, the same evening, arrayed in the Indian garb, crossing a distant mountain, and bending his course towards the setting sun.

It was upwards of twenty years after this event, that Mr. Bird and his wife, now advanced somewhat in years, removed to a new settlement, where Mr. Bird had purchased a tract of land, at a great distance from their former residence; and while a more commodious building was erecting, they inhabited a small hut adjacent to a thick wood. One day when the old lady was left alone, the men of the neighbourhood having gone to a distance of several miles to assist at a raising, she saw, from her door, several armed and painted Indians approaching her. Alarmed, but resolute, she seized a hatchet, and ascending a ladder into the loft of the dwelling, drew it up after her, and determined to defend

herself to the last. The savages entered, and finding their efforts to entice her down were vain, laid down their rifles to ascend after her. But the first hand that was thrust through the trap-door was severed from the arm at a single blow, by the intrepid heroine, and an alarm being taken at the moment, that the whites were coming, the Indians retreated, and disappeared in the woods instantly; while almost at the same moment Mr. Bird and his party came in sight.

But scarcely had the deliverers of her life approached, before Mrs. Bird's eye caught sight of the severed hand, and lo! there appeared before her the scarred right hand of her eldest son.

Such is the story of the Captive Boy; and from it I draw the inference, that it is habit that endears the savage to his wilds; that teaches him to love his own pursuits; and to delight in blood and treachery; and that between the natural passions, affections, and dispositions of men, there is no difference, except such as is created by education and custom.

II. VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

[From the same.]

On the top of a lofty mountain that rises towards the heavens, in view from Alesbury to the west, are still to be seen the mouldering ruins of an ancient building; and sitting on the cliff of rocks that stretches out from the eminence towards the valley, the traveller may behold, at sunset, a solitary eagle winging its way from among the distant clouds, towards the crumbling pile, and disappearing among the dark grey walls; for those massy ruins are now tenanted by birds and beasts alone, and, as it was in the desolate dwelling of Morna, 'there the thistle shakes its lonely head—the moss whistles in the wind, and the fox looks out of the windows, as the rank grass of the wall waves round his head.' A scene so wild, and picturesque, and pathless, is seldom passed by strangers without an inquiry, and its history never heard without emotion.

It is now more than half a century since Col. Ales-

worth, an English gentleman of opulent fortune, and, according to report, of high character, having purchased a large tract of land in that quarter, erected his mansion on the mountain, from the top of which, he could overlook all his possessions, and fixed his residence there.

As he spent the greater part of a noble revenue in improving his new estate, soon the wilderness began to blossom. Alesbury, took its name from him, and rose to the rank of an opulent and business-doing village. Year after year, inroads were made upon the forests, and extensive fields and meadows were scattered over the country. A hand so full, and a heart so liberal, could not fail to give an impluse to industry, and stir up enterprize around. But Col. Alesworth, while he scattered far and wide his bounty, and levied on every side contributions of gratitude, was himself, of a gloomy and desponding turn. He was yet not far advanced in years, but he had, evidently, lived long enough to become acquainted with sorrow—some secret spring had been poisoned in his bosom.

One winter's night, not many years after Col. Alesworth had located himself in the neighbourhood of Alesbury, a wandering female and her child, a little boy of about three or four years old, were admitted into his house, in his absence. The mother was an entire stranger in the country, destitute, and in a deep decline; and she died, shortly before the Colonel came home, leaving her helpless orphan behind her without a friend. But it found a friend in Alesworth; he saw in the engaging countenance and bright blue eyes of the little innocent, so much of promise, that he resolved to send him to the village school, and take care of him during his infancy.

Young Edward was, accordingly, under the care of his kind patron, instructed in the rudiments of an English education, and at a suitable time, apprenticed to a merchant in one of the commercial cities; there he acquired so good a character, and insinuated himself so completely into the affections of his master, that before his apprenticeship was completed, he was taken into partnership, in a few years after, married his only

daughter, and upon the death of the father-in law, inherited a handsome fortune, with which he returned to Alesbury, settled himself down in a neat business, and lived surrounded with comfort and plenty, and loaded with honours; and at last he was elevated to the judicial bench, a station which all acknowledged he was eminently qualified for.

We must now leave our young friend, to return to Col. Alesworth, whom we left administering to the wants of the distressed, cherishing and protecting the orphan, and practising all the virtues of the philanthropist. Not long after Edward had been taken from school, the colonel left his residence at the Highlands, and was absent six months; to what part of the world he went, and what was the object of his journey, remained unknown; but when he returned he was no longer the same man—if before he was subject to melancholy, he was now the picture of despair—he was seldom seen in public, his most intimate friends were often denied access to him, and his conduct was altogether become strange and unaccountable.

In this state of retired, melancholy seclusion, colonel Alesworth continued for many years; Edward rose to rank and affluence, meantime, but now his former friend and patron shunned him.

At length, late in the evening of a fine May-day, a stranger in a curricle drove up to the inn in Alesbury, and inquired the way to the residence of Col. Alesworth, and, upon receiving directions, drove rapidly on. Nothing more was seen or heard of him, except that the servants of the colonel said he had remained with their master all night, and, as they were told, left him before day the next morning.

And the mystery, that hung about colonel Alesworth, was not in the least cleared up by a visit from several gentlemen of a distant city, who came in quest of the unknown stranger, reporting him to be a person of fortune, much renowned in the sporting world, and, that he had never been heard of since he was seen in the village. Suspicious that he must have met with some foul play, were openly expressed, and some circumstanc-

es led the inquirers to determine on a diligent search of the premises at the Highlands. The neighbourhood were indignant at this resolution; but their indignation at a supposed insult to the feelings of the man, who, with all his eccentricities, they adored, gave place to astonishment and horror at the discovery of the corpse of the stranger, in a secret cavern under the building, and the confession of colonel Alesworth, that he was the murderer of his guest.

The unhappy man was tried before the very person, whom he had adopted in infancy, and educated; he plead guilty, was condemned, and, notwithstanding all the exertions used to obtain a pardon—executed.

Then it was, that, upon examining the papers left by colonel Alesworth, the mystery which enveloped many of his actions, and the secret springs which gave impulse to others, were discovered. He had wedded at an early age, in England, a noble lady, whom, having plundered of her property, he left and came to America under the fictitious name of colonel Alesworth; this distressed lady, who had forfeited the favour of her friends in England by accepting his hand, was the mother of Edward!

When the colonel, who was himself the heir of a baronet in England, having assumed a fictitious name, came to America, he was followed hither by his broken hearted wife. Chance led her, in her search, to the mansion of her lord, who suspected her true history, and took measures to satisfy himself of it, and keep the secret from others. But vengeance slept not—for, having lost his whole fortune at the gaming table, to the man whom he murdered, in the hope of concealing the fact, and preserving his property, he closed a life, full of specious deceit and bitter folly, by the sentence of his own son. Such are the vicissitudes of fortune.

III. THE GRAVES OF THE FOREST.

[From the same.]

There neither name nor emblems spread,
To stay the passing pilgrim's tread.

To me a neglected grave is a melancholy sight, for it speaks not only of the vanity of pride, but of the treachery of friendship and the forgetfulness of humanity. An over-shadowing willow, a little drooping flower, or even a cluster of mournful ivies, tells a soothing tale, while we recognize the tear of affection, and the tender cares of undying love as the organ of their growth.

I once paused on the banks of the Susquehanna, by the side of a small plain, which appeared to be crowded with the monuments of mortality, though far from any settlement which could have furnished to the tomb so many tenants; the spoil of a desperate battle was there deposited, unhonoured, save in the simple tale of the villager, recording their deeds of heroism.

There is no account of Augustus and his little band of martyrs, on the pages of history. More than seventeen years have rolled along since those shores where they are now immured, echoed to the peal of their musketry, and the savage shouts of victory. And at this distance from that period, even the faithfulness of memory but obscurely traces the event.

The settlers in the interior of the colony of Pennsylvania were rustics, living in a manner, as unadorned, as the rude forests which surrounded them. But in the little village of Haverhill, if the accomplishments of art were wanted to make life splendid, the beauties of nature were not sought in vain to make it sweet. Love had found its way into the silent hamlet, and the angel cheek of beauty smiled midst the solitudes of the forests, and breathed spells of happiness around. There was one sweet girl, the daughter of Mr. M. to whose nuptials the villagers had been invited in the evening of the day preceding the catastrophe, which peopled, in the end, this little spot with tenants.

She had given her heart to one, who, though born and bred among the mountains and woods of the desert, was as fond and fervent as the warmest; but in so doing,

she rejected the addresses of a foreigner and a stranger. Leroy, when the success of his rival was beyond a doubt, left the neighbourhood precipitately, and, without occasioning a suspicion of his intention, passed over the Susquehanna, to the encampment of a tribe of Indians. Having received intelligence of the time when Charlotte M. was to become the wife of Augustus, he prevailed upon the savages to attack the settlement with promises of large booty and no resistance.

Just as the villagers were gathering to the cottage of Mr. M. a horrid sound echoed along the vale, and a band of Indians, led on by Leroy, rushed from an adjoining wood upon them. The attack was too unexpected to allow of resistance, and a general fight and massacre ensued; the father, mother, and brother, perished; their cottage reduced to ashes, and the defenceless daughter remained a prisoner. Augustus had disappeared amid the tumult, none knew how.

Elated with the success of his villany, Leroy accompanied the heart-broken Charlotte, and her cruel captors, a long day's march, and they lighted their fires for the night, at the going down of the sun, on the spot now covered with so many graves. When the Indians had assembled, Leroy addressed them in language to this effect:

"My friends, you listened to my proposals; I have guided you to victory; I have but one request to make, that captive girl I claim for my services; give her to me, that I may revenge myself for the injury she has done me. When my rancour is satisfied, I will yield her up to the fate you choose to consign her to." The Indians heard him with careless approbation, and the tumult of his feelings flashed from his eyes and curled upon his lip, as he turned towards his victim.

At this moment, a bullet whistled by his head. It was Augustus and a chosen band of friends, who had armed themselves and followed the assassins, and in an instant they were in the midst of their enemies. A dreadful slaughter followed. The savages triumphed, and not one of that little company of heroes escaped.

Augustus was among the prisoners, and Charlotte was

still uninjured. When the Indians found their victory complete, they proceeded to despatch all the captives who had thus fallen into their power; but when they came to Augustus, Leroy again interfered. "My friends," said he, "give him also up to me; he shall first witness what will be to him far worse than death." After much persuasion they consented, and Leroy sat down to brood over the revenge he now seemed sure of; but having drank deeply, a sudden drowsiness came over him, and he sunk to sleep.

Augustus had watched the dawning of hope, and now looked eagerly around to see if any moved. All was still, save the murmurs of the breeze, the heavens were cloudless, and the moon was just hiding herself behind the trees; he listened—a deep and long drawn sigh fell softly on his ear; it was from Charlotte's bosom, and roused him from his apathy. With one effort he loosed his arms, and soon regained his liberty: to liberate his fair companion in suffering, was an easy task, and before the sun arose, they were beyond the reach of pursuit.

The bones of Leroy are buried in one of these graves of the forest, for his savage confederates, suspecting him of having favoured the escape of their prisoners, tormented him to death.

IV. NEW-ENGLAND SUPERSTITIONS.*

[Union. Philadelphia.]

In that almost insulated part of the state of Massachusetts, called *old colony*, or *Plymouth county*, and particularly in a small village adjoining the shire town, there may be found the relics of many old customs and superstitions, which would be amusing, at least to the antiquary. Among others of less serious cast, there was, fifteen years ago, one which, on account of its peculiarity and its consequence, I beg leave to mention.

It is well known to those who are acquainted with

* This and the two following articles are a part of a series of tales published in the United States Gazette, entitled, "New-England Superstitions," and they are the only numbers of the series, which the editor could procure. Ed.

that section of our country, that nearly one half of its inhabitants die of a consumption, occasioned by the chilly humidity of their atmosphere, and the long prevalence of easterly winds. The inhabitants of the village (or town, as it is there called) to which I allude, were peculiarly exposed to this scourge; and I have seen, at one time, one of every fifty of its inhabitants gliding down to the grave, with all the certainty which characterises this insiduous foe of the human family.

There was, fifteen years ago, and is perhaps at this time, an opinion prevalent among the inhabitants of this town, that the body of a person, who died of a consumption, was by some supernatural means, nourished in the grave of some one living member of the family; and that during the life of this person, the body retained in the grave all the fulness and freshness of life and health.

This belief was strengthened by the circumstance, that whole families frequently fell a prey to this terrible disease.

Of one large family in this town, consisting of fourteen children, and their venerable parents, the mother and the youngest son only remained; the rest within a year of each other had died of the consumption.

Within two months from the death of the thirteenth child, an amiable girl of about sixteen years of age, the bloom, which characterized the whole of this family, was seen to fade from the cheek of the last support of the heart-smitten mother, and his broad flat chest was occasionally convulsed by that powerful deep cough, which attends the consumption in our Atlantic states.

At this time, as if to snatch one of this family from an early grave, it was resolved, by a few of the inhabitants of the village to test the truth of this tradition, which I have mentioned, and which the circumstances of this afflicted family seemed to confirm. I should have added, that it was believed, that if the body thus supernaturally nourished in the grave, should be raised, and turned over in the coffin, its depredation upon the surviver would necessarily cease. The consent of the mother being obtained, it was agreed that four persons,

attended by the surviving and complaining brother, should, at sunrise the next day, dig up the remains of the last buried sister. At the appointed hour, they attended in the burying-ground, and having, with much exertion, removed the earth, they raised the coffin upon the ground; then, displacing the flat lid, they lifted the covering from her face, and discovered what they had indeed anticipated, but dreaded to declare. Yes, I saw the visage of one, who had been long the tenant of a silent grave, lit up with the brilliancy of youthful health. The cheek was full to dimpling, and a rich profusion of hair shaded her cold forehead, while some of its richest curls floated upon her unconscious breast. The large blue eye had scarcely lost its brilliancy, and the livid fulness of her lips seemed almost to say, "loose me and let me go."

In two weeks, the brother, shocked with the spectacle he had witnessed, sunk under his disease. The mother survived scarcely a year, and the long range of sixteen graves, is pointed out to the stranger as an evidence of the truth of the belief of the inhabitants.

The following lines were written on a recollection of the above shocking scene:

I saw her, the grave-sheet was round her,
Months had passed since they laid her in clay;
Yet the damps of the tomb could not wound her,
The worms had not seized on their prey.

O, fair was her cheek, as I knew it,
When the rose all its colours there brought;
And that eye,—did a tear then bedew it?
It gleamed like the herald of thought.

She bloomed, though the shroud was around her,
Her locks o'er her cold bosom wave,
As if the stern monarch had crowned her,
The fair speechless queen of the grave.

But what lends the grave such a lustre?
O'er her cheek what such beauty had shed?
His life-blood, who bent there, had nursed her,
The living was food for the dead!

V. RACHEL'S CURSE.

[From the same.]

WHETHER it is that the human mind delights in cherishing the impressions which most affected it in infancy; or, that from habits of indolence we neglect the means that would free us from their influence, and thus subject ourselves to feelings, whose causes are indefinite, and whose effects are sometimes ridiculous—often fatal, certain it is, the legends of childhood are often verified in age by the very influence, which these fables exercise upon our minds; and those, who have sacrificed whole fortunes to the delusive promises of some pretended alchymist, or juggling astrologer, have not been beguiled more by the tempting lure of the gilded bait, than by the greedy hankerings of a morbid appetite, which would seize even the unbated hook. It is a fact, which speaks, perhaps, something in favour of the goodness, as well as the weakness of the human heart, that in all cases of gross and general deception, the deceived themselves, so far from being passive, contribute more than the deceiver to their own delusion.

The good people of the old colony, have, from time immemorial, been more or less influenced by the predictions and warnings of some old sybil, who pretended to peep into fate through the bottom of a tea-cup, and discern the movements of the heavens by the settling of her coffee-grounds.

One of these beldames had for many years inhabited a hovel, which had before been distinguished in the more dignified use of a fish house, situated near the extremity of a promontory, which overhung the centre of Plymouth bay. The ease, with which she could derive subsistence from the shores, and, in the season, from the neighbouring fish-flakes, had probably induced the Pythoness to establish herself in so dreary a domicile; and the profit, which she derived from predicting fair winds and favourable weather, did much towards conciliating the affection of the owner for her otherwise unpromising habitation.

So long and so successfully had Rachel foretold, to the inquiring seamen, the weather of the coming day,

(an art which those, who live on the seaboard, know to be easily acquired,) that they almost felt that she had an influence in the fulfilment of her own predictions, and not one was ever known to calculate a voyage into the outer bay, without consulting "*aunt Rache*" upon the morrow's weather; nor on their return, did any neglect to leave a portion of their *takings* as a reward to her, who had predicted or perhaps procured their success.

There were, indeed, a few in the village, who affected to deride the talents of Rachel, and sneer at those who were influenced by her predictions; but it is said, that even these, the minister, school-master and physician, were always able to find an excuse for delaying any expedition, the event of which, she might have pronounced against. And I, myself, recollect when a certain ordination lacked one of its council by the officious boldness of the prophetess of the storms.

The pleasure, which Rachel found in the solitude of night, in watching the flux of the sea as it cast its intrusive waves farther and farther upon the sand, served, if indeed any thing was necessary, to add to the awe with which her neighbours contemplated her character.

She was met in one of her midnight rambles, by a party preparing for an early departure for the outer bay-fishing, who anxiously inquired the probability of the morrow's weather. Fair, said she, fair—tomorrow sees neither rain nor wind; the minister must have less corn in his own field, to make his prayers available. "But, aunt Rachel, (they always put the last syllable to her name when they spoke to her at night,) do you see yon cloud in the west?" What have I to do with west or south, said she. I have promised fair, though you might have chosen a better day than *Friday*, considering you take but one voyage in a year. Just then a large vessel hove in sight. By the pale light of the moon, it was impossible to distinguish the class to which she belonged. She will come in, said Rachel, and for no good —we do not hear the sound of church bells at midnight for nothing. But that was Plymouth clock striking twelve, said one of the company. Do we hear clocks, said she, four miles against the wind? and Plymouth clock, too, a

wooden rattle, with scarcely more work in it than the windlass of yonder chebacco boat?

Before the party had prepared for their departure, the vessel, a large brig, had come too, and anchored near the shore. This vessel, owned in that place, and loaded with sugar by a Boston merchant, had put into the harbour to effect some trifling repairs to her spars. One only of the crew was a native of the village, and he, on the following day, conducted his messmates to Rachel's hovel, to inquire into the prospects of their voyage.

John Burgis, said the auguress to her townsman, as the party crossed her threshold, have you done well in entering the Betsey? The poor man's curse is on her. Think you the vessel paid for in exchange notes will make a safe voyage? "But aunt Rachel," interrupted the sailor, evidently wishing a better reception for his comrades, "we did not build her." "If you would not have her fortune, flee her company. And is it for this, John, (continued the old woman) is it for this, your father, the deacon, has prayed, that your mother has wept, that the blessing of the minister was given at your departure, to be found with wretches like these, land sharks, moon cursers!" "Avast there, old granny," said one of the strangers, "Give us none of your slack, or we will put a stopper upon your gab." A beam of fire seemed to flash from the old woman's eyes, as she rose from her bench, and threw down the coarse table on which she had been leaning. "You are known," said she, "there's not a mother's son of you, that was not swaddled in the ruins of a wreck." "Damned hag!" said the oldest of them—but interruption was vain, the worst feelings of Rachel were roused, and, her most painful recollection excited, the volubility of her tongue expressed the intensity of her feelings. "There's not a *moon curser* of you all, that has not braved the northeaster to fix a light upon a pole, to mislead the pilot, and wreck his ship for depredation; when you would not wet a foot to save a seaman's life. And who, you children of devils incarnate, who but your fathers and mothers fastened the lantern to a horse's head, and thus, in a storm, wrecked the brig upon your cursed sands,

that left me childless and a widow? May he who rides upon the pale horse be your guide, and you be of the number who follow with him."

The last imprecation scarcely reached the ears of the objects of her curse. They went to their vessel, and meditated a revenge, every way worthy of the conduct that Rachel had charged them with.

The next morning about ten o'clock, the village was alarmed by a strong light, at or near the wharf. In less than twenty minutes, every inhabitant but the infant and decrepid, was at the place, and Rachel, half wrapped in the remains of an old sail, which had served as a bed curtain, was seen rushing from her burning hovel. No language can do justice to the looks and gestures of the infuriated wretch. She ran round the scene of conflagration, with the actions of a fury, howling her imprecations upon the cause of her calamity. Her grey hair was flying in the wind, and, as she stood between the strong light of the blaze and spectators, its upturned points seemed tipped with living flame.

The next morning, the brig prepared for sailing, and many of the inhabitants, either to see the ruins of Rachel's hut, or to watch the vessel's departure, flocked to the wharf, although it was Sunday.

The brig got under way, with a fine wind against the tide, and as she made her way smoothly down the channel, the attention of the spectators was invited to Rachel. She had seated herself upon a rock, which elevated its top considerably above the waves, although it was entirely surrounded by the tide.

The hollow moan, which she had uttered, was lost in the rushing of the waves upon the pebbly shore; and indeed she had been scarcely noticed in the bustle of preparing the vessel. When she was observed, the owner of the vessel attempted to offer her some consolation for the loss of her house; she replied, without once withdrawing her eyes from the receding vessel, "you need not comfort me; every barn could give me a shelter, if I should need it; but in three days, I shall be tenanted in the narrow house, which yonder wretches cannot burn. But you! who shall console you for

the loss of your brig? Think you she can swim loaded with the curses of the poor? with my curses, which have never yet been vain?" "She has passed *Brown's Island*," said the owner, evidently affected by the vehemence of her manner, "and that is the worst shoal in the bay." Rachel grew more furious, as the brig passed in safety any point or shoal, which was considered peculiarly dangerous, and, as the breeze freshened, her matted hair, floated out like streamers upon the wind, her long boney arms were extended with imprecating gestures, and she appeared, as she poured out her maledictions upon the authors of her calamities, like the evil spirit of the ocean, chiding forth the storms as ministers of her vengeance.

When the vessel had passed *Beach Point*, the last obstruction to navigation in the harbour, and forming the extreme southern cape, which protected the whole bay, the owner, relieved from the anxiety which the difficulty of the navigation naturally inspired, and which, perhaps, the ravings of Rachel increased, turned to the old woman, and again offered to console her for the loss of her house, and even tendered the use of another habitation; but she was raving in all the impotence of disappointed madness, her voice was inarticulate, she foamed at the mouth, and howled in most demoniac accents. Her face and swollen eyes, that seemed almost starting from their sockets, were bent upon the single object of her curses, when suddenly her voice ceased, and she leaned forward in the very ecstacy of expectation. The eyes of the company, following the bent of hers, fixed on the brig; her sails were shivering in the wind, and all seemed hurry and confusion upon her deck.

In a few moments she slowly sunk from the view of the spectators, and nothing of her was to be seen but a part of her top-gallant mast standing above the waves.

Rachel pitched forward into the water, as she saw the vessel sink, and, as the people were engaged in preparing boats to go to the vessel, she died unnoticed.

The brig, which had struck upon a sunken and unknown rock, was afterwards raised with the loss of

nearly her whole cargo and one man, the very one, it is said, who had put fire to the house.

The body of Rachel was found and buried on the spot where her house had stood. The rock, on which the vessel struck, is now called *Rachel's Curse*; and the grave on the promontory serves, to this day, as a landmark for the channel.

VI. THOMAS WESTON.

[From the same.]

The enemies of our holy religion sometimes imagine that they derive an argument against it, from the effect which it has been known to work upon weak or uncultivated minds. They watch with care, the movements of a professing christian, that they may seize on some discrepancy as a loop to hang a scorn upon. The infidel lies in wait for some eccentricity in the new disciple, that he may impeach the motives of his actions: and above all, the effects, which strong doubts or highly inspired hopes, have wrought upon the convert, have furnished forth ample cause for the scoffs and sneers of the sceptic or infidel, who is ever too ignorant of the heart to know, that when the human mind is neutralized by a purer, and a purifying influence, there must necessarily be a powerful effervescence. That zeal, however, which is not according to knowledge, has ever been productive of deleterious effects wherever exercised. Fleeing, as did the settlers of Plymouth colony, from what they denominated the lukewarmness of Erastian christians, as well as from the scourge of intolerance, it is not strange that they should endeavour to transmit to their successors, the principles for which they had suffered the persecution of man, and braved the war of the elements; they therefore impressed it upon the minds of their offspring, that they should serve the God of their fathers; and withal they were not unmindful of the *mode*. This zealous adherence to their own forms, even to the persecution of other sects, has purchased for them the censure of those who wish to be considered impartial historians; and the present genera-

tion affect to contemplate with horror the rigour, which the *forefathers* exercised towards their brethren of different denominations. For them, however, let it be said in extenuation, that they had suffered the scourge and banishment, that they had buffeted the storm, and repelled the savage, to establish in a wilderness the *form* of worship, and enjoy the *peculiarities* of a faith, which they believed "once delivered to the saints;" and when strangers intruded themselves unbidden guests, it was natural for them to inquire for the "wedding garment." It was to be expected, that they would guard with eager jealousy, the entrenchments of their orthodoxy; and suffering as they had, from those who sat in high places, they justly dreaded the influx of any heresy, and prudently, if not wisely, determined to crush the embryo of that opposition, which they had so severely felt. They therefore, while they cultivated in their offspring all the stern dictates of Calvinism in doctrine, took care to purge the land of opposing forms by something more than words.

The old colonists, in the immediate vicinity of the place of landing of the pilgrims, have ever retained a strong predilection in favour of the doctrines and habits of their pious ancestors, and occasionally furnish conclusive evidence that the opinions and zeal, which inspired their fathers, are not entirely adapted to the present state of society.

The following narration will serve to illustrate one of the peculiarities which strongly characterized the opinions of the pilgrims and their descendants.

The town of Kingston, situated upon Plymouth bay, was visited by what is termed, a revival in religion; the influence of this new incentive was not confined to those, who had been long professors, and who now felt awakened to a new exercise of feelings and duties; but men and women, who had hitherto been careless of the "one thing needful," now sought to possess themselves of "the pearl of great price." Among those, who had evinced the clearest evidence of a renewed heart, was a young man named Thomas Weston. The various exercises of his vigorous and enthusiastic mind, were

peculiarly pleasing to those, whose delight it was to watch the upshootings of grace in the heart, to see the being, made in the image of his Maker,

> "Turn from the grovelling cares of earth,
> "And heavenward wend his way."

After some months had been spent in a constant exercise of those feelings, which appeared to form his new existence, and in a preparation for a matrimonial connexion, which promised, from the congeniality of disposition, feelings and professions of the object, to afford every happiness that he could ask on earth, it was observed that Weston did not exhibit those lively tokens of spiritual felicity, which had distinguished his early professions. The prayer which had so often ascended in holy confidence, and which had awakened the slumbering piety of age, by its glowing fervency, was now checked and cold, and scarcely audible. At length he ceased to participate in the service of these social meetings, which are thought to promote, in an eminent degree, the "life of piety in the soul." He was, indeed, seen occasionally in some retired corner, shrinking from observation, and almost from himself; and as a neglect of his ordinary occupation was equally visible, it was thought prudent to inquire into the cause of this falling off in spiritual and temporal duties.

It was evening, when the persons delegated to this important and delicate trust, entered the house of his anxious mother. "Thomas," said the matron, "the deacon, and our worthy neighbour the school-master." Weston raised himself from habitual respect, and turned his heavy black eye upon them, in token of recognition, then sunk again into his chair. When the prayer, (the alpha and omega of all old colony meetings or visitations) was finished, the elders entered upon the especial part of their errand. Weston shrunk, at first, from the close intimacy which they sought with his soul. He felt that feelings like his should be secret, because he knew them undefined and undefinable. They, however, succeeded in learning that he had sunk, as an almost necessary consequence of too highly wrought feelings, into a state of wretched despondency. That he not

only had lost his "first love," but he also was tortured by the fear that he was under the curse of that sin which "cannot be repented of."

The teacher endeavoured to sooth his mind, and awaken him to the comforts of the gospel, by directing him to the experience and examples of others; but in vain, for, the mind, that finds no balm for its wounds in the scriptures, dares not seek it from an earthly source. Finding that the soothings, which were offered by the school-master were unavailing, the other visiter deemed it just to resort to different means. He warned the wretch of the danger of such a state of mind. "The enemy of mankind," said he, "seeks the gloomy, the doubtful, and the wavering as fittest instruments for his designs. The mind, that refuses to rest upon the rock of ages, will, when the storm shall come, find its resting place the unstable sands of the shore. Where will be *your* hopes in such an hour?" "The storm has come," said Weston, without moving his eye from the object on which it rested, "the storm has come, and the winds have beat vehemently upon the slender roof of my hopes, and great and ruinous has been its fall."

"These ideas," said the deacon, "are not to be indulged; Satan, who is unwearied in his search for souls, may form with yours a league, which shall be its eternal perdition."

"Do you believe," asked Weston, with energy, and raising his eyes for the first time, "do you believe that the '*evil one*' can form a compact with the soul without a mutual and conscious agreement?"

"In a state, in which the mind appears much alienated from its ordinary habits of exercise, and consequently not able to judge of the power or resources of an assailant, there may be wrested from it, certain concessions, of which it will remain unconscious until it experiences its effects."

"But I have understood," replied Weston, with increasing interest, "that when any being has covenanted with the devil, he is possessed of some peculiar powers, and allowed the exercise of certain privileges otherwise unattainable. I remember poor Charles Jones,

whose death is yet unaccounted for; it was said of him, that he could command the wind and tides. Certain it was, that space and distance, formed no obstacles to his journey. Was he not in Duxborough at eight o'clock, and was he not seen in Plymouth, at nine, the same evening? and surely, merely mortal power does not perform that task. And I, myself, have thought that I possessed some unusual influence, for I have seen the children, of late, suspend their amusements as I approached them, and gaze upon me, as if they did not know my person, or were jealous, or fearful of my power." His mother groaned audibly, and the school-master shed tears over the misery of the unhappy youth.

The deacon, however, believed it proper to continue the advantage which he supposed he had gained by exciting the fears of Weston.

"Young man," said he, "the enemy of souls is wary in his bargains, and the privileges, which he grants, are in proportion to the resistance made to his influence; and remember, Weston, that the league once made, the compact once formed, tears, and prayers, and repentance will avail you nothing. Even the blood that was shed for the remission of sins, will not absolve *that* contract." Weston groaned aloud, and the deacon, auguring favourably, from the excitement of his feelings, pursued his lacerating harangue.

"No being, who has formed the soul-condemning contract, can hope for relief. The miserable advantage, which his superior powers imparts, is lost in the horrid remembrance of its immense price; and in no instance, has the deluded wretch dared to exercise the extent of his dreadful abilities; and, disgusted with a life in which he appeared to stand alone, every unhappy victim of Satan's league, has been known to finish, with his own hands, an existence, the imaginary advantages of which, he had purchased, at the expense of eternal salvation."

"At least," groaned Weston, "I will not commit murder."

The deacon shrunk from him, at this unexpected application of the character to himself; and the horrid conviction for the first time, flashed upon the agonized

mother, that her darling, her only son, had sold himself for nought.

"Let us pray," said the school-master. The auditors stood erect, while the good man invoked upon the house of affliction, the *comforter's* return. "May the decaying cruise of the widow," said he, "be renewed, and may the oil of comfort abound; and though lover and friends be put far from her, and her acquaintance into darkness, may she carry her confidence to the Rock of ages, and lean on Him, who is mighty to save." However delicate may have been his feelings for Weston, he could not dissemble in the immediate presence of Omnipotence; he therefore prayed that he might not be of the number of those, of whom the Saviour had said, "I pray not for them." The elders departed with a blessing, and the family retired to rest.

The next morning, Weston was missing; the family gave the alarm to the neighbours, who immediately went in search of him. He was found perched upon the summit of a rock, that projected over the bay; and when first discovered, it was thought that he was in company with some other person; but as none was found with him, and as none could escape unobserved, it was supposed by some that it was only a wreath of fog, which the rising sun was dispelling. There were, however, some who had never seen the fog assume so palpable a form, and who did not fail to remark, at the same time, that the rock on which he was found, had been the favourite resort of one *Standish*, who had been more than suspected of intercourse with the *evil one*, and who had ultimately precipitated himself from the summit, and been dashed to pieces upon the half sunken rocks below.

Weston returned to the house with his companions, but he returned not as at other times. The gloom of melancholy, which had marked his features, was exchanged for the vividness of despair; the eye, which had been bent in sorrow, in doubt, and humility, now flashed with the intenseness of intellectual certainty; but a certainty of pain, and anguish, and remorse. His feelings, affections, and habits, seemed abstracted from the usual ob-

jects, and he no longer appeared to notice the awe, which his presence inspired among the younger part of the community; he conversed with no person, though he was frequently heard in loud and urgent conversation with himself, in which it appeared as if he replied to certain arguments of his own suggestion. There are those who could name a companion for these solitary hours, who even delight at this day, in describing certain wonderful movements of the smitten subject of my tale; they believed to see, in his abstracted manner, a distaste for the lower acquirements, and trifling amusements and vocations of those around him, who possessed merely earthly knowledge and earthly feelings. But none, not one, even while they believed that he could control the elements, while they felt that space and time yielded to his wish—not one of them could envy him his power. The sunken eye, the sallow cheek, and the blanched locks of his once woven hair, told too plainly of the source and result of his fatal acquirement.

The rock, which I before mentioned, was his favourite retreat. Indeed, it was a place calculated to awaken feelings and desires more pure and holy, than he was supposed to possess. The capacious bay lay before him, of which the smooth expanse was as tranquil as the clear sky above, whose etherial blue was reflected from its peaceful bosom. Far to the right, were the highlands of the pine-covered "monument-hills." Nearer, in the same direction, Plymouth beach presented its front as a defence for the landing-place of the pilgrims. At the left, but nearly in front, rose the noted height of Duxborough, whose pointed summit, was ornamented with the telegraph of Mr. *Grout*, the gaze and admiration of the surrounding inhabitants, which, perhaps, like its inventor, conveyed its information from such a distance, and in such a questionable form, that it was left to thankless and unmerited neglect.

This scene, however soothing to the mind of another, appeared to have left no effect on that of Weston, and it was supposed that he sought the spot only for solitude—or, for one *other*, an almost unspeakable purpose; the curling mists of morning, as they reflected back the

rays of the rising sun, had other, and strange offices in the minds of the fearful and superstitious ; and the sounds, which were occasionally wafted from the top of this imagined sanctuary of unhallowed and unearthly revels, were thought too mingled and various for a single voice.

Weston's form gradually wasted, and he appeared daily to participate less in the feeling and sympathy of life ; he followed his heart-broken mother to the grave, without a single tear or groan; it was said, however, by some, that grief had long since dried up the fountain of his eyes, and that groans and sighs, were too feeble for one, who lived a life of pain, and deprivation and wo. And, indeed, scathed as he had been by the sweeping tempest of an undefined passion, it may be supposed, that the source of all tears was as dry, as the desert when the blasting simoon has passed over it, prostrating all of animal or vegetable life, which it might contain, leaving all a scorching waste, where no herbage can obtain a root, nor a flower lift its head to bless the surrounding desolation.

After one or two days, which it was thought Weston had spent upon the rock, it was proposed by some of the sympathizing inhabitants of the place, to ascend this fearful retreat; they waited until noon for the mists to dissipate, and made the dreaded ascent; but the object of their solicitude was not there; they dragged the channel in vain for his body. A handkerchief, known to have been his, was sometime afterwards found upon the shore, and this was the only memorial of the unfortunate Weston.

There is another who was connected with the subject of this story ; the female, whom Weston was to have married, whose patient suffering asks the sympathy of every feeling heart. Let her grief, as she yet lives, be as sacred as it is unobtrusive. The comforts of religion have supported this constant mourner, in a life of celibacy, dedicated to God by the exercise of every religious duty ; though her broken spirit and bended form, show that she yet suffers from

" *One* fatal remembrance, *one* sorrow that throws,
Its bleak ills alike o'er her joys and her woes;
Than which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm, nor affliction a sting."

VII. THE AGED AFRICAN.

[Courier. Charleston.]

It was in the early part of the inclement autumn of 1817, when this city was visited by a pestilence that was devastating its population, and cutting down its victims on the right and left, that an aged African was seen walking the streets barefooted. I had before observed him, in one of the temples of the Most High, and admired his becoming demeanour. His head appeared to have been bleached by at least fourscore winters, for it was ornamented with many grey hairs, that rose conspicuous above those of a darker hue, resembling the hoar frost on our moss covered trees. The wrinkles of age had furrowed his face, but its placid serenity evidenced the peace within; and, as the reverend man of God spoke of righteousness, mercy, and judgment to come, anticipating the joys of the other world, the half closed devotional eyes of the attentive African would expand and brighten into a flame, emanating from that pure fountain of light which illumined his tranquil breast. He seemed to be a stranger and pilgrim on earth, and to be progressing towards the place of eternal rest. His whole appearance in the sanctuary, had prejudiced one in his favour, who determined to relieve his apparent want of shoes. What was his astonishment, when he understood he had shoes, which he did not wish to injure by wearing, but wanted to sell them for as much as would purchase a Bible! Believing that his pilgrimage would soon be over, and that he could descend to the tomb barefooted, while many of his countrymen were perishing for lack of knowledge, he was anxious to put the bible into the hands of some of them, declaring at the same time, if it should be the means of reclaiming one soul from darkness to light, it would afford him more substantial happiness than any thing this world could bestow.

Shortly after this, indisposition prevented me from attending the sanctuary for some weeks; and, on my again appearing there, the seat of the venerable African (in the door of the vestry, opening to the church,) was vacant. Thinking he had gone to some of the neigbouring islands, or the plantations on the main, as was his usual practice, to instruct his poor ignorant countrymen in the ways of eternal life, no particular inquiries were made respecting him. His absence at length appearing longer than customary, I was informed that he had closed his earthly career—dying, as he lived, in the full assurance of everlasting joys beyond the grave, through the merits of his Saviour.

Farewell, faithful SAMBO! Thy seat is occupied by another, but thy sainted form is often before my eyes, aiding my devotions, when disposed to murmur at the dispensations of an overruling providence. Recollecting thy piety, patience and resignation, and thy ardent zeal for the gospel, by disseminating the word of truth, may thy example be imitated. Had an emperor performed what thou hast nobly done, his fame would be inscribed in letters of gold, and succeeding generations would hold him in grateful remembrance. Would that some abler pen had been wielded to canonize thy virtues; but thou art welcome to this feeble tribute to thy worth.

VIII. DEBT AND CREDIT.

[Emporium. Trenton, N. J.]

I DISLIKE the whole matter of debt and credit—from my heart I dislike it; and think the man, who first invented a ledger, should be hung in effigy, with his invention tied to his feet, that his neck might support him and his works together. My reason for thus sweeping at the whole system is, not that I believe it totally useless, but that I believe it does more mischief than good —produces more trouble than accommodation, and destroys more fortunes than it creates honestly. These opinions are not of a recent date with me; they are those upon which I set out in early life, and as I grew

older, I became more and more confirmed in them; not that I changed my practice while I held fast my profession, and got my fingers burned at last, by trusting my name in a day-book, for I never did it, because I saw the evil effects of credit around me in every shape and form.

And a visit this morning to my old friend, Timothy Coulter, called the subject up so forcibly, that I concluded to write you a line on it. His last cow was sold this very morning by the constable for six dollars, though she cost him sixteen, and they have not left an ear of corn in his crib, or a bushel of rye in his barn, much less any of his stock—it was what was called the winding up of the concern; and he is now on his good behaviour, for, I heard one of his creditors say, that if he did not go on very straight, that he would walk him off to the county prison-ship. Thus has ended Timothy's game of debt and credit. When he first commenced farming, he was as industrious and promising a young man as was to be found; he worked day and night, counted the cost, and pondered on the purchase of every thing. For a year or two, he kept out of debt, lived comfortably and happy, and made money; every merchant that knew him, was ready to make a polite bow—each knew him as one of your cash men, and liked his custom. The mechanic shook him by the hand, and begged his company to dinner, hoping to get a job from him: and even the lawyer, in contemplation of his high character, tipped his beaver as he passed him, with a sign, as much as to say, Tim, you have more sense than half the world; but that's no consolation to us.

By some fatality, Timothy found out, however, that there was such a thing as credit. He began soon to have many running accounts, and seldom paid for what he got; it soon followed, that the inquiry, "do I really want this article?" before he bought it, was neglected; then the price was frequently not asked; then he began to be careless about pay-day; his accounts stood—he disputed them when rendered—was sued—charged with costs, and perhaps, slyly, with interest too, and he became a money borrower before long; but his friends,

after a lawsuit had brought them their money, were ready to trust him again, and he was as ready to buy. The same farce was played over and over, until now the end of these things has come; and, poor fellow, he is turned out in the wide world, without a friend, save a wife and six miserable babes.

I asked the constable for a sight of the execution, and he showed it to me. It was issued by young squire Bell, and I could not but recollect how different was the history of this man to that of Timothy. Young Bell was a poor boy; commenced his life with nothing but health and trade; but he adopted as a sacred maxim, "pay as you go;" and he frequently told me, he found little difficulty in sticking to his text. The necessaries of life are few, and industry secures them to every man; it is the elegancies of life that empty the purse; the knick-knacks of fashion, the gratification of pride, and the indulgence of luxury, that makes a man poor. To guard against these, some resolution is necessary; and the resolution, once formed, is much strengthened and guarded by the habit of paying for every article we buy, at the time. If we do so, we shall seldom purchase what our circumstances will not afford.

This was exactly the manner in which Jack Bell proceeded. Habit, strengthened by long continuance, and supported by reason, became second nature. His business prospered; his old purse became filled with Spanish dollars; all his purchases, being made for cash, were favourable, and by always knowing how he stood with the world, he avoided all derangement in his affairs. He is now the squire of a little village, with a good property, a profitable business, and the respect of all who know him.

Young reader, who hast not entered on the stage of business, when you come forward in the world, go and do likewise, and you shall have like reward.

VIII. SUICIDE.

[National Advocate. New-York.]

WITHIN a week two suicides have been committed in our city, one of which was under the pressure of commercial embarrassments. This is a shocking example to a moral world. Much has been said and written against this crime, the denunciations of holy writ, the anathemas of inspired writers, the opinion of the wise and just, the frowns of society; still we find men so weak, so rash, yet timid, unable to bear up in a manly manner against the frowns of fickle fortune, rushing into the presence of their God, uncalled for, "unanointed, unanealed." If the obligations which are due to the divine author of our existence are thus sported with; if the obligations due to society are disregarded; if the world to come, if future fame and honour, and the life everlasting, are held thus light, and trivial, what is to become of us?

Men, when they enter into public life, or pursue any business of hazard, should ever be prepared to meet the reverses with fortitude and resignation. There is scarcely any pursuit which has not its corresponding risks and dangers. A gale of wind drives a vessel on shore, and destroys the hopes of the adventurer; a fire consumes the warehouse of the merchant; a pestilence stops his trade; a friend fails, owing him money; these are the natural consequences which may happen in trade. Shall we then joyfully participate in the blessings of a golden harvest, yet shrink appalled from the frowns of fate? If we are to believe that our destinies are in the hands of an all-seeing Providence, and "that they are, all nature cries aloud," why rebel against his will, why attempt to resist his decree? Submit humbly to his dispensations, and with chastened humility and grateful feelings bow before the supreme arbitrator of the universe. Apart from the immoral effect and pernicious tendency of suicide, there is something cowardly in the act itself. Man fears to face misfortune, and shrinks from trouble and calamity. He resorts to the pistol or poison for relief, as the intemperate man flies to liquor to assuage his woes.

Suicide, committed to avoid the importunity of creditors, is dishonorable. If you cannot pay your debts, there is a moral obligation for you to live, in order to labour for that purpose. The life of a debtor is the property of his creditor, and the worst kind of fraud, is, to deprive him of it. In this state, an unfortunate man in business is never driven to despair. If he fails, owing to any cause, he has only to call his creditors together, and share among them all that is left, and be a free man again. The walls of a prison have no terrors in such cases, as the inmates of our prison are the poorest class, and confined for the most trifling sums. There is no terror in the law, which can drive a man to despair. We have daily instances of the fickleness of fortune, which smiles to day, and frowns tomorrow. With as much reason may we plunge into the sea, because the sun does not shine, as to commit suicide, because we have no money to pay our debts. Weak minds may be victims to such despair, but firmness in adversity, and mildness in prosperity, qualify a man for all the changes "that flesh is heir to."

IX. AMBITION.

[Courier. Charleston.]

Ambition is the noblest and most powerful stimulus to action. Compared with this, either in the sublimity of its objects, or the grandeur and extent of the means it employs to attain them, every other passion dwindles into insignificance. To him, who considers human actions and their causes, the necessity of ambition to produce any thing great or excellent, will be immediately obvious. This passion is peculiarly characteristic of a noble mind. By inculcating the precept "*nil mortalibus arduum esse*," it teaches its votary to disdain inferiority, and to aspire to superiour eminence. It dispels the empty fears of cowardice, and gives even valour to the brave. To ambition, we are indebted for the exercise of those faculties, that exalt the human above every other species, and assimilate man to his God. Its effects are every where visible, and universally beneficial. This produc-

es the learned speculations of philosophy, and the powerful charms of eloquence; the heroic courage of the warrior, and the brilliant metaphors of the poet. To what other motive than this, do we owe the productions of genius, and, consequently, the diffusion of knowledge? This has reared the stately fabric of science; it has given it a base, as durable as time, and an apex as high as the heavens. This animates genius, that without it were inert, and gives energy to the mental faculties, without which they were useless. From its power over the mind are derived inestimable advantages. Analyze every good quality of the heart, and you will find its source to be ambition.

As ambition is the most powerful of the passions, so it has the longest duration. Love, if not soon destroyed by caprice, perishes at the approach of old age, and its extinction is more speedy as its commencement is more violent. Hatred, although more durable than love, is generally of short duration, necessarily yielding to the ravages of time. Revenge is only excited occasionally, and is soon satiated with its object. But ambition is coeval with life itself. No misfortune can impair its energy, or lessen its exertions.

The other passions are weakened by the absence of their objects; but ambition is more vehement as its object is more distant—more earnest in pursuit as its object is more difficult to be attained.

Without this invigorating principle, the verse of the poet would be lifeless, and the arm of the warrior inactive. The nobler feelings of the heart would be entirely unknown; and, as man would be incapable of admiring, so there would be nothing worthy of admiration; every thing in science would be imperfect; every thing in art contemptible.

X. LIFE AND ITS USES.

[From the same.]

"Dum vivimus, vivamus."

He, who addresses us on the value of life, a subject in which all are equally concerned, is certain of alluring, if he cannot convict; and, though his proselytes be few,

his audience will be large. He, who pretends to increase our blessings, or give stability to those we possess, touches a string that entwines the human heart, and harmonizes with our feelings. It would, indeed, be strange, if man needed much exhortation to make him comply with the suggestions of interest, or refused to pursue that course, which experience has declared the road to happiness. Hence the propensity, inherent in human nature, to reward those, who, by shortening the way to riches, have conferred benefits on society. If then, honours be alloted to him who teaches us how to obtain this comparatively inferior blessing, how much greater is his merit, who teaches us how to enjoy life, on which every other blessing depends? The road of life is dark, and who would refuse a guide? Many are the quicksands in the ocean of existence, and who would navigate it without a pilot?

Influenced by the prevalent opinion in their favour, there have appeared some, in every age, who, in an authoritative manner, have drawn the lines between happiness and misery, and held forth recipes for avoiding the one, and obtaining the other. By the interpretation of some, our motto commands the gratification of the passions, and entire devotion to sensual pleasure. They would lead us over beds of roses to havens of increasing bliss, where man may breathe away his life in the luxury of enjoyment, without remorse for the past, or dread of the future. Heedless of those lines which the Creator has drawn between day and night, man is taught to apply both to the purposes of pleasure; he is to obey no God, for religion is averse to sensuality; he is to love none of his fellow creatures, for love is the offspring of prejudice He is to "exert his energies" to obtain whatever he wishes; and in his wishes, he is to be restrained by no consideration, either of utility or right. In a word, he is to "eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow he must die." Such is the substance of a doctrine, founded upon the worst passions of the human heart, and directly subversive of religion and happiness. As long as there exists a God, and future happiness is the object of present existence—as long as man is in-

tended to "eat, that he may live, and not to live, that he may eat," so long will the pleasures of the voluptuary be considered as the golden apples, which draw the attention from the grand object of life—as abysses more dreadful, because covered with flowers.

We pass from the flowery but deceptive vale of pleasure, to the gloomy cavern of superstition; and here we are told, that we must abstain from every pleasure, however innocent; that man is placed on earth, like a cat on an air pump, where he must endure the most excruciating torture, without hope of relief, or possibility of escape.

To every one, who reflects, the state of him, who lives in continual fear of death, is as deplorable as his, who has no hope of a future existence. The sun of superstition, and the votary of pleasure, will be equally distant from the rewards of a well spent life, as the bed of Procrustes was equally fatal to the tall and the short.

XI. EDUCATION.

[From the same.]

"Quo semel est imbuta recens,
Servabit odorem testa diu."

The analogy between the natural and moral world is evident to the most superficial observer. Hence the moralist adduces natural causes and effects, as arguments in support of morality. No simile, perhaps, has ever been used, more apt than our motto, to illustrate the importance of early education. This needs little illustration. It is equally obvious to the unenlightened and the civilized; to the savage and the philosopher. Both ancients and moderns concur in this grand truth,

"That education forms the tender mind—
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd."

Among the former, the education of youth was thought worthy of the public concern; and parents were often deprived of the government of their children, lest, by their indulgence, they might render them effeminate and useless to the state. This was a subject recom-

mended by Solon and Lycurgus, as calculated to produce the most important effects. Indeed, if we survey human nature, we shall find nothing productive of so sensible effects as education. Were not the savage inured to scenes of horror in his youth, we should not behold him, when old, exceeding the tiger in ferocity. It is the mode of education that teaches a civilized person to avoid the commission of crimes, which, in his youth, he was taught to abhor; and to perform, himself, what in others, he had been instructed to reverence. This, subverting the usual order of things, renders woman audacious, and man effeminate. This, in a word, has power to humanize brutes, and to brutalize man.

The objects of instruction, have been various among different nations. In the early ages of antiquity, when every thing was subject to the passions; when the noble and generous feelings of the heart were either stifled or disregarded, and the qualities of the mind entirely neglected; children were only instructed in the means of gratifying their selfish desires. But, as mankind became more civilized, the passions were made subservient to reason, and the object of education became more worthy of man. Refinement succeeded barbarity and the cultivation of literature and the fine arts, that ennoble and adorn human nature, every where prevailed. In these arts, the youth of Greece were instructed. Such was the education of the Grecian poets, orators, and philosophers, who, by their writings, have left to succeeding ages only the power of admiring what they cannot equal.

To illustrate any farther, the importance of early education is unnecessary. It must be evident to all, that, if there be a period in which the faculties are susceptible of improvement, and upon the management of which our future happiness essentially depends, it must be youth. In childhood, the principles of virtue and morality are to be inculcated. The word of God is to be explained, and his commands enforced; for he, who neglects them in youth, will disbelieve them in old age. If this period of our lives pass unimproved, our manhood will be vicious, our old age miserable: for

"'Tis a truth, and none more plain appears,
Our most important are our earliest years;
The mind, impressible and soft, with ease
Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees;
And, through life's labyrinth, holds fast the clue,
That education gives her, false or true."

XII. THE CHURCH-YARD.

[From the same.]

You have sauntered, perhaps, of a moon-light evening, out of the precincts of the living, moving world, to linger and contemplate among the grass-grown memorials of those who are gone—

"The body to its place, and the soul to heaven's grace,
And the rest in God's own time."

An appalling chill shoots through the current of life, at the undisturbed and universal silence of the scene—the stars tranquilly shining on the white marble, and feebly illuminating the name, which friendship had carved for the slumberer beneath; here, the grass waving in rank luxuriance, as if to hide the triumphs and the trophies of death, and there a human bone unearthed from its time-worn sepulchre, a ghastly visiter to the realms of day—a wooden tablet, marking the repose of the humble; a cross, the sign of the sleeping believer, and lofty and magnificent memorials over the mortal relics of the wealthy and the great. Ah! who, in such an assemblage as this, can be accounted great! What gold survives the crucible of death!

We can learn nothing from the living, which the dead do not teach us. Would beauty be modest and unpretending, let her quit the ball and the festival for a moment, and carry her toilet to the tomb. Would the proud learn humility; the resentful, good nature; the penurious, charity; the frivolous, seriousness; the bigoted, philanthropy; would the scholar ascertain the true objects of knowledge; the man of the world, the true means of happiness, here and hereafter; and the ambitious, the true sources of greatness, let him retire awhile from the living, and commune with the dead. We must all come to the mournful silent level of the

grave. Our bones must mingle in one common mass. Our affections should travel in the same path, for they must terminate in one fearful issue. Life is full of facilities of virtue and of happiness; and when you would neglect or abuse them, go and purify your affections, and humble your pride, and elevate your hopes, at the tomb of a friend, when the stars are shining upon it, like the glorious beams of religion on the mansion of death.

XIII. LEARNING AND MANNERS.

[From the same.]

If it be true that literary men, in modern times, preserve not in their intercourse the amenity of manners, which it would appear might justly be expected of them, perhaps much of the evil may be traced to the new species of literature, which comes under the class of reviews.

We need only look to the restlessness with which scholars endure acknowledged authority, to ascertain their abhorrence of that which is usurped. *A reviewer is a voluntary trespasser on another man's ground.* He pretends not to an inch of his own soil. He plants nothing, he rears nothing; he has not even the merit of improving any thing. He walks over the fields of genius, with a sneer on his countenance, and a scythe in his hand. He gathers here and there, a leaf and a flower, and he bruises them, to ascertain if they be fragrant. He gives you his gratuitous, (no, not gratuitous, his venal) opinion, and says, this is an onion, and this is a rose, and this is a tulip, and this is heart's-ease, and all arbitrarily; for let heaven deck, in what colours it will, the modest and retiring flower; let it strew its own dews in mercy over the salubrious plant, how easy is it for a reviewer, to shake the dew from the one, and throw the other into the shade.

Reviewers are the offspring of vanity, the growth of conceit, the children of arrogance, and the fomenters of broils. Not to originate any thing, savours, *in them*, of inanity; and to comment upon every thing, savours,

in them, of impudence. It is unfortunate, if it be true, that every work requires a key to explain it, and is, therefore, obscure; or that it requires a friend to praise it, and therefore is weak. And it is equally unfortunate, if it be so, that the public require to be guided like the blind, through the paths of intellectual enjoyment.

The honest effort to enlighten your neighbour, is commendable, if you mingle with it no motive of inferior purity. But if the pride of opinion; if the spirit of party, whether in politics or in religion; if any of the bad passions creep into your literary labours, you should give them over, for they are a scandal to the muses. Now, if some reviewers be exempt from these failings, yet is there one, which is common to them all. It is their propensity to place themselves always in the front of the picture; to use an author, as Othello used a "hint," upon which to make a set speech; to serve up a book according to French cookery, so that it seems like any thing but itself.

Reviews, however fairly conducted, must necessarily give offence; and consequently, produce irritation and ill blood, among authors, and those who inhabit the purlieus of literature. The difficulty of maintaining universal jurisdiction, and the facility of erecting a new authority, will produce rivals to the reviewers themselves; and conflicting decisions among them, together with mutual crimination and abuse; for they will all pretend to truth, which will be one thing in Edinburgh, and another in London; white on the one side of the Atlantic, and black on the other—as if truth, the daughter of heaven, was not one, and unchangeable from the beginning unto the end.

Horace, who was not less a scholar because he was a gentleman, observed, in his day, that the study of literature and the liberal arts, tended to soften the manners and disarm their ferocity. Pythagoras had previously enjoined music, as essential to the discipline and government of a state, because of its harmonious combinations and results. Shakspeare, who knew as much of human nature, as either Horace or Pythagoras, and who mould-

ed into fascinating forms, and adorned with new life, the antique casts of genius, taste and virtue—Shakspeare identifies harmony with patriotism.

One would imagine, therefore, that the scholar at least, would appreciate the advantages of concord; peace and tranquillity being essential to the muses. The beauty of life, is its harmony; the bane of life, is discord; letters, which improve the fine sensibilities, and exalt the noble passions of our nature—letters, which free us from the grossness of matter, should free us from its collisions. How many souls could abide harmoniously, where very few bodies, indeed, would be elbowing each other. Now the uneducated, whose mind has not been opened, and whose heart, glowing with the ardour of nature has never yielded to the restraints of intellect, will, and perhaps with some excuse, violate the courtsey of life, and be guilty of occasional rudeness —unless, indeed, he has imbibed from the living fount of inspiration, the most beautiful lessons of politeness; for, if the holy scriptures were valuable for no other reason, they would be inestimable as a code of Christian manners, which no mortal ever previously conceived, and which none can copy, except at a very remote interval. The humility, the self distrust, the mutual good will, forgiveness and respect, the patience under the sense of wrong when unintentional, the self regard which forbears to retaliate, and the Christian spirit which abhors and disdains revenge. What a beautiful epitome of a good man! Politeness is the condition precedent of life. We are born for each other's happiness; we are born for our own. Selfishness, as it is at war with courtesy, is in the degree to which it prevails, odious; the selfishness, that is, which prompts you to disregard the feelings, the wants, and the comforts of others, and to aim at a monopoly of perishable things, riches, &c. But there is a beautiful selfishness, which strives, if possible, to be better, and wiser, and happier, and more useful than your neighbour; and if all mankind would join in this honourable strife, how happy should we be in this world!

As no man can often be rude and long be happy, and

as learning can plead no excuse for mistaking the road to happiness, it would seem to follow, that no learned man could be rude; and thus thought Horace, the Chesterfield of the Augustan age; a wit among gentlemen, and a gentleman among wits. The letters of Cicero, the immortal, in point of refinement and decorum, and the proprieties of life, are in delightful accordance with the high destiny of genius which aims at universal conquest and celebrity. There is not a human being so humble that he deserves not your service, and the feeblest voice serves to swell the chorus of praise.

In modern times, unfortunately, you cannot predicate politeness of literature. The profession most remarkable for courtesy, is that which in Greece was deemed irreclaimable. Menander, the comic poet, doubted whether the Deity himself could make a polite soldier. We would not allude to this ancient scandal, if we thought that any man of the present day, could ever have imagined it.

XIV. NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

[From the same.]

The beautiful process of the seasons, recurring as they revolve, bring the natural world to an imaginary pause, when we fancy that it recommences its career. *Winter*, chaste and pensive, like Innocence; *Spring*, her bosom full of joy, like Hope; *Summer*, teeming with ardency, like Love; and *Autumn*, rich and mellow, like Beauty. These form the graceful circle, in whose society time dwells in sweet constancy, and harmonious succession. Aware that all things, young and fair, and nothing is fair, that is not young, he is found each successive year in a fresh cradle, where he is welcomed like a new-born babe, with smiles, and kisses, and carresses. And if time be so studious of appearances, that he attempts to palm off upon us each lingering fragment as an entire novelty, shall we blame those of either sex, who would conceal the ravages of age? It is a mistake to call time old; he is not older than the earth, and the earth is fresh, and original now, as when it sprung from the will of the Almighty. Its seeds immortal; its re-

sources exhaustless; its fabric perfect; its progress unimpeded—it preserves its glorious path heedless, and independent of the creatures, rational and irrational, who dwell upon its surface.

Time cannot affect the globe, which we inhabit; for that cannot be old, which is unimpaired.

But with regard to man, that consequential little being; and with regard to woman, that civilizes and saves him, it does not so happen. Nor is it desirable that it should. It would be dreadful if there was in the atmosphere, any principle which should preserve the miserable passions of human nature; which should embalm a miser, or keep alive a demagogue, or prolong the term of existence of the frivolous flies, which buz about the parlours of this world. Powers of mischief deserve only to be tolerated for a while; beauty and goodness ought to live everlastingly. And so they will, if not in the shape and feature, and endearing softness, with which they charm us on earth, yet in some more worthy of themselves, and more permanently glorious. For beauty and goodness must be immortal. If thy conscience be clear and thou happy, every day is a new day, every year is a new year—new in the facilities it affords of usefulness, new in the blessings it bestows, new in the means of happiness, new in the hopes of salvation. But if thy conscience smite thee, thou canst not be happy; it is in vain for thee that the earth is young, and the seasons are joyful, and the years meet and embrace each other; it is in vain that the music resounds in the hall, and the beautiful join in the dance; it is in vain that gladness and joy beam around thee. Thou hast, it is true, new opportunities of wrong; remember that thou hast new opportunities of repentance.

XV. RESPICE FUTURUM.

[Inquirer. Nantucket.]

This day is the last of 1822! How forcibly must such a truth come home to the bosoms of those who duly appreciate the value of time! As the period naturally inspires many reflections of a serious nature, we

must be indulged in moralizing a little on the subject, though our sentiments may, albeit, savour of the common-place ethics of the day.

The, year that has just rolled down the stream of oblivion, has doubtless been to many of us, a year of revolution and of trial. If we revert to its commencement, calling around us in fancy, the beings with whom we were then associated, and turn now towards those beings in their present relation to us, we may shudder perhaps at the contrast. The mutations of fortune have probably affected our secular prosperity, and left some of us destitute of possessions—perchance of friends. Death may have invaded our happy circle, and borne thence treasures, which constituted the solace and the charm of existence; leaving us in solitude to realize our state of exile in this world of a moment. And the thousand minor occurrences, which are brought forth daily from the stores of time, are continually producing effects of fearful import to every member of the human race; so closely blended are the links of destiny! The most vital events of life may be often traced to the slightest accident; and the whole career of an individual, or a family, be determined by some casual incident altogether unheeded at its birth. The world has it not to learn that the least cause frequently produces the greatest effects, and that there is, in fact, *no effect* without a cause. The utmost circumspection is therefore necessary in every movement of our lives. All the products of an act are not, it is true, open to us; but our natural foresight readily points out its *more immediate* consequences: and we are fully at liberty to adopt the apparently right and reject the apparently wrong, according to the dictates of our reason, without being amenable for results beyond our control.

If, in our review of by-gone days, we sigh after wealth, which has eluded our tenacious grasp and been "scattered on the four winds of heaven," we should remember that did we now possess the imaginary idol, our desires would still remain unsated, and the "eternal sigh" would still escape. The mass of mankind are none the better for their riches and profusion—for happiness re-

sides not among guineas, nor in any of the branches of sensual gratification—sloth, revelry, ambition, nor fame. The exercise of the social affections—the engagement of our faculties in some laudable pursuit—the enjoyment of bodily health and mental tranquillity, comprise all the fruition we are capable of sustaining in the present state: and any condition may be esteemed happy, in which the aggregate of these blessings exceeds that of their opposites, indolence, misanthropy, disease, and remorse.

Should we have been doomed to lament the encroachments of death upon our frail felicity, our unavailing sympathies are indeed again excited by the sad retrospect. The image of this dread enemy, clad in all its terrors, presents itself to our memory, and we weep equally over his anticipated spoils and his past havock. But by a kind provision of nature, the weakest of human passions often conquers the fear of death—"revenge triumphs over it, love slights it, honour aspires to it, dread of shame prefers it, grief flies to it"—

"Man but dives in death,
Dives from the sun, in fairer day to rise."

But our officious thoughts *will* cling to anterior scenes, the brightness and beauty of which we recognized not till the moment of their conclusion: and the tablet of remembrance, however broken, pertinaciously retains the shadows and delineations thrown over it by time in his unbroken flight. We meditate on ravages made in our domestic sphere; on friends dispersed; on the sepulchre and those who repose in it. No longer do our former associates afford to us alleviation in sickness, or encouragement in adversity; the hand which administered the one lies nerveless, and the lips, which imparted the other, are sealed in interminable silence. In vain shall we look imploringly towards their graves; around them the tempest howls unheard; unfelt shall the sun shed his meridian radiance upon the cold and crumbling tomb-stone; the clod and its incumbent shall sleep and become incorporated together; the elements shall resume their original property in the once animated form, while the *principle* which vivified it rejoins the universal soul, and rests forever in the bosom of Deity!

Man's story is soon told; he is born, he lives, he dies. Where, how, when, are questions which friendship asks, and memory gives the reply. But to dwell on the history of past mischances for any other purpose than that of regulating our future conduct, is neither wise nor beneficial. While we deplore the brevity of time, let us at least occupy it; since, while we also deprecate the operations of fate, we cannot evade them. Let us endeavour to leave behind us a name untarnished; a character, which posterity shall contemplate with approbation and imitate with profit. Among our duties let us attend to that of self-examination. Have we misjudged no man's motives; undermined no man's reputation; intrigued against no man's prosperity? Have we reported what should have been concealed? Have we smothered in secret, virtues, which should have been proclaimed? Have we swallowed no slanders without requiring good authority? The records of a year conclude with this day; to *us* a last day must also come! A time shall arrive, too, when the proud and the meek, the backbiter and the accused, the heretic who misgives, and the bigot who dares to prescribe bounds to celestial mercy, must lie together among the undistinguished trophies of implacable death. A LAST DAY for time and for death itself shall also succeed; a day of perennial glory for that soul, which, while dwelling amidst the atoms of this fragile system, shall have put forth its energies, independent of all sectarian *professions*, in the unwearied practice of the moral virtues.

XVI. THE SHAD SPIRIT.

[Connecticut Mirror.]

There is a superstition in many places which bears, that the shad are conducted from the gulf of Mexico into Connecticut river, by a kind of Yankee "bogle" in the shape of a bird, popularly called the SHAD SPIRIT.

Know ye the shepherd that gathers his flock
Where the gales of the equinox blow,
From each unknown reef and sunken rock,
In the gulf of Mexico?

Now draw the bolt, and securely nail
The horseshoe over the door,
'Tis a wise precaution; and if it should fail,
It never failed before.

While the monsoons growl, and the trade-winds bark,
And the watch dogs of the surge
Pursue, through the wild waves the ravenous shark,
That prowls around their charge!

To fair Connecticut's northernmost source,
O'er sand-bars, rapids and falls,
The Shad Spirit holds his onward course,
With the flock that his whistle calls.

O how shall we know where he went before?
Will he wander around forever?
The last year's shad heads shall shine on the shore,
And light him up the river!

And who can tell him the fated *time*
To undertake his task?
When the pork barrel's low, he sits on the chime,
And drums on the empty cider cask.

Though the wind is light, the wave is white
With the fleece of the flock that is near,
And he sweeps on high, like the scud of the sky,
And faithfully leads them here.

And now he has passed the bolted door,
Where the rusty horseshoe clings—
Then carry the nets to the river shore,
And take what the Shad Spirit brings.

XVII. THE REQUIEM.

[Commercial Advertiser. New-York.]

"Well hast thou left in life's best bloom
"The cup of wo for me to drain." BYRON.

BENEATH the burial clay!
Beneath the cold funereal stone—
Wrapped in the mantle of decay,
Thy form of graceful youth has gone!
Oh there was sorrow, long and loud,
When thou wast gathered in the shroud;
And tears in fast profusion fell,
When wailing love bade thee, farewell—
But now, whose hearts more deeply bled
Than his, by whom no tears were shed?

His grief was echoless;
It had no sound, or voice, or breath,
And his lone feelings of distress
Had all the solitude of death;
But the sad tear-drops of the soul
Flowed inwardly, without control,
And earnestly his mournful eye
Was fixed, in wild intensity,
Upon that lonely coffin lid,
Where all he loved, on earth, was hid.

He wept his lot with none,
Nor told the misery of his fate;
The world for him held only one,
She died—and he was desolate.
Oh! how he watched her beauty pine,
And perish in its slow decline,
When sickness blanched her cheek with care,
Stealing the rose that flourished there—
And how he knelt, at love's command,
To kiss that soft and lily hand,
And gaze upon that failing eye,
Once glowing with love's witchery.

She was so beautiful—
Even as a seraph to his eyes;
The hand of death did never cull
A sweeter flower for paradise!
Yes—partial nature never drew
A lovelier form of fairer hue—
A smile, of more bewitching grace
Than that which played upon her face;
He deemed she was an angel, given
To make, for him, this earth a heaven.

Enchanted hours to him!
And over-fraught with every bliss—
Joy sparkled upwards to the brim,
And seemed to woo his fervent kiss.
He wreathed his harp with summer flowers,
And the sweet music of those hours
Was like the melody of spring,
When all his birds are on the wing.

How changed! that heart is cold—
Her bosom rests within the earth,
And memory's dirge hath fondly told
Of all her sweetness, all her worth.
Unsparing death! must then the young,
The innocent in heart and tongue;
The loved, the loving, and the gay,
Ah, be the first to fall thy prey?

Alas! that mild, unchiding breast,
Is in the icy grave compressed;
And the dull earth-worm riots now
Upon that smooth and marble brow.

The flowers of spring shall wave
Above her solitary bed;
The grey-green grass shall deck her grave,
And freshly blossom o'er her head.
But long unheeded must he sigh,
When year on year is sweeping by;
And spring oft wither and return,
Before his heart shall cease to mourn.

But love can never die—
It fastens on the fearful tomb,
And lifts to heaven a trusting eye,
To hail a blighted, happier doom.
In the deep caverns of the grave,
Hope lingers, though it cannot save,
Yea, in the mansions of the dust,
Affection springs, and ever must.

Another dream shall break
Upon this cold enveloped night—
That lovely being shall awake
To bloom in heaven's bowers of light.
Though deep affection's hope was vain,
And tears of anguish felt like rain,
When death descended, and no prayer
Could ward the blow from one so fair;
Yet is a happier world than this,
A world of unimbittered bliss,
Where joy hath never rung its knell,
That pure and stainless heart shall dwell.

XVIII. A MAN OF SORROWS.

[From the same.]

A MAN of SORROWS and of WO—
'Twas thus, of old, the prophet sung,
Who felt the words of heaven flow
In inspiration from his tongue:
Well might the prophet's words be sooth
To all beneath the golden sun;
But be it mine to paint their truth
In the dark destiny of ONE.

Kind nature gave him feelings strong,
Lofty, impetuous and sincere,
But envy, perfidy, and wrong
Conspired to lay those feelings sear—

Deceived, deserted, and betrayed,
By many a shaft of fate pursued,
The earth to him became a shade,
A melancholy solitude.

He knelt at many an idol's shrine,
But found congenial warmth in none:
And every wreath his hope could twine
Was quickly blighted, and undone;
And then he bowed beneath the wo,
That brooded o'er life's little span;
He bent him to affliction's blow—
He bent, but bore it like a man.

In proud and uncomplaining grief,
He walked upon his lonely way;
But have ye marked the yellow leaf,
Consuming on the broken spray?
He loved its dying beauty well;
To him it had a warning tone,
And when its bloom to ruin fell,
It seemed an emblem of his own.

He loved to watch the setting sun
Go down beneath the crimson west;
And wished his own career was run,
That he might also be at rest.
He thought the sod would lighter press,
Than life's accumulated wo;
He thought the wave of cold distress,
Perchance would there forget to flow!

There *was* a time—what boots it now,
On spectres of the past to call?
For will it cool his burning brow—
Or will it gild his spirit's pall?
But yet there was a joyous time,
When youthful hope delighted sung,
And o'er his bright and golden prime,
The sunny sky of fortune hung.

His heart was then in freshest play,
And in its fair unclouded spring;
And blithesome was his roundelay,
Like that of wild-birds on the wing.
Oh, for that soul-enchanting song,
Which charmed his boyhood's rosy hours,
When being's current swept along
A shore of verdure and of flowers.

When freely flowed life's fountain wave
In waters of the purest blue,

And every scene existence gave
  Was fresh, was beautiful, was new;
When from the holy fane of thought
  His mind derived supreme delight,
And every tint that fancy caught
  Was fair, and glorious, and bright.

When all creation's ample space
  Before him spread her bosom fair,
And gratitude would fondly trace
  A kind Creator's bounty there;
When on his grand majestic march
  The sun pursued her glad career,
And heaven unspread its smiling arch,
  For day's resplendent charioteer!

When midnight spread her milder veil
  Upon the soft and dewy sky,
And the fair moon was seen to sail,
  In pensive loveliness on high;
And followed by the evening star,
  With silver clouds around her curled,
Danced on the mountain height afar,
  A cheering beacon to this world!

When on the mighty thunder storm,
  The bow of promise bent its span;
Like mercy, bending o'er the form
  Of erring but repentant man;
And wreathed its belt around the air,
  Where the black tempest hung his shroud,
Glowing in mingled colours there,
  The Almighty's banner on the cloud!

Oh! when his heart was in its prime,
  These scenes were revelry to him,
Ere the unsparing hand of time
  Around them hung his mantle dim—
Ere each emotion felt the chill,
  The blight, the scathe, the withering,
The deep and agonizing thrill
  Of a cold world's empoisoned sting.

His earthly idols—where are they?
  Aye—let the voice of memory tell!
Sprung there *one* blessing on his way?
  There the untimely mildew fell!
Was there *one* flower upon his path?—
  There the hot blast of ruin blew,
In all its desolating wrath,
  To sear and scorch its bonny hue!

Behold him now!—the silvery frost
Not yet hath fallen on his head—
Yet is his every solace lost,
His every hope of pleasure dead!
And years of pain away must roll,
Ere his brow wear the almond tree;
Yet wintry age hath chilled his soul
To iciness—and where is he?

Behold him mid the giddy throng,
Who dance the days of life away
In joy, in revelry and song,
Seeming the gayest of the gay!
Behold him in the courtly hall,
Where pleasure leads her frolic train,
The blithest at the festival,
Where folly holds her orgies vain!

Behold him in his midnight hour,
When lighter hearts are lost in sleep;
And mark his struggles with the power
Of anguish too severe to weep!
Nor be that proud deceit, a blame
Which o'er his agony he flings—
The expiring eagle doth the same,
And hides his death-wound with his wings.

But yet awhile—oh, yet awhile,
Victim of sorrow! thou must bear,
Thy heart must still assume a smile,
To hide the barbed arrows there.
Soon may the cold turf be thy bed—
Soon may the green grass o'er thee wave—
Soon may the orb thou lovest, shed
His parting light upon thy grave!

XIX. RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

[Morning Chronicle. Baltimore.]

When first in childhood's happy years,
Ere pleasure knew decline,
We wondered why the old shed tears
For Auld Lang Syne.

The future, *then*, was spread with flowers,
Joy's sun did brightly shine;
And we thought not *then* of former hours
Of Auld Lang Syne.

Too young to know the pangs of life,
No wo could we repine,
For we wept no hours with trouble rife
In Auld Lang Syne.

And now, when clouds have dimmed our day,
When sorrows made us pine;
We cheer the gloom, with a glimmering ray
Of Auld Lang Syne.

'Tis a sun bright spot on "Life's dark stream,"
Which gaily e'er shall shine,
And our happiest hour is our longest dream
Of Auld Lang Syne.

Then fare thee well, till next we meet,
Affection won't decline;
And we'll talk, when *then* we fondly greet,
Of Auld Lang Syne.

XX. THE SNAIL.

[Inquisitor. Cincinnati.]

How far hast wandered on thy witless way—
How far hast dragged thy cumbrous shell to-day?
A foot, an ell?—perhaps an ell fatigues,
In insect journeys, as in ours do leagues,
Unharmed, poor snail, thy slippery path pursue,
This rock thy pillow, and thy drink the dew;
Or when the noon-day, though refracted, bends
Upon thy humid lip the ardent lens,
Seek some wee grotto of embellished quartz,
From whose cold sides, the dripping water starts,
Where rich green mosses hang about the mouth,
And check the sun-beams from the sultry south.

Answered the purposes for which thou art,
That slender being must prepare to part,
For though thou fear'st, 'twere folly to deny,
That snails are mortal, and but born to die!
Thy years roll over with the daily sun;
The season fades—the little cycle run,
To which the tenure of thy shell extends,
The white-frost comes and thy existence ends.
But none are near to soothe thy parting breath,
To praise thy virtues, or lament thy death—
Save, when some ruminating wretch, as I,
Thy chalky shell may casually descry,
Whitened with weathers, nought, that was, within,
And sigh to cogitate thou once hast been!

Our lives are similar, our fates the same;
How vain are riches, how fantastic fame!
For born a snail, a peasant, or a prince,
One certain destiny awaits us, since
Or great, or rich, or poor, too true the truth,
Time gnaws the heart-strings with unceasing tooth.
Why should I envy, then, the wayward world,
The vicious prosperous, or the courtier earled?
A mite of joys and complement of cares,
The humbler with the nobler equal shares.
Were it not empty to have wished myself
The murdered Bourbon, or the crazed Guelf?
It is not in magnificence to save
From worldly evil or inglorious grave;
Else had that corse St. Helena inhumes,
Forever lived, or died for statelier tombs.

XXI. THE BUTTERFLY.

[Courier. Charleston.]

THE Butterfly seemed to the ancients, the soul,
As it left its frail covering behind;
And spurning the worm, and its earthly control,
It soared with the freedom of mind.

Apt emblem, indeed, is the grovelling worm,
Of the sordid pursuits of this earth;
It dies, and the light and the rich penciled form
Of the butterfly starts into birth.

Thus man, in his mortal enclosure confined,
Stoops downward nor dreams of above;
'Till his spirit, released, on the heavenward wind,
Ascends to the mansions of love.

XXII. REFLECTIONS IN A CHURCH-YARD.

[Journal. Portsmouth.]

I STAND among the dark grey stones;
No living thing is near;
Beneath me are the mouldering bones
Of those who once were here.

And here, perhaps, they mused like me;
They felt that life was flying;
And knew that they were soon to be
The dust around me lying.

Like me, they felt that sense was nought,
That passion was a dream,
That pleasure's bark, though richly fraught,
Must sink beneath the stream.

Yet sense and passion held them slaves,
They lost their golden morning;
And gliding onward to their graves,
Left nothing but a warning.

Perhaps, like them, I too shall go,
Nor heed my coming doom;
And every trace of me below
Be swept into the tomb.

Oh God of mercy, make me know
The gift which thou hast given;
Nor let me idly spend it so,
But make it fit for heaven.

XXIII. A DYING MOTHER TO HER ERRING DAUGHTER.

[Courier. Charleston.]

I CALLED for thee to bless thee—once I thought
Thou would'st have soothed this bleeding, broken heart:
A daughter's blessed consolation brought,
And ere the ebbing drops did all depart,
I hoped to see thee on the shore of life,
Where I would linger for thy sweet farewell,
And dying, bless in thee a virtuous wife,
Then yield me to the flesh-dissolving cell.

I wept before thou wast, that thou might'st be;
And yet I leave thee, and I cannot weep;
I waked with joy to guard thy infancy;
Now all I hope for is unbroken sleep.
Thou wast my first, my last, my only child;
How happy was I, having only thee;
The treachereus favour murdered as it smiled;
I could have wished for more—unconscious me!

I beg thy pardon—'twas the flush of shame,
That mantling o'er this frozen cheek of mine,
Called forth the accents of unwilling blame—
Thou hast my pardon, daughter! give me thine.
Come, let me bless thee, with my last, last kiss;
These cold, cold lips inhaled thy infant breath,
They hailed thee virtuous, with extatic bliss,
They bless thee fallen, in the pangs of death.

XXIV. THE LUNATIC GIRL.

[From the same.]

'Twas on a moonshine night like this, we took our last farewell;
And as he gave his parting kiss, I felt my bosom swell;
He said, "Adieu, my Caroline," but I said not a word;
Yet never heart was fond, like mine—how wild that dark bush stirred!

The moon was round, the moon was bright, the moon was rising high;
It was just such a pleasant night, and he was standing by;
The sweet bird sung his roundelay, he mocked me all night long;
'Tis winter, and he 's flown away, or I should hear his song.

The moon looks down upon the spring—she cannot melt it, though;
The pretty bird has spread his wing, he does not love the snow;
The winds blew hard—they say, at sea, such winds will raise a storm;
I wish my love was here by me—my heart would keep him warm.

I have a hat of straw for thee—I wove it and I wept,
To think thou wert so far at sea, and I the toy have kept;
I made a basket, which I filled, with lillies, to the brim;
But plucking them, their beauty killed, and so I thought of *him*.

They say the moon loves such as I—her love is very cold;
She floats so softly through the sky, I'd take her down, and fold
My cloak around her snowy face, and warm her on my heart—
O! no—she needs a warmer place—how could we ever part!

What can my heart have done, to make me love so much the moon?
My fingers are so cold, they ache—I shall be frozen soon;
I would not love my lover so—my tears are never dry;
I hear him call, and I must go—and so, sweet moon, good-bye.

XXV. MATERNAL MUSINGS.

[Statesman. New-York.]

Sleep on—the little space that yet
Is thine, my boy, to tarry,
Seems fading faster than regret
The swift winged hours can carry.

Sleep on, I would not show thee how
My weakness turns to weeping—
While with a heavy heart I bow,
To pray beside thee, sleeping.

'Twould shock thy manly pride, perhaps,
That buoyant, e'en in slumber,
Sees each remaining hour elapse,
Anxious the last to number.

'Twould pain thy filial heart to find,
A mother nigh thee, kneeling,
More than the dreary death-like wind,
O'er yon cold ocean stealing.

Then sleep, adventurous boy, and live
Still reckless of my sorrow,—
Kind heaven will aid my tongue to give
A firm adieu, to-morrow.

Yes—I will say, adieu to thee,
With scarce a sigh of sadness,
Though while I speak, despair should be,
Driving my heart to madness.

And when afar the ship is borne,
That wafts thee o'er the billow,
I'll seek that vacant couch, and mourn
To mark its lonely pillow.

But hark! I hear a distant cry,
To deck—to danger—warning,
And now the signal-flag on high,
Streams to the breeze of morning.

I go—may that eternal friend,
Who sees my sad devotion,
Restore thee, when thy wanderings end,
Unsullied from the ocean.

XXVI. THE LAST REPOSE.

[Daily Advertiser. Philadelphia.]

Ye dead! ye dead! your rest is sweet, from dreamy trouble free,
The labouring heart forgets to beat, beneath the alder tree;
O gladly, 'neath the grassy turf, the care-worn would recline,
Or 'neath the wave, where fairy hands bedeck the lowly shrine.
Ye dead! ye dead! he comes! he comes! and he that woke to weep,
Shall bosom every secret ill, where ye long vigils keep.

Ye solitary relics! pent, in earth, to earth a prey,
Ye voiceless lips! how eloquent, to me, is your decay;
O sweet the consecrated soil, where pilgrims cease to roam,
Where fainting mortals end their toil, and misery finds a home;

And sweet the couch, where coral wreaths, deep in the surging
brine,
In ocean's dark unfathomed caves, the sleeping dust entwine.

Unwept, they sank to lasting sleep, when tempests rode the
cloud,
Or when the night-star paled the deep, the deep became their
shroud;
Think not, for these, who press that bed, no seemly knell is rung,
Think not, no rites embalm the dead, nor holy hymn is sung:
Heard ye not on the midnight wave, when whispered anthems
stole?
'Twas, o'er the seaboy's early grave, a requiem for his soul.

Dear to the shipwreck'd is the port, where on a stormless sea,
His barque rides safe from every gale, from shoals and quick-
sands free;
Dear to the wanderer is the star, that points his doubtful way,
That cheers and guides him when, afar, his faltering footsteps
stray;
And dear the hour when I, this head, may pillow on its rest,
When I, amid the thronging dead, shall be a welcome guest;
O, dear to me that last repose, where I, this wasting form
May shelter 'neath the opening rose, that knows no wintry
storm.

BOOK III.

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL.

I. CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY AT HOME, BY AN OLD SOLDIER.

[New-Hampshire Patriot. Concord.]

MESSRS. EDITORS,

WHILE various parts of these United States are bursting forth in orations, songs, and toasts, in commemoration of that day, which gave birth to our republic; while hills and dales echo with shouts of joy and acclamations of triumph for our deliverance from the shackles of foreign despots; permit an old revolutionary soldier, through the medium of your paper, to talk a little about himself, "to fight his battles o'er again," and "shoulder his crutch, and show how fields are won." You must know, I am no scholar; I am not gifted in the set forms of speech now in fashion; but I talk right on, just as the spirit (I mean the spirit of '76) gives me utterance. I did, indeed, once set out to become a scholar; acquired a smattering of Latin, and almost conquered the Greek alphabet. At any rate, I carried the outworks, and captured the front and rear guards, alpha and omega, and do verily believe, that had it not been for the breaking out of the revolution, I might have mustered knowledge enough, so that I should have done very well to have been made over into a pettifogger, a pedagogue, or a quack-doctor. What I might have made, had I not entered the army, the Lord only knows; but I have ever been of the opinion, that I was not born to move in that humble station, in which my evil stars have placed me.

But this is all nothing: and why should I care, so long as I have one of the best poets in the world on my side, who says,

> "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

You see, sirs, I have read a little, and have got a good memory, and that makes me believe I might have made a scholar, had I not gone off at half bent and mis-fired, from which unlucky accident I have never yet fully recovered. In short, I am nothing but a poor lame soldier and a pensioner, thank God and my country; and this is much better than nothing. General St. Clair, and I, have had a hard day of it, thank fortune; he has got a discharge and gone home; he lived in the woods and died in the woods; he lived poor and died poor: and I, thank heaven, am just like him, except that I never commanded an army. But alas! from my rambling, I find, as Dr. Franklin says, that I am growing old. I did, indeed, intend to say something considerable about the wars, and what General Washington and I suffered through a seven years' tug; but I am apt to stray from the ground, and I find I cannot keep my eye steadily on the gun as I used to do I think, however, I shall be justified in the opinion of the world, if in talking of myself, I should boast and swagger a little, and, as they used to say in the army, let off a gun now and then; for, if I do not mistake, I have heard it said that Cicero, or some such true American, who lived a long while before the dark ages, used to say, that old men, and especially old revolutionary soldiers, have a sort of right and privilege given them to talk about themselves, and to say almost what they please—more especially, if they had been good soldiers and had served during the war.

To come to the point, then, I am now sixty-nine years old, and though I say it, have seen as much service and as hard fortune as any man of my years. I began my military career with the battle of Bunker-Hill: and a hard fought battle it was, as any one could wish to see: but I have this consolation; I know full well, that I brought down a British grenadier at the distance of

twenty yards, and laid him sprawling on the ground. This, I say, was some comfort to me; for before I peppered him, I plainly saw him pick off three Yankee boys in succession. In this act, he discovered the coward, for he concealed himself behind a large tree, and as opportunity presented, he peeped out and took off his man, as a fox would take hens from the roost. Heaven protect me! I never felt a thirst for blood until this moment; and I was resolved to lay him low. I made two shots at him, which proved ineffectual, because the time of his appearance from behind the tree was rather too short for me to take deliberate aim. But the third time, ah! beware of the third time—I tumbled him over, for I took aim in season, not at the man himself, but at the place of his appearance, and so soon as he presented, I pulled, and he fell! I cannot tell what you call it; but just at that moment, I felt a sort of check at my heart, as though I had shed human blood; but it was all gone, as soon as I recollected that this fellow had come three thousand miles to destroy my kindred and friends. O heaven! this was a day of blood and hard fighting! It was a day which the Britons have remembered with sorrow; "for many a gallant gentleman lay gasping on the ground." You must know, that I was not exactly satisfied with this bout at the English; so you see, I turned out under General Stark, and a proper hard-headed, cock-pistol fellow he was, as ever drew a ramrod. He was precisely of our sort, and, some how, just the soldier's man; for he would at proper times laugh and jest with them; but, you see, at other times, when the word came, they must mind their cue. I fought under him at the battle of Bennington, and a glorious fight it was. You may think strange, but I then served as a corporal and stood in the front rank, so that I saw and heard every thing. The old general, as he rode through, made a most glorious speech. I shall remember it as long as I can cock a gun, for he delivered it just as he passed me, and it was this: "Boys, mind your cue—there is the enemy—and we conquer, or Molly Stark sleeps a widow this night." Good heavens! I felt, I cannot tell how; but I think your college fellows call it

a sort of *voluntary* act or motion; for just at that instant I put my thumb upon the cock of my gun, and my forefinger upon the trigger; It was well I did not pull, if I had, in all probability some one would have had daylight let through him. And now, at it we went, firing right into each other's faces. I got a new heart as it were, for so soon as I began to fire, away went trembling and fear. It was a glorious day; *the cannon roared like lightning, and the guns flashed as though the heavens and earth were coming together*; and the smoke, too, oh! what columns of smoke! it seemed like darkness made thick! so you see, I kept loading and firing, loading and firing, until, for the want of lead, I fired my ramrod, but which way it went, or what it did, I neither knew nor cared, for the enemy now began to break and run, and we followed them up with *Yankee Doodle*. However, just at this moment, up comes another detachment of Hessians; (I was always of the opinion these Dutchmen would have been better off at home;) so, you see, we had to go to loggerheads with them too; for we had by this time got a kind of knack at fighting, and so did their business for them in a hurry, and they were in a prodigious hurry to get out of our way.

I don't know how it was, but after this, I got such a notion of fighting, that I wanted to keep at it all the time. So, after the surrender of Burgoyne, (by the way, that was a delightful battle) I went to the southward, and enlisted during the war as a rifleman under Morgan; I tell you what, these riflemen are a dangerous set of fellows, you may depend on it. Why, I have seen the time when I should not have been the least afraid to have laid down a twenty dollar *continental bill* against the same amount of *farmer's exchange*, that I could have taken the sight from a sparrow's eye at the distance of ten yards; and in fact, we riflemen used to shoot so accurately, and kill so dead, that one eye of the enemy has been found shut and the other open, precisely in the act of taking aim; and the reason of this, I suppose was that the space from time to eternity was so short that they had no opportunity to shut or open an eye. Now, lest any one should doubt this fact, and set it down for

a large story, he may satisfy himself of the truth of it, by just looking into Gordon's history of the revolution.

And now, to conclude, you must know that I kept fighting, and kept on fighting, until I fought my way through the war, and got an honourable discharge under Washington's own hand, and this but few, at this day, can boast of. By the way, I had almost forgotten to inform you, that, at the capture of Cornwallis, the enemy handled their guns so very careless, that they tucked a rifle ball into my hip, which careless trick made me a cripple for life; aye, and a pensioner too, thank fortune; so you see, I did not get wounded for nothing. Well, at the close of the war, I retired into the back settlements, purchased fifty acres of wild land, and got me a wife; for, you know, that men will always encumber themselves with wives, rich or poor, sick or well. But alas! my campaign through life has been a sore one. I proved lame, and my wife proved sickly—she brought me an only daughter, and to sum up my misery, *she* proved to be an old maid. But this is not all; my wife lost an eye by the sting of a hornet, and my daughter a knee-joint, from the kick of a horse. So you see, we have the blind, the halt, and the maimed. But, blessed be God, I live in a free country and under a good government, and so my lot is not half so hard as it might have been; because, you see, on the back of all my other misfortunes, I might have been a slave, and that would have doubled the dose. I have always rejoiced at the return of every anniversary of American Independence, and have never failed to make myself joyful on that day with others. But alas! all our joys and all our sorrows must have an end. On the forty-seventh anniversary of American liberty, I found I had grown too old and too poor, to seek amusement abroad; and also, that I was of too little consequence in this world, for any one to seek me. For, like general St. Clair, I live in the woods and expect to die in the woods. But no matter, I was determined not to be kicked out of the world, nor cheated out of my joy, for I like to see the lamp of life keep burning; and so I was resolved to celebrate the day at home, in some fashion or other. I accordingly notified

my wife and daughter, the day previous, of this my resolution, and requested them to join me, for I have ever held to the opinion, that poor company was better than none. In order, therefore, to make as decent an appearance as possible, and to keep as near old customs as I, in my poverty, was able, I purchased a pound of powder, one quart of currant wine, killed a cock partridge, gave directions for making an Indian-pudding, prepared an oration, made thirteen toasts and a song, and scoured up my old musket—and all this in one day—yes, in one day, my boys! and for a man of my years, it was no scurvy job. Well, the fourth of July 1822, was ushered in by discharge of musket, and a thundering gun it was, you may depend on't. It roused my wife and daughter, who came limping out, to inquire after the cause of so much noise, declaring that it had almost shaken them out of their beds, and beseeching me to desist; but as I now began to feel a little the spirit of '76, I regarded them not, but continued to load and fire once a minute, until I had let off six as rousing shots as any man would wish to hear on muster-day. Precisely at ten o'clock, we repaired to a rising ground in front of my hut; I mounted a large stone, and my wife and daughter seated themselves close by, under the shade of a large birch, when I began the exercises of the day with the following oration:

Fellow Citizens,

This day completes forty-seven years since Americans shook off the fetters of slavery, and declared themselves free—yes, this day forty-seven years, the sun, for the first time, shone upon a republic in this western world. Your struggle was long and arduous; your enemies, external and internal, numerous and powerful; your resources scanty; your soldiers raw and undisciplined, and your country destitute of the munitions of war. In short, you were in want of every thing but courage, and confidence in the justice of your cause, which, in the end, surmounted every difficulty. You have fought a good fight, you have trampled down oppression; you have got to yourselves a name and a character among the nations of the world. You live under a good government, a government of your own choice; you are res-

pected abroad; your commerce is flourishing; you are the envy and terror of the nations of Europe; you have now peace abroad, and peace at home. But mind me, learn to respect yourselves; support your dignity; watch your enemies at home; watch your foreign enemies; preserve the union of your several states; preserve inviolate the constitution; discountenance all visionary projectors of alterations in that beautiful fabrick; lay your hands on it with caution; elevate men to public office, who are worthy of it, and worthy of you; old men for council, keep your striplings at home; let them learn to govern themselves, before they undertake to govern others. You are a great nation, you ought not to be represented by smock-faced youth and inexperienced boys. In your choice of candidates for office, it is not always those who want it most, who are the most fit; it is not every one who cries Lord, Lord, I have eaten and drunken in thy presence, that is fit to be put upon the list. If possible, keep peace with all nations, but if your rights are invaded, "don't give up the ship." Encourage agriculture, the mechanic arts, and domestic manufactures—they are the very heart-strings and sinews of the country. Discourage upstart office-seekers and demagogues; let them not so much as touch the springs of government. Let the first lessons you teach your children be those of subordination to the law, moral honesty, industry and economy. I would not have you trouble your heads much about polemics among divines; let them carry on their disputes among themselves; support the gospel, whenever you find it preached in its purity; but it should not be made a trade of. I am sorry that the Bostonians paid over eighteen thousand dollars to a divine British speculator,* because charity should begin at home, and because you had already been gulled enough by the British; and because the money would have done much good in our own country towards educating our poor ignorant children. And now, my countrymen, what I have to say in conclu-

* The allusion is, probably, to the reverend Mr. Ward, who had collected large sums to aid in building a college at Serampore. Ed.

sion, is, read, constantly read, the farewell address of your great political father, WASHINGTON; lead quiet and peaceable lives in all godliness and honesty, and so fare you well.

After I had finished my oration, I delivered the following toasts, accompanied by discharge of musket; but whether they were written or delivered in the modern style of toast-masters and toast-makers, I neither know nor care; it is sufficient for me that I felt them.

1. *The day I celebrate*—"Let this auspicious day be ever-sacred: no mourning, no misfortune happen on it; let it be marked for triumph and rejoicing."

2. *The departed heroes and soldiers of the revolution*—The fire of their flints has lighted their path to glory. They have got their discharge from the campaign of life and gone home. I long to join their company.

3. *The British army who burnt Washington*—Your stay was very short there, my lads, aye, and so it was at the siege of New-Orleans.

4. *The memory of our beloved commodore Perry*—Faith, that fellow was fit to fight any where; I was sorry when I heard that he was dead.

5. *The Lords spiritual and temporal, who sat in judgement on the queen*—I wish you well: but may it please your honours, how many mistresses had you in keeping at that time? Let him, who is without sin, cast the first stone.

6. *George IV*—I don't know but that you are a clever fellow; but faith, don't think you worth toasting, and so I will let you alone.

7. *The British navy*—Eternally singing "Britannia rules the waves"—come you here, my boys, and we'll show you how to fight between wind and water.

8. *The last session of Congress*—"Much ado about nothing"—which, by Yankee interpretation, is, "great cry and little wool."

9. *The candidates for our next Congress*—I wish we had enlisted a better company; some of them are not fit for a corporal's guard.

10. *The Clergy*—I wish they would all pursue the way to heaven, as well as to point it out, and not quarrel so much among themselves.

11. *Our naval commanders*—You fought gloriously in the late war, I wish I could shake hands with you before I die.

12. *My country*—"Good faith with all nations, tangling alliances with none."

13. *Myself*—

"The soul's dark cottage battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chink's, which time has made."

To conclude, I gave the following song to the old tune of Yankee doodle—that tune which was made by the British officers in derision of the Americans, and which has been sung and played by Yankees more than once, to the great mortification and dismay of the British armies. When I sung, my poor wife seemed for a moment to recollect the feelings of her youth; for in our hey-day time of life, I used to sing it to her for a courting song; and when I struck the chorus, she and my daughter were much agitated, and old and lame as they were, actually struck into a sort of double shuffle, such as we used to practise in the army: on account of their lameness they made but a sorry figure, you may be assured; but no matter, they are good souls, and were young once.

SONG.

Yankees are the boys for me,
They love their country dearly,
And if their rights invaded be,
They drub their foes severely.

CHORUS.

Yankee doodles seldom run;
Yankee doodle dandy—
They keep their eyes upon the gun,
And with their swords are handy.

Old Britain she has tried it twice,
And wanted twice to settle,
Because her courage failed her twice
Before our men and mettle.

CHORUS.

Yankee doodles seldom run;
Yankee doodle dandy—

They keep their eyes upon the gun,
And with their swords are handy.

I now gave a parting gun: we partook of our Indian pudding and partridge pie, thanked heaven for its blessings, and in due season retired to bed.

II. THE GALLANT YANKEE.

[Bellows Falls Intelligencer. Rockingham.]

"The better part of valour is discretion." FALSTAFF.

At a time during the late war, when the British were expected to make an attack on New-London, several companies of militia were raised in that vicinity, and among the rest a company of exempts, or rather (as my old friend Roger would say) *antiquities*, who volunteered to repel the attack.

A revolutionary hero, who had borne the brunt of many a hard contested fight, was selected as their leader; he had held a corporal's command in "the times that tried men's souls;"

"At the battle of Bunker, were Britons, dismayed,
"Found that Yankees could fight, though not bred to the trade,"

he received a wound in the thigh, of which he had never fully recovered.

The "patriotic corps" assembled upon the very spot where it was supposed the enemy would attempt to land; the veteran corporal called his men to order; a hollow square was formed; he took his station in the centre, and thus addressed the "warlike band:" "He wished," he said, "to inspire his companions in arms with a proper love of country—he inveighed against the machinations of those designing men, who had sought to weaken the arm of government; he spoke of the manner in which his neighbours had given "aid and comfort" to our enemies. He then recounted his martial achievements in the "days of other years,"—he told of "the dangers he had passed." With enthusiasm he seemed to "fight his battles o'er again:" "He was," he said, "one of the first to face the enemy in the fields

of Lexington in '75; on Bunker's heights, beside the gallant Warren, he taught the "proud ursurpers" that Yankees were born to be free; on the plains of Abraham he saw the brave Montgomery fall." "O what a fall was there, my countrymen;" "in my presence," said he, "at Trenton, nine hundred Hessians found that they had 'cotch'd a Tartar.'" He then spoke of the blessings of our republican government; he would sacrifice his fortune and his life to support it; he exhorted his followers to fight "for God and their country"—"if you fall (said he) you fall gloriously;

"Sweet sleep the brave, who for their country die;"

though slumbering in the silent dust with Warren, Pike, and the other heroes who have gone before you, you will be ever remembered by your grateful countrymen; your names will be inscribed in letters lasting as time, in the highest annals of fame, and the historic page will transmit to the latest posterity the record of your gallant exploits."

He then adverted to the disasters of our armies on the western frontier; he spoke of the treachery of a Hull at Malden, and the cowardice of a Dearborn at York; "and now," he exclaimed, with all the ardour of youthful ambition, "now is the time to *retrieve the character of the American arm!*"

At this moment, the invincibles of "old ocean's mistress," were seen riding majestic over the foaming billows of the Atlantic. "Behold," says the aged veteran, "the enemies of your country are before you; charge well your weapons of death; if they fall within your reach, "cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war;" then my brave boys, retreat," and hobbling off, he added, "*as I'm a little lame, I think I'll start now!*"

III. INTERIOR OF THE EARTH.*

[City Gazette. Charleston.]

MEN are so apt to laugh at what they do not understand, that we have ceased to wonder at those, who in ridiculing captain Symmes's theory of concentric circles, did not recollect, or did not know, that the hypothesis is coequal with the very first essays in geological science. The novelty is not in the captain's opinion, but in his attempt to prove it by *experiment* to be founded in philosophical truth.

For this purpose, he, with characteristic simplicity, has solicited the legislature of the United States for public aid. His object is, it must be confessed, rather profound; but certainly not more foreign in its nature, (though, if successful, infinitely more interesting in its consequences) than the expeditions of the British to the northern pivot of the earth—the Arctic pole. We live in an age of experiments, and only lack confidence in ourselves, to perfect and bring to light many things only dreamed of in the old philosophy. We are also rather inclined to undervalue our own efforts; for had the proposition come from an European instead of an American philosopher, we doubt whether so large a share of ridicule would have been attached to its advocate.

Captain Symmes is a gentleman of considerable science, not in the knowledge of man, but in the heavens and earth. 1. He believes with Newton and Halley, that there is a concave to this globe of ours—there is nothing strange in this. 2. Proceeding on the axiom that nothing is created in vain, and that all space is filled with intelligent beings, he, (ex consequencia) believes that the concentric circle (or circles) within the earth must be inhabited—there is nothing in this, contrary to sound philosophy. 3. He wishes to embark on a voyage of discovery to one or other of the polar regions, and, as his pecuniary means are inadequate, he solicits the aid

* Capt Symmes's Theory of the Earth, and the perseverance with which he has solicited the means to enable him to illustrate it, are too well known to require a note explanatory of this article. ED.

of the most enlightened government upon earth—this is also quite natural. 4. Arrived at the extremities of the earth, it is his intention to penetrate at least to the first layer of this Oneirocephalus, or Pericles-like globe of ours—there is surely nothing strange in this—yes; there is something in it rather strange and *out of the way*.

It is very obvious that an enthusiast in science, a man of cool and collected bravery, and a perfect mathematician, such as captain Symmes, when he *theorised* upon the subject, was perfectly prudent; but when he proposed to *test* its truth, did a thing which argued no great knowledge of wordly affairs, and particularly of the characters of the men, called members of congress. Yet, for the honour of philosophy, we find that *one* member has been chivalric enough to offer his petition for assistance from the government, towards this subterranean expedition.

That two vessels, of two hundred and fifty or three hundred tons, should be fitted out for such an expedition would be rather unlooked for at present, when the Mexican gulf abounds with pirates, and when the capture of these pirates is a matter so much more feasible, than exploring the interior of the globe. Yet, if captain Symmes were to succeed in discovering the various *layers of our onion*, he would only be reducing to demonstration the opinions of sir Isaac Newton, and of Dr. Halley, which you may read and digest (if you can) in a book called the "Universal Planespheres." Should the captain, on the contrary, fail, he falls with the greatest philosophers and cosmographers of the last three centuries. That space is never wasted, is an axiom, not only of natural philosophy, but of common sense and natural religion. And why not the inhabitants of this globe reside on a *shell*, as well as on a *solid?* The vraisemblance of the proposition appears to us quite admissible; the only difficulty will be in *looking into the matter.*

After all, captain Symmes may still discover something. In seeking for the ends of the earth, which the British have been seeking for years past; he may, perhaps, find some of its features, never before seen by

mortal eye. In chasing a phantom he may hit upon a reality; in searching for the *unknowable* (to use a term of Bacon's) he may discover what has been hitherto *unknown;* some new island, some undiscovered sea, some northwest-by-north passage, or inlet, some phenomena of nature, some inhabitants of the polar regions, nay, even the poles themselves. Let us not adhere so closely to the sordid doctrine—"all for gain, and nothing for grace." Look at past enterprizes; Columbus went in search of a short passage to the East Indies; he found it not—but he discovered a NEW WORLD! If captain Symmes should sally forth, 'tis true he may fail, but the discomfiture will be his own; his imagination will have deceived him; but if he succeed in enlarging the boundaries of geographical knowledge, the glory will belong to the American government and nation. Who knows but we are still destined to plant the sacred standard of the stars and stripes upon the axle-tree of the earth—a new constellation, flaming beneath the northern Bear!

IV. MNEMONICS.

[Journal. Portsmouth.]

MR EDITOR,

I AM in great distress, and am in danger of losing my personal identity. I have been troubled from childhood with a short memory, which is the more unfortunate, as I am blessed with a long name—*George Alexander Edward Ezekiel Benyowski.* I was yesterday lamenting to a friend, who has made great improvements in the fashionable art of Mnemonics (I am not sure that I remember the word right) that I could not always recollect the precise order in which my baptismal names were arranged. Courage! says he, nothing is easier than to fix it forever. Come with me into the yard. I accordingly attended him, with eager impatience, to learn the art of remembering my name. You see this *pump*, continued he, extending his hand towards it; the first thing that strikes your eye, is the *shaft;* I name that George; you next perceive the *handle;* I call that

Alexander; the *spear* I connect with Edward; when you look at the *nose* you will think of Ezekiel; and the *water* will remind you of Benyowski. Think of them always in this order—the shaft, handle, spear, nose and water, and you will never forget your name. The association *is fixed forever.* I was so delighted with the scheme, that after thanking him many times for communicating it, I spent the rest of the day in repeating shaft, George; handle, Alexander, &c. through all the associations in regular order. Upon going to bed, I fell asleep at once, from absolute exhaustion, and passed the night in dreaming of pumps, and aqueducts, and fire-engines. Thus far, all went well; but this morning came my troubles. I rose at early dawn, and hastened down stairs to visit my beloved pump. I came over the back stairs, that I might not disturb the family, and opening the back-door, the first thing I saw was the *handle* of the pump! ALEXANDER! said I, and began pumping with all my might. Presently the *spear* shewed itself at the top of the pump—Huzza! for EDWARD! I exclaimed, and continued pumping. The servant had wrapped a piece of old carpet round the pump, last evening, to prevent the water from freezing; and I did not perceive that the nose was stopped up, until the water came over the top of the pump and drenched me sadly. I consoled myself with remembering that *water* meant BENYOWSKI; and proceeded to uncover the *shaft* that reminded me of my first name, GEORGE. I then stepped round and unstopped the *nose*, exclaiming, in a melancholy tone, EZEKIEL!

The association is fixed forever! and I must subscribe myself, in all tribulation,

Your topsy-turvy friend,
ALEXANDER EDWARD BENYOWSKI GEORGE EZEKIEL!

V. ART OF RISING.

[From the same.]

THERE is scarcely a subject more interesting in this country, where the "favours of popularity" can be sought by all, with hope of success, than the *ways* and

means of obtaining and securing the good opinion of the sovereign people. Any one who would undertake the task of giving rules and forming a system that will assist the aspiring to mount the "ladder of fame," without any risk of tumbling far below the starting place, must be conferring an invaluable favour. Especially as they who *look the highest*, are such as know the least of human nature,—a melancholy fact, proved by their ignorance of their own characters. Such being so much in want of a guide, it is a great pity that no one better qualified than myself should offer his services. The little, however, that is in the power of the writer, is freely offered without the hope of any other reward, than the consciousness that he merits some lucrative office, when any of his scholars shall ascend to political importance by his direction.

Rule 1. If you really, and undoubtedly possess talents, be cautious that they are ever concealed from the public eye. It is a frequent and great mistake, especially of the very young, to think that a display of abilities will gain them friends. Every one is "wise in his own opinion," and is so blinded by his own talents, as not to see the wisdom of his neighbours. Beside, the really stupid will hate you from envy; the common class fear to trust any one who pretends to see farther than themselves.

Rule 2. Be not forever *speaking* before the sovereign people. If you hold forth ever so much to the point, few will understand you. And those, who do, "have views of their own." Beside, it is not seldom that men think they speak much better than the facts will justify. If you are in a situation where a speech is expected, recollect words answer the best without ideas; for then, like a gun with a blank cartridge, you can make a noise without injury to any one.

Rule 3. Be ever before the public in some shape or other, as a secretary to some useless meeting, a committee-man to whom affairs are referred: if of no consequence, so much the better—you will make no enemies by your report.

Rule 4. Avoid all appearance of originality. Act just as your grandfather and mother have done before you.

The zig-zag course of genius has no object. But notoriety, without popularity, is setting yourself up as a mark for the "small rail" of a village, for the mere pleasure of being shot at.

Rule 5. In all your actions have an eye to the gaining of some *friend*, whose interest it may be to befriend you. Flatter the one, bow to the other, marry this man's daughter, hire that man's house, that he may be your *disinterested friend*. These will never forsake you. Let every action, ever so trifling, be performed with an eye single to your advancement.

Rule 6. Never meet your antagonist in open battle. Intrigue as much as possible: thus your combats may be carried on without any personal danger. If you are destitute of intriguing talents, there are many schools where this art can be learned.

Rule 7. When before the public, lengthen your face even to stupidity; be careful to do or say nothing that has the appearance of superiour wisdom. Thus you may continue in office for years, as an old hat hangs on a peg, not worth the trouble of moving.

Let these rules be duly studied and the writer will assure any one obtaining and retaining enough popularity to run for any common office in the gift of his fellow citizens.

VI. ART OF CIVILITY.

[From the same.]

"We send greeting." PASSIM.

PASSING by a print-shop some two or three years ago, I observed, at the window, the figure of a person, dressed somewhat beyond the fashion, with a look of satisfaction, and air of a connoisseur in small matters, resting one hand on his hip, and holding a quizzing-glass to his eye with the other, presenting altogether the manner and aspect of looking some modest woman out of countenance. Under this figure was inscribed, "*the complete cutter.*" I had no sooner seen this likeness of an opinionated, prying beau, than I began to occupy myself with the various modes, not only of putting people down,

"'Tis a truth, and none more plain appears,
Our most important are our earliest years;
The mind, impressible and soft, with ease
Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees;
And, through life's labyrinth, holds fast the clue,
That education gives her, false or true."

XII. THE CHURCH-YARD.

[From the same.]

You have sauntered, perhaps, of a moon-light evening, out of the precincts of the living, moving world, to linger and contemplate among the grass-grown memorials of those who are gone—

"The body to its place, and the soul to heaven's grace,
And the rest in God's own time."

An appalling chill shoots through the current of life, at the undisturbed and universal silence of the scene—the stars tranquilly shining on the white marble, and feebly illuminating the name, which friendship had carved for the slumberer beneath; here, the grass waving in rank luxuriance, as if to hide the triumphs and the trophies of death, and there a human bone unearthed from its time-worn sepulchre, a ghastly visiter to the realms of day—a wooden tablet, marking the repose of the humble; a cross, the sign of the sleeping believer, and lofty and magnificent memorials over the mortal relics of the wealthy and the great. Ah! who, in such an assemblage as this, can be accounted great! What gold survives the crucible of death!

We can learn nothing from the living, which the dead do not teach us. Would beauty be modest and unpretending, let her quit the ball and the festival for a moment, and carry her toilet to the tomb. Would the proud learn humility; the resentful, good nature; the penurious, charity; the frivolous, seriousness; the bigoted, philanthropy; would the scholar ascertain the true objects of knowledge; the man of the world, the true means of happiness, here and hereafter; and the ambitious, the true sources of greatness, let him retire awhile from the living, and commune with the dead. We must all come to the mournful silent level of the

grave. Our bones must mingle in one common mass. Our affections should travel in the same path, for they must terminate in one fearful issue. Life is full of facilities of virtue and of happiness; and when you would neglect or abuse them, go and purify your affections, and humble your pride, and elevate your hopes, at the tomb of a friend, when the stars are shining upon it, like the glorious beams of religion on the mansion of death.

XIII. LEARNING AND MANNERS.

[From the same.]

If it be true that literary men, in modern times, preserve not in their intercourse the amenity of manners, which it would appear might justly be expected of them, perhaps much of the evil may be traced to the new species of literature, which comes under the class of reviews.

We need only look to the restlessness with which scholars endure acknowledged authority, to ascertain their abhorrence of that which is usurped. *A reviewer is a voluntary trespasser on another man's ground.* He pretends not to an inch of his own soil. He plants nothing, he rears nothing; he has not even the merit of improving any thing. He walks over the fields of genius, with a sneer on his countenance, and a scythe in his hand. He gathers here and there, a leaf and a flower, and he bruises them, to ascertain if they be fragrant. He gives you his gratuitous, (no, not gratuitous, his venal) opinion, and says, this is an onion, and this is a rose, and this is a tulip, and this is heart's-ease, and all arbitrarily; for let heaven deck, in what colours it will, the modest and retiring flower; let it strew its own dews in mercy over the salubrious plant, how easy is it for a reviewer, to shake the dew from the one, and throw the other into the shade.

Reviewers are the offspring of vanity, the growth of conceit, the children of arrogance, and the fomenters of broils. Not to originate any thing, savours, *in them*, of inanity; and to comment upon every thing, savours,

liable to miscarriages of this sort, he must look from the adversary, instead of overlooking him, or he must tack.

All these expedients show a rudeness in the art; but it is not the lot of men to "achieve greatness" in every sort of thing. Two parties moving in different directions, meet on equal terms; but if they are going the same way, it is almost impossible to be guarded against surprise from the rear. You are perhaps passing along the street, ruminating on some unlucky occurrence, or some hopeful project, and before you are aware, some complacent sociable gentleman, who never doubts that every body is as glad to see him, as he is to see every body, has you by the arm, resolved to put and answer a great many questions, about what is new and what is not. If you are not able to cheer up and submit, with a good grace, you can turn at the next corner, and "give effect to your exit," by wishing him a good morning. If he obligingly says he is going the same way, and continues to *stick* to you, adopt Horace's hint, ask him at the next turn, which direction he takes, and choose the other yourself, at the same time taking leave again. If he replies, that your route will be as near for him, you may resort to the decisive manœuvre of suddenly recollecting something for which you must go back. An artist, when he is foiled, and all his precautions against a meeting ineffectual, still preserves an unruffled manner, and exchanges salutations with a free air, as a thing of course; whereas, a learner betrays all, by being too cold or too cordial.

You may easily imagine, if you have not felt, the sensation of an angler, who expecting a fish jerks up only his hook; one sometimes experiences a similar motion of the animal spirits, on formally saluting another who does not see him; or say you observe a person approaching with the air of being acquainted, a lady perhaps ensconced in a bonnet, or masked by a veil, or looking from behind her handkerchief, and you stare earnestly, expecting to recognize an acquaintance, till, the moment you have passed, it occurs to you, it was a person to whom you was under particular obligations of civility, or to whom you have a particular desire to be

civil. The proper scene of this art is a tea-party; you go early, perhaps, and are introduced into a room, the walls of which are studded with fair faces, with an open space for the performer in the centre. The master of ceremonies is engaged, or absent in mind, or there is none; the conversation has ceased, or more probably has not begun, and the company, sitting in mute expectation, is glad of an object. You reconnoitre the whole circle in quest of the presiding genius, whom you finally discover in a remote corner, engaged in a conversation, which you expect will be suspended for an instant, on your approach, but which at that instant grows more interesting, while you stand like one waiting for his sentence, in the preliminary attitude of a bow; this being executed or given over, according as fortune favours or frowns upon the attempt, you consider yourself as initiated, and may proceed in one way or another, as your talent invites. If it be in ceremony, you may begin with the next lady, and make the tour of the company, taking care afterwards, not to overlook any one who may come in. A gentleman of my acquaintance, is very exact in performing this duty, and assures me, that no lady had escaped him for the last seven years. He proceeds to business as soon as he enters the room, and does not allow himself a moment's respite till he has despatched the whole company. He relieves the uniformity by interspersing his greetings, with a few little conceits, which, though like sir Hudibras's new-coinnd words, they contain little or no wit, yet serve to keep the parties in countenance. It is very well to have a little garnish of this sort, as it does not cost much, and contributes to effect; it is besides very acceptable to the company, as it gives them an opportunity to laugh at the gentleman or his wit among themselves, and thus he brings his share to the general stock of amusement, as in duty bound. If you do not plume yourself on doing exteriors, it is best not to go through the circle methodically, but to address those who happen to be near, or subside into silence with a becoming air of contentment. I have observed some of my friends to adopt another mode, that saves all the trouble of making advances and

retreats. As soon as they are initiated, they go to the part of the room occupied by their clan or familiar acquaintances, and, forming a separate group, pass the evening in company, just as much at ease, and as agreeably, as if they were at home. Not only so, they may, if they please, by talking and laughing pretty audibly, be the most conspicuous persons.

This art of civility, differs from that of war in many things, and particularly in this—that the party acting on the defensive, generally has the advantage. It is especially so, when a lady sitting in the midst of a circle is the object of a movement, who the moment a gentleman has drawn himself up, and is ready to discharge a round of civilities, turns to the one by her side to begin a conversation, and leaves the assailant to waste his forces in the empty air, or retreat in confusion. This mode of defence is not justifiable, except in extreme cases.

The usual modes of salutation are by moving the hand, a nod, an inclination of the body, a bow, a smile, a taking of the hand, pressing the hand, shaking hands and griping hands. Each of these has its degrees, and by varying and compounding them, one may express any degree of regard, from slight recognition, which is as much as to say "it seems to me I have seen you before," to strong attachment and esteem. All these, taken together, form a copious language, which admits as great a variety of style as any written one. Look, for example, at the first volume of reviews that comes to your hands, and collect all the epithets of style that occur in fifty pages, and you will find them to apply with equal propriety to the styles of the different authors in the salutatory language. Thus you have the lofty, familiar, cold, elegant, awkward, &c. styles of salutation, as well as of composition. Both languages are equally liable to ambiguities and obscurities, and stand in an equal need of commentaries, and to be read *cum grano salis*. Thus if a man salute you with formality, it may mean that he wishes to keep you at a distance; or, that he has you in great respect, or that he much respects himself. If a man waves his hand, bowing and smiling at the same time, it may mean that he would do a thing in a clever

way, and like a man of the world, or that he wishes to make use of you in some way, or that he regards you with cordiality. These uncertainties make room for interpretations, in which the occasions, the characters of the persons, and parallel instances, are to be considered, and in general, the same rules of criticism are to be adopted, to find out the meaning and force of a salutation and a sentence.

I have not given a minute account of every species of greeting, because the English language is not equal to the description of them, without the help of engravings. But this defect in my essay is the less to be regretted, as it is to be hoped that some teachers of this art, will, before long, establish schools in our principal towns, and render it a regular branch of instruction, and give young people as great facilities in acquiring this accomplishment, as they now have in music, dancing, mnemonics, &c.; when all the attitudes, expressions, movements and looks, belonging to accosting, greeting, evading and cutting, will be made a matter of science, and as well understood as the *entrechat*, or the diatonic scale.

This art is admirably calculated for instruction, as it admits of all the Lancasterian facilities; for when the professor exhibits the figure, the pupils may, all at the same time, *take it off*, and as the different figures succeed, go through all the evolutions of making an advance, accosting, repelling and cutting, as regularly and expertly, as now they wind through a cotillon. The most important and difficult part of the course, will consist of the discipline of the face. It must be taught, promptly to relax into indifference, to assume the expression of recognition, to command at will, the cutting look that expresses, "who can it be?"—to expand into complacency, and to be lighted up with esteem. In the present state of the art, the excess of sweet or sour, in a forced smile, often betrays it; whereas, if the means of education were properly extended, you would see people have every kind of manner and expression always at command, and it would sit upon them as naturally, as if the thing signified, were really meant.

VII. A STAGE COACH.

[From the same.]

A MAN can go but a little way through life before he finds himself elbowed by one, crowded by another, and snarled at by a third; especially, if it be his signal good fortune to ride frequently in a stage coach, along with an importation of calico, a museum of canary-birds and puppies, an invoice of band-boxes, loads of trunks, bottles and umbrellas, nursing children and old maids, sailors and dandies, green peas and fresh salmon, and a Frenchman.

Most of the miseries of human life, (and that there are enough, every one knows, who ever was jammed into a stage with twenty passengers, calling himself nothing)—I say, most of the miseries of human life admit of some melioration, because, we can generally estimate, at once, the amount of what we have to do and to suffer, when calamity strikes us on the shoulder; and accordingly we set our teeth together with the more firmness; but, in a stage coach, there is no guessing what a day will bring forth.

After scaling the shoulders of some dozen passengers, and, as if by a miracle, having escaped the dislocation of your ankle, and after many ineffectual attempts, wedging yourself, at last, into a seat; your principal duty is there to endeavour to lessen the horrors of this "durance vile;" you begin first by moving your foot, then your head, and afterwards, if possible, your shoulders; you then labour to get off your hat, and presently you will make many unlucky efforts for your handkerchief —for now, "vials full of odours sweet," salute your nasal sensibilities, with the united fragrance of musk, rose-water, lozenges and peppermint.

By-and-by, you are addressed by one of the passengers, a companion in adversity—"Will you have the goodness to pass your snuff-box, sir?"

"My dear sir, it would be the greatest happiness imaginable for me to be able to confer such a favour, but at present, having had the misfortune of losing the use of my arms"—

Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! now coughs a good old woman from the very *penetralia* of her lungs—

Yah! Yah! goes the lap dog—

"You'll spoil my Leghorn," exclaims a distressed young lady, planted in the back seat, between a large old man and a very large old woman.

"Poor Poll—pretty Poll," screams the parrot.

"Be good enough, sir, to take the point of your cane off my gouty toe, and place it on another," says an irritable old gentleman to an alarmed dandy:

To which my little dandy fiercely replies "do you know, sir, do you know you are speaking to a gentleman?"

"No, I do not, upon my word," says my crusty old fellow.

"Hoh, *Helas! pardonnez moi, monsieur*," vociferates the Frenchman, (speaking, as it were, by ventriloquism, from under the load of poultry and band boxes, which hitherto had concealed him) "hoh! monsieur—je vous prie—take your von, pied, f-oo-t from my neck, I be, vat you call? *etouffe*, hang-ing strangling—de breath be valking from my—vat you call?—my—*les poumons*—my—my bod—my sto-mach!—bah; *peste!* take off your von, two, tree foot."

"I say, messmate, (cries a sailor) less of your blarney, if you like—square yourself, you outlandish landlubber! and bring your stern athwart this here capstan, and we'll bouse you up"—

"Oh diable."

You then, after the coachy answers the hundred questions, which all who live on the road think themselves bound to ask—and after he has made the two hundred answers, which he supposes himself bound to give, are unloaded *en-masse* at a tavern.

Then wo be to the man who fares sumptuously every (other) day; and wo be to him who has so little sense as not to eat for his life, or so much delicacy as to think of the wants of others, while his own stomach will take no apology. Just at the moment you hook your chicken—just as the Frenchman makes himself understood well enough to get possession of his soup and crust—the lit-

tle dandy having caught his little bit of ham—the old lady, her plate full of the boiled, and the crusty old gentleman beginning to survey with delighted eyes his ample moiety of the roasted, and the stewed, and the broiled; of all that walks, flies, or swims—*then*, precisely at that moment you hear a trumpet "shaking the archy vault," and the terrible words reverberated—

"Stage is ready"—ye, who have plates, to eat, prepare to leave them now! Every starving sojourner spitefully throws down knife and fork, and moving slowly and sullenly from the table, "casts a longing, lingering look behind."

Your next business is, to get your old seat in the carriage, or else a better one. In the last case—

"Sir, is not that my seat?"

"'Twas yours—'tis mine"—

Then comes up to the door a new passenger, being numbered 21. He looks with a terrified eye upon the mass of mortality heaped in the carriage, and seems to be almost as much frightened as Macbeth when he saw the ghost of Banquo and exclaimed, "The table's full!"

You proceed,—the carriage breaks down; the little dandy spoils his hat; the old lady loses her bottle of rose water, and the crusty old gentleman loses his temper; the sailor is capsized, and the young lady ruins her Leghorn; the Frenchman exclaims "Hoh Peste!" and the lap-dog breaks his neck; and you, after a pleasant walk of ten miles, arrive at another tavern.

VIII. SHORT ANSWERS.

[From the same.]

"Give me men about me that are—prompt."

MR. EDITOR,

I AM a person of few words, and an admirer of pantomime. I like to "suit the action to the word," because brevity is the life of business as well as the soul of wit. When I am asked a question, I endeavour to answer it with common perspicuity; that is, I give a categorical answer, for I detest, myself, to be put off with a long

yawn, or a lazy respond that seems to say, "aye, what's the clock."

Time is money, time is knowledge—therefore time is valuable to all men, particularly in these hard times, when money is so scarce and knowledge is so uncertain. How much time would be saved if every body's neighbour would only give short answers!

If, for instance, when you present a bill for payment, the debtor would say, "yes, very right—I'll pay it." How much better that pithy sort of dialogue is, than such as is too common, and withal a little inconvenient: for instance—"a bill! I really had forgotten you had an account against me! Why had you not brought it in before? I have just drawn on the bank for the last cent—hope you will not let another bill stand so long; I *always* pay all my bills punctually, but just at this time, I—I—have lent all my money: I have notes to pay tomorrow; the rascally banks won't discount the best paper in market: I expect a vessel next week: my lawyer (poor dog he is) either don't collect or won't pay over; I am busy now, pressed with all sorts of cares; must be here, must be there—zounds and death! I must be every where. Call to-day, tomorrow, next day, next week; I will then give you"—"Give what?"—"Why, give you—*an answer*, to be sure."

Now how, much better a direct answer in the *first place* would be; either, I can't pay you, or, I won't pay you; because, in either case the affair is ended, and you may go about your business. But to stand the butt of ignorance, impertinence, poverty and eternal loquacity, all at once, is more than is given to human patience to endure.

I went the other day to a shoemaker. In the simplicity of my heart, I wanted a pair of shoes made.

"I want them made large with long quarters."

"Quarters, (said the shoemaker) do you think the French army will make their quarters in Madrid?"

"With thin soals and low heels," said I.

"Will the New-Hampshire votes be given to Crawford?" said the shoemaker.

"I have corns on my toes, (I continued) and cannot walk in straight shoes."

"The Pirates," said he—

"The shoes," I said—

"The Pirates, (said he) at last are"—

"Zounds! (I exclaimed) stick to your last; THE SHOES! I want the *shoes* to wear tomorrow for I am absolutely barefoot"—

"If Bonaparte was alive," said my incorrigible man of wax—

"With short straps," I interrupted.

"He would be at the head"—"The *Foot*," said I—"of a hundred thous"—

I rushed from the shop in a paroxysm of mortification.

I went, not long since, limping with the rheumatism, to a physician. I gave him an affecting recital of my afflictions. Seizing me by the hand, and giving me such a cordial grasp as "made each particular hair to stand on end;" he exclaimed,

"Ah! my dear friend, pain is incident to the human frame"—

"Oh" said I—

"Galen and Hippocrates, and learned men"—

("O-o-h!" I shuddered internally!)

—"And learned men of all ages have agreed in one position"—

"Hoh!" ejaculated I, in the extremity of grief.

—"One position: (continued he) that there is a decaying principle inherent in the nature of man, which sooner or later, gradually, or instantaneously, produces his dissolution."

"Oh Lord!" said I.

"I remember a case, (pursued my tormentor, slapping me on my shoulder with a violence that sent twinges over my frame,) I remember a case reported of a patient in the Greenwich Hospital, who continued forty-five years and six months under the exercise of the most excruciating complaint."

"Was it the rheumatism?" I asked in an agony of mental suffering.

"No; it was the gravel!"

"Boo!" I roared with exultation and anger; and hobbled away relieved from my complaint.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am pretty comfortably situated. I see but few friends, whose communication is confined to yea, yea, and nay, nay. I have cured myself of the rheumatism. I order my shoes, by my own written dimensions, from the country. And to avoid long talks, I keep no books of accounts. By persevering in this plan of life, I yet hope to be a happy man.

IX. DRESS.

[Courier. Charleston.]

Tailors and mantuamakers are the indispensables of life. Dress being of the earliest necessity, and of universal demand, the principles of the science must have been embodied in the mind by nature, and have embraced the whole understanding. Whether to cover or discover; whether to conceal or to display; whether to intimidate or to allure, dress is the universal expedient. Modes of thought, modes of feeling, modes of character, modes of rank, and modes of power, are only modes of dress. It reveals, by occular syllogisms, whatever you wish to know or to communicate to one another. It marks, with unfailing accuracy, your standing in society, and your particular pursuits. Dress a man in drab, for instance, and he is a quaker; dress him in black, and he is a clergyman; give him a short jacket, and he is a sailor; quill boots over his knees, and he is a soldier; give him a wig, and he is a judge; a garter, and he is a nobleman; put on him two epaulettes, and he is a general; dress his head in a turban, and he is a Turk; give him a black gown, and he is a barrister; a purple, and he is a king. If he swear with his hat on, he is a Hebrew; if he swear with his hat off, he is a christian; if his garments abound, he is a Mussulman; if they be deficient, he is a Highlander.

Sacred history attests the importance of the wedding garment. Hercules was destroyed by a poisonous piece of linen, and Antony, the artful orator, when influencing the Romans to vengeance, pointed to the bloody clothes of Cæsar. To say nothing of the double death of Des-

demona and Othello; together with the revolution in Cyprus, effected by an Egyptian pocket handkerchief, such as is now called a zephyr.

The technicals of dress are engrafted on every pursuit, and embraced in every science. *Dress* the line, says the adjutant; *dress* the sallad, says the epicure; *dress* his jacket, cries the overseer. A lawyer is nothing without *a suit*; a courtier is nothing without *address*; and any man will be wronged if he cannot get *redress*. Will they not *suit*, Miss? asks the dapper shop-boy, as he hands a pretty girl a pair of gloves; and the printer of a newspaper calls on his customers to patronize its new *dress*.

So we have the *habit* of speaking, the *habit* of writing, &c.; the terms of dress being of universal use and application.

But the subject is exhaustless, and we forbear. Our only object at present, is, to draw the attention of the fashionables of Charleston, to the recent improvement in the dress of the gentlemen, received from London via Philadelphia, with which a friend has favoured us. It will be seen that while the bonnets of the ladies are perfectly elastic, sweetly nodding at every person they meet, as much as to say, yes, yes, yes, yes, in more charming rapidity than the tongue can pronounce, the gentlemen are becoming a stiff-necked generation, and to use the words of the writer—BOWS are EXPLODED.

CIRCULAR.

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 12.

Having recently received, from London, several articles of dress, that are fashionable there, I have thought proper, presuming you would be pleased to know what is worn, to send you a copy of a letter, giving a full and minute description of them severally; at the same time shewing the attention my business receives in Europe, and how beneficial such an arrangement will be to my customers, particularly those at a distance. In fact, I have been induced to do this, through a spirit of accommodation to my friends; for by it, I give them an opportunity to know what is really fashionable, not only in the shape of a coat, but in every article of dress.

DESCRIPTION.

The shirts are of two patterns, the one without a frill, and with a plaited full bosom, to be worn in the morning; the other with

a broad frill, and plainer make, for the evening. The neck clothes are six in number, including the different patterns worn in muslin; they must be highly starched, and according to the patterns sent in black silk; this knot or tie is universally worn, bows being completely exploded; the stiffness occasioned by the starch, precludes the necessity of a stiffener; the collars of the shirts must be stiffened so as to remain erect against the cheek. You have also two silk handkerchiefs of the most fashionable sort; they should be tied in a similar knot to the white ones, and spread very much over the bosom; it would be advisable to wear one of the accompanying stiffeners with these; they are of course only for morning wear. As respects the boots, the one pair are plain Jockey boots, in which fashion does not much vary. With respect to the other, care must be taken to push them down so as to form in large and small wrinkles, all round the small and calf of the leg; they are made for the purpose, of very soft and pliable leather.

As my friends in London considered it unnecessary to describe the hat, (having sent me one as a pattern) I have, for your government, given the dimensions, which will enable you to have one made, as much like it as possible. By calling on Messrs. Brown & Tunis, you may see a black stock, which will shew you the manner in which the cravats are tied.

P. S. You will oblige me by shewing this letter to your friends and others interested in the fashions.

Dimensions of the hat, 7 inches head, 7 3-4 deep, 1 3-4, brim, 1 3-4 bill.

X. CLASSICAL HAIR-DRESSING.

[Gazette. Haverhill.]

As the humble servants of the public, it becomes our weekly task to communicate whatever may improve or adorn the inside or outside of the heads of our readers. In performing this duty, it is with pleasure that we are enabled to gratify the fashionables and dandies of this vicinity, by the following agreeable and important intelligence. "G. Saunders, intends to remain a short time in Boston, and invites gentlemen of the city to an inspection and trial of his celebrated mode of arranging the hair, so as to suit the physiognomy of the countenance, and to produce that perfect and classic effect which has so long been a desideratum in the circles of taste and fashion."

The prospect of attaining to this "classical perfection" in the cut of their hair, will, we doubt not, bring

many a shoal of country beaux to wait upon this distinguished stranger. We can easily fancy ourselves meeting some young farmer, returning from Boston, arrayed with his oaken staff, and homespun frock; but displaying beneath his discoloured and misshapen chip, a few stray powdered locks, which Adonis might envy, ready curled and clipped for the next village ball. Far be it from us to impeach the talents of our polite neighbour, whose experience and skill have drawn many a ninepence from our slender purses. As the unassuming foreigner confines his attention to the scientific principles of the art, he will scarcely interfere with those, who in every town wield the scissors with such adroitness. We would therefore urge it upon all, who, being poorly furnished within, have the more to do for the outside of the brain, to resort to this court of the graces, and learn the mysteries of the barber's profession. Some, indeed, are opposed to all cutting, and assert that the many soft heads and thin sculls, found among the moderns, are to be ascribed to this unnatural practice. Many nations, also, have regarded the hair as sacred, and cut it only in times of great affliction. But the weight of testimony is decidedly in favour of our present mode. The old Egyptians did it, and their skulls were thicker, according to Rollin, than those of any other people. Every civilized tribe imitated them. In the ninth century, by a special edict, the Greek emperor commanded all his subjects to have their heads shaved. The Pope, five centuries after, forbade all long-haired Christians to enter any sacred place, or fill any ecclesiastical office.

About the same time, a celebrated preacher denounced excommunication and eternal destruction against all who persisted in wearing their hair of such a heathenish length. It was a sin not to be atoned, but by an immediate removal of the accursed thing, and a large donation to the treasury of St. Peter, in token of repentance. From that time to the present, the public opinion has concurred with his holiness of Rome. But the methods of hair-dressing have been ever varying. "Who shall decide, when barbers disagree?" One man's crop

stands like a shoe-brush, thick, and stiff, and long; another's like a bunch of carrots, or in ridges, as if worn by the weather; another's like a negro's head, curled and frizzled all over. One "sports a pair of formidable whiskers;" another "hoists a broad mainsail to the wind" from the top of his forehead; another hangs an enormous bag in the rear, to guard the back of his brain from injuries; another, like the good old puritans of Connecticut, covers the head with half of a hollow pumpkin-shell, and shears off every lock which strays beyond that boundary. To prevent this lawless diversity, we would send all our fashionable beaux to this "London professor of classical perfection in hair-dressing." We might offer some words of condolence to our fairest readers, who are not thus previleged, did we not find them already provided with the two most essential articles of a head-dress, "beau-catchers and Cupid's nests."

"Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
"And mighty hearts are held in slender chains;
"Fair tresses man's imperial face insnare,
"And beauty draws us, by a single hair."

XI. SHORT JACKETS.

[Courier. Charleston.]

"*I study to be brief*," says Horace, "*and I become obscure.*" Thus did this laughing satirist of antiquity, pass sentence in advance on the short jackets of modern times and coupling them with the idea of obscurity. For in Rome, luxurious as she was, and inventive of every graceful decoration of feature and person; in Greece, the land where the images of the body and the images of the mind were equally chaste and classical, no man would dare to appear in public, in one of those economical, indecent, curtailed apologies for a coat, which are daily to be seen in the streets of Charleston. Dress was become of such importance among the Romans, that the period of manhood was marked by an investment with the toga. But we moderns, especially in America, are not free unless we can do as we please. Who cares what another man thinks, of his dress? Who cares par-

ticularly what a lady thinks? It is for slaves to be observant of appearances and regardful of decorum. We, the sovereign people, have a right to consult ourselves in every thing, and nobody else. This is certainly very true, and it is a pity that our fashions—*for taste and liberty are always the same*—it is a great pity that the people of antiquity had not adopted our costume. How venerable would Priam have appeared, asking the body of Hector, if, instead of a long flowing robe, sweeping the earth in humility, and held submissively over his head, to shield his sorrows from the conqueror of his son, he had worn a gingham jacket in the costume of these days. Why did it not occur to the sculptor of antiquity, to throw a graceful garment of this kind over Hercules and the Apollo Belvidera. Why did not Canova thus array our own Washington? Why indeed are the *tail*-ors encouraged in making *tails* to the coats, which, if they could be got rid of, why *ex vi termini* the *tail*-ors would go too? Until this desirable result shall be obtained, which we think will occur very soon, we recommend short jackets to be worn in the public streets, by all gentlemen of fortune, taste, literary reputation, professional characters, courteous manners, and industrious habits: a short jacket, being, in our opinion, conclusive evidence of the possession of one or all of these qualities.

XII. LAW INTELLIGENCE.

vs

[Union. Philadelphia.]

"I lov'd you for your cupboard, dear
"I woo'd you for your cash." OLD SONG.

ONE day last week, a handsome young widow went before a magistrate, and accused a certain gentleman of various and manifold misdemeanours. Women are always eloquent when in love or in affliction; we shall suffer her to tell her own story.

"If your honour will allow me, I'll begin with the day I first saw this man, and tell you all the circumstances. Six months ago, sir, (two months after my poor,

dear husband died,) he came to my house and took boarding. He had then just arrived from Connecticut, from which place he brought neither trunks, book, money, nor politeness. His hat contained his wardrobe, (one shirt) his pocket, his library, (one old spelling, book,) his purse, six *brass* farthings, (all the rest of his *brass* was in his face,) his politeness was, nobody knew where. Such were his hopes and his accomplishments; yet I allowed him to have board, expecting to be paid from the profits of a school, which he said he meant to establish; but he soon gave up his notion of school-keeping, for that of love-making, and began to practise his wiles on my too susceptible heart. He said that his father was a rich man, but that he had quarrelled with him on account of a girl, whom he wished him to marry, contrary to his inclinations, which induced him to leave home. His story was plausible, and, I candidly acknowledge, that, *all at once*, he gained my affections; and after he had secured my heart, he handled my cash till he was master of all I possessed. Every day new coats were coming from the tailor's; new boots and new shoes from the shoemaker's; new shirts from the seamstress; new hats from the hatter's; new stockings from the dry goods-store—all were paid for by me, and I was to have himself and his fortune in return; for every time he wanted money, he swore I was to be his wife, and that he would marry me as soon as himself and his father were reconciled. He went on in this way, till he left me without a cent, and coming to me the other day for twenty dollars, abused me because I had it not to give him, and said that he would never marry me, as *I was false as I was fair*. I told him, with tears in my eyes, that I had no money, or he should have it. He then fell into a violent rage, broke my looking-glass, tumblers and tea-pots, and swore that I wanted to deceive him. This was his return for all my kindness! I then said that if he would pay me all he owed for money borrowed, and for board, he might go where he pleased. He answered, that he had paid me in kisses on my *old lips* more than all was worth; and, God knows, I would rather have one dollar than all his kisses, for he has left me

nothing but a broken heart; he has eaten me out of house and home." Bursting into tears, she sat down to weep.

The *gentleman* then rose in a violent passion. *He* could not bear to hear himself defamed in such a manner. Every word of the accusation was false. He only wished she was a man, then he would know how to seek redress.

Some how or other, however, his colour changed and his courage seemed to abate, when a man did actually step up to him, declaring himself the friend of the lady, attesting the truth of her declaration, and offered him any kind of redress he should choose to demand. "I have nothing to do with you, sir," said the *gentleman*; "I was bred a lawyer and not a duelist; by the one avocation I can support life, by the other I should lose it.

The magistrate told the widow, that the proper way for her to obtain redress, was to bring an action at law; but that if she chose, she could then sue for the amount of her bill. This was accordingly done, and the *gentleman* not being able to procure bail, was provided with lodgings in Arch-street, somewhere beyond Broad.

[From the same.]

XIII. HORACE *vs.* VIRGIL.

"Is there a heart that never loved."

HORACE and Virgil, two boot-blacks, who, with the names of the two famous Latin bards, inherit a portion of fire, though not exactly of the poetic description, were yesterday, with their wives, brought before one of our aldermen, accused of disturbing the peace of the neighbourhood.

These two coloured gentlemen, some time since, fixed their affections on two sisters, Phillis and Flora, and in due time, each led his own fair to the altar, where the right rev. Mr. —— united them for life. All was love and harmony during the season of courtship, but oh!

"The time arrives, the dangerous time,
"When all those virtues opening now so fair,
"Transplanted to the world's tempestous clime,
"Must learn each passion's boisterous breath bear."

Horace, finding it harder to support two than one, soon became tired of his new burden. He however, concealed the cause of his dissatisfaction from his wife, till she one day very plainly told him that she would *shiver him alive*, if he did not reveal the secret of his ill-humour. He, to tantalize her, replied that it was her sister he wanted and not her, and that with her, he never could live in peace. "Why not tell me this in time," exclaimed the indignant Phillis, and forthwith started for the house of her sister and brother-in-law. This worthy couple, also, it seems, had had a little matrimonial jaring that morning, which rendered them the more ready to part, and Virgil declared his perfect willingness to *swap* wives with Horace. That the bargain might be ratified, they started for the house of the latter, but he, to their surprise, declared that he would have neither Phillis nor Flora; he was tired of matrimony; he would have no wife at all. This so vexed Virgil, and excited the indignation of the sisters, that they all three commenced a personal attack on Horace. He resisted, but would probably have been conquered, had it not been for Phillis, whose returning affections induced her to desert the enemy, and take the side of her husband. Seizing a boot-tree, she wielded it with such force as to bring Virgil to the ground. Soon afterwards the peace officers arrived and took them all into custody.

The magistrate ordered them to pay the costs, and go home and settle the matter among themselves, advising each of the men to rest content with his own wife.

XIV. MILLER *vs.* TOMPKINS.

[Commercial Advertiser. New-York.]

"The land I value not, but, *in a matter of right*,
I'd cavil with the devil for the ninth part of a hair!"

This was an action of *trover* and *conversion*, brought to recover the value of a certain *goose*, of which the plaintiff alleged that he was the owner, and which the aforesaid defendant *surreptitiously*, *tortuously*, *unneighbourly*, and without having the fear of—'squire Cunningham before his eyes, had taken, carried away, and to

his own use converted, out of his the said plaintiff's flock. We have not particularly examined the declaration in the case, and do not pretend to vouch for literal accuracy of phraseology. Damages claimed, *seven shillings.* The plaintiff identified his goose, by a good power of witnesses, and shewed particularly, that it had a *slit* between the outside and middle toe of her right foot. Defendant proved the same mark to be on his geese also; and then moreover, and that was enough, that he had six geese sometime ago; that he had but six geese now; that he ought to have six geese, and, slit or no slit, *he would* have six geese. The goose was finally produced on the spot, ushered into the presence of the court, from the mouth of a huge grey bag. It was a well mannered goose. She rolled up her sweet pewter eyes, "like a duck in thunder," most respectfully, on all around, and the court looked wise, and the plaintiff's lawyer looked wicked at the defendant's lawyer, as much as to say, "what think you of that, now?" Defendant's attorney, however, was too old a warrior to be taken by surprise, or give up the field upon a mere demonstration. With the ready resource of a veteran, he challenged his opponent at once, to bring his client's gander, and the plaintiff's gander into court, and rest the whole cause, and the whole right and title to the aforesaid goose, upon the choice she should make of, from, and among the two said ganders, for her paramour; for every goose, concluded the learned counsel, has her *partner* and her *flock.*

"There swims no goose so grey, but soon or late,
"She finds some silly gander for her mate."

The plaintiff's counsel wisely declined the challenge. It was this same libertine gander of the defendant, he continued, that had seduced the plaintiff's goose from her "true lord," the plantiff's gander, at first, unless she had been forcibly taken away, as the declaration alleged; and besides, it was well known that geese, when depraved, like the Indians, by civilization, would wander from their own proper mates, on the 14th of February, every year; and about this time it was, he said,

that the witnessess proved the plaintiff's goose to have been missing. In the pure state of nature, though,

"Ere the base laws of servitude began,
"When wild in woods the noble savage ran,"

this corruption of manners was not known among the feathered race—polygamy and incontinence were not even heard of; every goose had her gander, and had him for life, and the learned counsel knew it. Were that the condition of the goose in question, he would have no objection to rely upon the test proposed. This thunderbolt of natural history, completely staggered the learned counsel opposite. He made a "desperate rally," however, and "came in, in time," but evidently a "sufferer." His honour the judge, equally posed, reserved, as by the statute he has the right, four days for his opinion. The judgement of the court will be noted when given. Whoever "gets the cause," we cannot but be reminded of a story told us in childhood:

"A fiddler, crossing a stream, his fiddle slipped out of its case and was lost in the water. Lamenting his loss when he came upon the shore, a bystander remarked, No, you have not lost your fiddle, don't you see there's your *case in hand?* O, be sure, replied monsieur Crowder, I've *got my case*, but I've lost my fiddle." Ten dollars probably in counsel fees, five in costs, and the goose worth, by plaintiff's own demand, *seven shillings!*

XV. WESTERN WIT.

[Missouri Intelligencer.]

TO THE HONOURABLE THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE STATE OF MISSOURI, THE PETITION OF THE UNDERSIGNED, RESPECTFULLY SHEWETH:

THAT your petitioner, a citizen of this state, and having its interest much at heart, finds himself, in common with others, deeply aggrieved and compelled to resort to your honourable bodies for redress.

Your petitioner is most thoroughly persuaded, that the honour of the state and the happiness of its citizens are staked on the decision that may be had in your deliberative wisdom, on the subject matter of his petition:

and therefore most humbly implores that an ear may be inclined to hear, and an arm extended to remove, the evils and nuisances of which he complains, in the speediest and most efficacious manner.

It is well known to your honourable bodies, that there are some among us who praise *knowledge*, and are endeavouring to exhaust the treasury, and torment the rising generation by the establishment and support of schools. God forbid that any countenance should be shown, by the law-makers of the land to the execrable purpose of teaching youth till they despise their fathers for lack of this same *knowledge*. Your petitioner humbly submits the following reasons to your legislative consideration, hoping that they may have their due weight in exploding the new-fangled notions of modern ages, on the subject of learning and improvement.

1. *Knowledge is a source of vexation.* "He that increaseth knowledge, increaseth trouble," saith the wise man. Our grandfather Adam, lived in happiness till, to acquire knowledge, he ate of the forbbiden tree, and ruined himself and his race. Doctors and lawyers are the excrescences, the fungi, of knowledge; and what is worse than the taking of pills and the unravelling of the labyrinths of the law? The acquisition of knowledge injures the constitution, weakens the body, shortens life, fills the mind with crotchets, lightens the purse, and converts your fat, good-natured, jolly man into a lean, pedantic scarecrow, that always talks by rule. What is there more troublesome and degrading in this free country, than to be subjected to the caprice and the rod of a pedagogue? To be called in from the streets and the prairies, from seeing the light, and breathing the breath of the pure heaven, to the dull monotony of a school-room, the eternal contemplation of some rascally spelling-book and grammar, whose authors may God confound.

2. *Knowledge renders us insecure in our property and persons.* My neighbour knows more than I; therefore, he cheats and abuses me. If we were on the same blessed level of ignorance, neither could have an advantage over the other. The shameful art of reading and writing has ruined thousands, who have not themselves

been possessed of it. What are all these artful rules and distinctions, and laws of civilized society, but the offspring of accursed knowledge and improvement? They are so many traps, nets and gins, entangling and catching us whichever way we turn; and the learned, are like so many spiders, sitting on their webs, purposing to profit by the misfortunes of the poor devil, who should heedlessly be caught by their fine spun devices.

3. *Knowledge is degrading.* In acquiring it, we are under the necessity of relinquishing our freedom; and when we get it, we are converted from honest men into knaves. How much more noble and dignified it is to be above the petty details of science, and to support the character of lords of the creation, by despising all control. Your learned man is a mere artificial being. He has lost the real character of his species, being a compound of the fag-ends, scraps, fragments and habits of all who have gone before him. His body is a kind of substratum, in which meet together the conflicting absurdities of the whole world. His soul, if he has any, is like an old lumber-case, filled with the cast-off clothes of Confucius, Aristotle, and other blackguards of antiquity.

4. *Knowledge is expensive.* Heaven only knows what vast expensive sums are annually laid out for this worse than useless drug in the older nations. The peasant is ground in the dust, that some lord's son may learn the fooleries of a college. So far is this infatuation advanced, that nothing can be now done, without paying for the *knowledge*, which folly deems necessary to its accomplishment. Your honourable bodies know that we, your constituents, do actually pay you individually, for the superiour knowledge which you are wickedly and nefariously supposed to possess.

5. *Knowledge is misery.* May God's curse light on all, who first invented the delusion, and the tormenting perplexities of all science besiege the brain of him, who shall undertake to defend it. Your petitioner, in common with other good and worthy citizens, is, at this very moment, writhing under the agonies of *knowledge.* They *know* that the "times are hard," that money is scarce,

that loan-office paper is no more like money than a poor, starveling, singed cat is like unto a full grown "ring tail panther;" and they do most humbly beg, that this knowledge may be speedily removed far from them.

Your petitioner craves leave to refer your honourable bodies to the Osages, the Shawnees, the Pattawatamies, the Flat-heads, and other tribes of our red brethren, to illustrate and enforce the course of reasoning which he has pursued. Behold, in what happy ignorance of the endless perplexities of our vile institutions, they spend their days, troubled by no birchen rods in boyhood, no sharp corners of the law, no innumerable provisions of statutes in the business of the middle age, and driven to a premature death by no failures of banks, and fluctuations of trade.

Your petitioner desires that the wisdom of the legislature may be shown in the prohibition of all that tends to increase the evils and perplexities with which he is surrounded; and that schools may be forbidden by statute, pedagogues kicked out of the state, and boys turned loose to sport in the prairies, as is fit and becoming among the wise men of the great state of Missouri—and your petitioner will ever pray, &c.

XVI. A SAILOR'S PETITION.

[Morning Chronicle. Baltimore.]

THE following pathetic and humorous petition was actually presented to the legislature of Maryland, on the 20th December, 1805.

TO THE HONOURABLE THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF MARYLAND, NOW ANCHORED IN THE CITY OF ANNAPOLIS.

THE humble petition of poor John Clarke, of the city of Baltimore, shewing to your honours that your unfortunate petitioner, while ploughing the domains of old Neptune, having carried rather taught sails in a stormy weather, the gales of misfortune blowing hard, he overran his reckoning, the watch on deck keeping a bad lookout, he was stranded on the shoals of poverty; soon after, overhauled and made prisoner by the commander

of a press-gang, called the sheriff of Baltimore, and he now lies locked under the hatches in limbo, to the grief of darling Poll, and his sweet little crew, who, since his imprisonment, have been on short allowance. Therefore, your petitioner prays, that your honours will order the hatches to be unbarred by act of insolvency, that his fasts may be cut, he again put to sea on a cruise, in hopes that fortune may prove kind in the distribution of prize-money, and poor Jack once more enabled to cheer the hearts of his darling Poll and her sweet babes—And your petitioner will ever pray.

XVII. STUPIDITY *vs.* GENIUS.

[Inquirer. Nantucket.]

IMPOSTORS and pretenders have swarmed in every age, and will probably continue to be in vogue so long as mankind are determined to pay for being imposed upon.

The present age is not a whit behind any former one in the production of charlatans and mountebanks of every profession. We begin to believe that there is in human nature, some inherent property, which, as it has hitherto preserved, will forever perpetuate, the existence of such illusions. This principle may be discovered in that violent smack for the marvellous which most men naturally possess; and in that consequent readiness to enrich a jack-pudding, who offers some *short cut* to health, wealth or knowledge, rather than to bestow the slighest encouragement on a man of genius and science, who points out the more certain, though less speedy means. So long as this taste for *the astonishing* prevails, the "trade and mystery" of quackery will flourish; the Solomons will grow fat on "Balm of Gilead;" the Wards will line their nests with Asaitic down, and pseudo-politicians, sham-lawyers, and counterfeit-teachers will find ample scope for the display of their sundry crafts.

Another reason for our conclusion aforesaid may be found in the fact that a great portion of mankind are extremely jealous of those whose superior faculties and attainments elevate them an inch above the common level. They cannot, either through envy, or some equally vile

feeling, relish the fruits of learning; but would prefer to associate with kindred ignorance—like the countryman, who fainted at the smell of perfumery, but recovered on having his nose rubbed with horse-dung!

Moreover, the present is a grand labour-saving period; things go by steam—and machinery is contrived to save both manual and intellectual friction. We shall soon have steam grammar and cast iron arithmetic. Professors of all sorts of occult arts are *peregrinating* the country, pointing out the turnpike to universal knowledge, and flourishing their *diplomas*, *certificates*, and *testimonials* from Hagag, Hugag and Scanderbeg. Yesterday, we had a visit from an instructer of the Arosaguntakuk language, who teaches that useful acquirement in three lessons, at only a shilling each. To-day, we have a cheap teacher of penmanship, who is so *busy* that he procures an influential friend to *write* his advertisements. Here is one who proposes, like Dr. Pangloss, to improve our *cacology*, and who, *in short*, can make us perfectly acquainted with stenography in half a lesson. Here is another practitioner, with M. D. and A double S at the fag-end of his *other* names, who will wrench all the grinders from your jaws for *almost nothing*. Another offers to make us thorough proficients in our mother tongue, by means of a grammar machine, which will grind a noun into adjectives, or a verb into participles, in *less than no time*. Another exhibits a grammar-map, delineating the whole perambulations of the nominative case, through its crooked verbal passages, into the case objective. Tomorrow, we expect a still greater genius, who will show us "the mode of catching *gulls*" by means of the *viscus* of impudence; and how to strip off a sheep's fleece by the bare application of a charm called a "RECOMMENDATION."

All these *masters of arts* are generally well paid, while the modest, unassuming man of genuine knowlege, having become an every-day acquaintance, ceases to claim our favour. He may exhaust his time, his property, his genius, in attempts to add something to the general stock of science, and he meets no praise, no support, no recompense.

XIX. IMPORTANT DUEL.

[Gazette. Washington.]

" He who fights and runs away,
" May live to fight another day."

THE attention of the good people of this metropolis, has been considerably excited by an " affair of honour," which lately took place in this vicinity, and which the fates had decreed to be less bloody than was to be expected; " all conquering love" was supposed by many, and confidently believed, to have been the prime cause of the ruthless contention. Discord and love seemed to have conspired to send two fearless rivals to the Stygian shades, and fame had already sharpened her pen to record their " deeds of arms," when it was supposed by many, that Pallas dropt down from her etherial realm and turned the " whizzing deaths" aside, unwilling that the services of two of her most hopeful children, should be thus lost to mankind.

More discriminating wiseacres, however, have derived another cause, and fearlessly assert that the quarrel has a " political complexion," and the knowing ones have hinted, rather obscurely, that the next presidential election depended in a great measure, upon the issue of the rencontre. This question, however, we shall leave to the sagacity of those, whose peculiar province it is, to pry into the dark recesses of political intrigue, and " drag the struggling monsters forth to-day."

The parties were two " highly respectable" coloured gentlemen, Quashee and Sambo, both of whom were particularly distinguished in the way in which their respective geniuses led them. Quashee, had rendered himself famous as a powerful " bruiser," and Sambo was not less famous for his untiring loquacity and exhilirating powers of oratory. Often in council, had he stood first among the foremost, while the thunders of Demosthenean eloquence poured from his lips, like a resistless torrent, striking his impotent adversaries dumb, and carrying unqualified conviction in its course.

Whatever might have excited the resentment of Quashee, he doubtless felt that his honour had received a stain which could only be erased by the blood of Sam-

bo, "though in the trade of war he had slain men," yet, in the true spirit of chivalry, he wished to take no undue advantage of his antagonist, and therefore challenged him to meet him, in single combat, six months from that day, that he might be duly prepared for the conflict; but in the mean time, the fact must remain a profound *secret* except to the *intimate friends* of the parties. It was feared in the interim that the fact had leaked out; but the eventful day at length arrived, and in spite of their friends, they met—they fought. They were armed in a genteel and fashionable manner, that is to say, with "hair-triggers," Quashee, disdaining to avail himself of his superior physical force, by giving him what is vulgarly called a sound drubbing, as those less sensible to the dictates of honour would have done.

The parties took their positions, and the word was given to fire. Sambo, knowing the prowess of Quashee, and feeling, in the present case, that "delays are dangerous," in his eagerness to have the first shot, turned about with such rapidity, that he whirled too far by about ninety degrees, and, mistaking his second for his opponent, fired instantly, and had his skill been equal to his intrepidity, it is probable the shot would have been fatal; but he luckily escaped unhurt, the ball having only demolished a glass bottle which stood on the ground near his feet, containing some cordials, which had been provided in case they should be called for by any emergency.

Quashee finding himself unhurt, now put in requisition his collected energies, and with the determined coolness and valour of the Telamonian Ajax, with certain vengeance in his grasp, (having Sambo like the Lemnean hydra beneath the club of Hercules,) took his accustomed sure unerring aim—and Sambo fell. Quashee felt puissant as the Olympian lover, but he was acquainted with the chances of war and like Ulysses, he was not less prudent than brave; he therefore determined like a good general, not to lose any favourable opportunity, and he resolved to have another shot at Sambo before he had time to rise, through fear that the first had been ineffectual. It might be urged, to the discredit of

Quashee, that his intention was not in strict conformity to the laws of chivalry, but it cannot be denied that this was the true Machiavelian policy. Fortunately, however, the seconds, who had been considerably alarmed for their personal safety by the first shot, succeeded in preventing further bloodshed, representing to Quashee that his well earned laurels would fall from his brow, were he to attack his fallen enemy. Quashee, who feared that such another opportunity might never again occur, was very reluctant to comply, growling like a hungry lion, when his prey has escaped from his relentless grasp. Sambo's wound was not mortal.

Neither party was satisfied, though both were probably willing to avoid another engagement. Sambo contended that he had not an equal chance, not having had a dram during the whole morning, while Quashee had been stuffing his skin with numerous potations of peach brandy; besides, he was constantly rubbing his hands and face with a pocket handkerchief steeped in gunpowder and whiskey. This accusation Quashee indignantly repelled, taking it for a direct assault upon his reputation for courage. He stated upon his honour that the handkerchief had been borrowed from Miss Dinah, and that it was only perfumed with burgamot, to counteract any noxious effluvia, that might be occasioned by the contest; that Sambo, in making such an assertion, proved himself "no gentleman." Quashee regretted very much that he had condescended to fight with a man of such a character; but that if Mungo, the second of Sambo, would furnish incontestible evidence, that he was himself a gentleman, Quashee would have no objection to give him a shot.

The correspondence between the parties would have been sent herewith, but a school-master in the neighbourhood has consented to give it a polish, the parties not being very conversant in those matters, or a meeting, no doubt, would have been avoided. The correspondence will fully evince that honour and sensibility are confined to no situation or colour.

——— "Reputation—that's man's idol,
"Set up 'gainst God, the maker of all laws,

"Who has commanded us we shall not kill
"And yet we say we must for reputation?"

BEN JOHNSON.

N. B. Sambo is "is perfectly comfortable and doing well."

XX. GULLING.

[Observer. Salem.]

"I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it; knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence." SHAK.—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

THE custom of dedicating any article of sale, or invention, to those, who have been pleased to patronize it by their gracious approbation, which so generally prevails within the precincts of a royal court, seldom fails of incurring our ridicule. When we see it officially announced, that Mr. A. is appointed a peruke-maker to his majesty, and Mr. B. by special permission, is to be maker of lozenges, and candle-provider to her serene highness, we deem it our prerogative to smile on the occasion. We do not consider that there are many of our own peculiarities equally open to ridicule, and which have not even the shadow of an apology for their support. The rights and privileges of royal patronage seem, in some degree, essential to the parade, if not existence, of his court. But with all their farcical display of patronage, the advertisements of the English court-dependants are not, in this respect, more ridiculous, than many of those puffing credentials, which our own learned men so indiscriminately bestow on every thing submitted to their inspection.

The inventor of a threshing machine, or a new theory of the earth, of improved blacking or improved grammar, a compounder of systems, or a compounder of pills, have each a peculiar patron, selected for his literary titles, to whom a public reference is made for the qualities ascribed to the subject of invention. It would seem, that a certificate of approbation from an A.M. LL.D. or D.D. was absolutely essential to a smooth chin, or a good cup of coffee. If it is so, then farewell to the en-

joyment of our morning pleasures. We often indulge ourselves with a full bowl of *cafe du Bourbon*, and it is with no small degree of *gout*, that we imbibe its savoury elements; but alas, this innocent enjoyment is now to be withheld from us; our coffee is not *Columbian*, and therefore it cannot claim the recommendation of the governour. We frequently pay a morning visit to the knight of the comb and razor, to obtain relief from that torment of manhood, a beard; but now, the bristled sedge must flourish unshorn in spite of the "*magnum bonum*" and "Dutch rattler," for they are not edged on "Pomeroy's improved strap," so warmly recommended by a college professor. If physic is necessary for our bodily comforts, it must first be approved by the learned judges of the land, who deem it no derogation from their honours, to become the patrons of a pill box.

> They leave the bench, to judge their drops and pills,
> Whose patent powers can cure all human ills.

What, a governour to descend from the chair of state, to assume the office of herald to a coffee vender!—a judge to decide on the merits of a pill! and a learned professor to enroll his name on the mortal tablet of a razor-strap case! These separate offices seem, in our humble apprehension, so utterly incompatible with each other, that we should consider it impossible for them to be faithfully administered by the same person. It is true, that in the paucity of *dramatis personæ*, of a village theatre, we have seen buskined royalty disguised in a candle snuffer, and a *cidevant* princess reduced to her proper person, a chambermaid. But surely, amidst the varieties of character, that may be found in the community, there can be no necessity for our governours, judges, and professors to become the genii of domestic coffee-makers, pill-compounders, and barber's blocks.

We are willing to trust either of those gentlemen, in recommending any work belonging to their peculiar departments, but in the mysteries of the kitchen, mortar or pestle, or barber's trade, we hope it will not be deemed derogatory to their character, if we do suggest doubts of their being competent standards of public opinion. Certain we are, that our coffee, especially if do

mestic, would not be a whit more palatable from the circumstance, that a governour has publickly recommended it; and we should hardly rely with more confidence on the efficacy of that sovereign specific, for all maladies, a pill, because a judge has pronounced a judgement in its favour, and we should anticipate no smoother chin, from a razor rubbed, *secundum artem*, on a college professor's favourite strap.

This system, of puffing by authority, is mere gulling. Names of distinguished men are used for the purpose of securing the sale of any article in the market, with as little ceremony, as a sportsman would use in springing woodcocks. Be it a washing machine, or a cooking apparatus, a steam engine or improved rat-trap, some name of eminence must be subscribed to its "*probatum est*," or its public utility will never be duly valued.

There is another custom which is, in some degree, assimilated to this, and which seems quite as ridiculous; we mean the rendering, to the ex-presidents of the United states, annual tithes of the first fruits, that are forced by a July sun, and ardent temperament, from young professional scions. These premature productions are generally too insipid, and can never be preserved in a fit state to suit such delicate palates.

The exemption of all letters and addresses, to these honourable gentlemen from post charges, has often times proved a luckless act for their patience. Congress could not have anticipated the perversion of their frank, to a passport for the numerous orations, that are annually engendered by the warmth of July and liberty, or it certainly would have made some provision, against this imposition on the people's pockets, and the ex-presidents' patience.

Indeed, this custom seems to us, like "carrying coals to Newcastle;" and we hope, it will be carefully avoided by all future orators, who may be called on, in course, to spout the flames of liberty, and blood of revolutionary patriots, till their history shall cease to be outraged by an incorrect recital.

XXI. DIFFICULTY OF PLEASING EVERY BODY.

[Inquirer. Nantucket.]

Truths would you teach to save a sinking land,
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.

I HAVE often felt a strong degree of sympathy for those unfortunate individuals who are obliged to delve in the mire of popularity for subsistence, or even for amusement. The task of pleasing every body is attended with a thousand circumstances of difficulty, of hazard, and of mortification, which, to a mind at all affected by outward events, are peculiarly painful and wearisome. If your attempts miscarry, you have your labour for your pains, and no thanks for your good will; should success crown one experiment, you are not insured against a failure of the next—and thus a succession of anxious hopes or trying fears, of humiliating discomfitures or doubtful rewards, is the certain portion of all those who have the temerity to aim at serving what is called the "public in general."

The class of public servants most exposed to these capricious casualties, is composed of authors and editors —of those who write, and those who publish works calculated for the immediate perusal of their masters, the community; and subject to be handled by characters of all descriptions—to be turned over and over—to be picked, garbled and smelled at by every pudding-witted oaf, as well as by that rare phenomenon, the candid critic.

A partial illustration of these facts was afforded me not long since. My niece, Miss Lavinia Laurelia Leatherlip, dropped in at my study the other afternoon, attended by three top-knotted ladies in full convoy. Miss Lavinia is not yet an old maid, for she has been only twenty-nine these ten years—her companions are ditto, all having been *brought out* during the last century, and belonging to "the class of 1799."

After exchanging questions about each other's health, without waiting for answers, and informing each other that the weather was pleasant, but rather dry, the next topic in course related to the newspaper. Upon my

word, began Miss Terpsichore Touch-me-not, things have taken a pretty stand; here, I sent a piece to the printer about old bachelors, and he hasn't touched to print it—did you *ever?* Why, la, answered my niece aforesaid, I think there's enough of such stuff printed; there's something about old maids in almost every paper—not that it concerns *me*—I don't take any part to myself *yet*. Nor I, interrupted Miss Amanda Allspice; but there *was* something in a paper the other day, that I know was meant for me, and I know who wrote it, for it was signed with an O—and I think these personalities are shameful and shocking to the last degree. The other *young* lady, whose name I have forgotten, replied that she also had been considerably disturbed on account of the same piece, and had demanded of the printer's boy, the name of its author, when he pulled out of his pocket an old paper published away up among the Indians in the western country, containing the obnoxious article. But she said it was not fair even to *republish* it. In this manner the whole company continued to urge new complaints, and to state "sins of omission and commission," until they naturally instigated each other into sundry exhibitions of displeasure—yea, they waxed exceedingly warm; their talk became so furiously voluble and their feathers so violently agitated, that the scene resembled a whole commonwealth of hens, rumpled and flustered into a most garrulous and hysterical cackle.

The conclusion of the whole matter however, was, that they should unanimously withdraw their patronage from the paper; which, indeed, must be a serious loss to the printer; for they took a *whole one* between them. How the affair would have terminated had there been two dissentients, I am not able to divine. It is a question worthy of the most profound investigation; no judgement upon which could be considered decisive short of that of the supreme court.

But misfortunes seldom come alone—these are not all the mischiefs that befal those who attempt to please every body. A gentleman declared in my hearing, a few days since, that he should "drop the paper" if there was to be so much in it concerning religion.

Another, a merchant, expressed his dissatisfaction at the advertisements and ship-news. A third, avowed that he would take it no longer, because some *amiable indiscretions* had been exposed, in which his conscience accused him of a participation. And one pious character actually ordered his paper to be discontinued, because he conceived himself to be aimed at in certain communications which he did not mean to trouble himself to refute, wisely concluding, that, if he did not read the paper, his mind would remain undisturbed by any farther pops at his favourite foible; though there can be no doubt of his determination to *borrow* every future number.

I could enumerate many similar instances of groundless dissatisfaction and disingenuous censure. What I have adduced, is sufficient to prove that he who aspires to please every body, is sure to please nobody—and in the belief of this axiom, I take leave of my readers.

XXII. COMMENCEMENT AT YALE COLLEGE.

[Pilot. New-Haven.]

"SEPTEMBER," says one Mr. Peacham, "is drawn with a merry and cheerful countenance, in a purple robe." Such, indeed, is the general character of the month. But how shall we personify this present *Tertius Idus* of the Romans; this grand gala-day of the university; this holiday to the young; this jolly day to the old; this fair day of tradesmen, and this trading day of the fair; this time of merry-meetings and heart beatings; handshakings and heart-achings; greetings and sweet things—but we leave the question to be answered by minds more fanciful, and proceed to our proposed narration.

The dawn was ushered in, as usual, by chiming all the great bells of the city—an ambiguous but economic method, much in vogue, of *arousing* the attention of our drowsy citizens to these festive anniversaries, as well as the less joyful scenes of fires and funerals. This is generally continued until every possible change is rung out, and every sensation of somnolency is wrung out with them. Nothing uncommon intervened until the clock

tolled eight, when, like bees at the sound of bell-metal, myriads of fantastic creatures, in showy scarlet, orange, or azure array, burst forth from every portal. The time was peculiarly calculated for displaying the rare attractions of this city of groves. The enlivening beam was glancing gaily "on tower and tree" and gilded the bright tall tapering spire of the meeting-house, whither so many nimble feet were pressing. Oh! it was sweet to see the thousand sylph-like forms twinkling through the boughs of the venerable elms which stand between us and the brightest emerald spot of green-sward in the world. About nine o'clock, the procession began to move from the college-yard. The foremost leaders of the train, or, as Shakspeare calls them, "the great toes of the assembly," were sundry skipping youth, with red or blue ribbands in their button-holes, whose ambling gait was amusingly contrasted with the decorous air of their seniors, or the still more dignified carriage of the faculty, who followed with a numerous retinue of alumni at their backs; all valiant trenchermen, and equally renowned at the lip-labour exercises of the *boards and the board.* After divers manœuvres, by dint of turning inside out, the extended line, like a wounded snake, "dragged its slow length along" through the crowd, into the meeting-house.

Then—and what then, sir? I can as well be hanged as tell—we were lost in the rabblement before the doors. Suddenly there was a rush—a squeeze—a clatter; in an instant we were raised from off our feet, and precipitately borne along by some powerful agency, until we were safely set down in the centre of the building. We barely had time to glance around on the glorious assemblage of beauty—the crowded aisles—the motley throng of the galleries, and the ranks of alabaster worthies, with reverence be it spoken, who adorn the stage, when our attention was diverted to securing a copy of the themes, which were scattered like Sybilline leaves in every direction. A solemn prayer succeeded; then melody like the sweet south, and finally, the set speeches of Yale's best prosemen; but, whose oration was most "coldly correct and classically dull," and who in the

dialogue "wore their daggers with the braver grace," we will not hazard our pretensions to taste by asserting.

It was at the merry hour of noon, when the procession returned in state to the college banqueting room, where a gorgeous festival is spread by the steward, and where every graduate is a welcome guest. This classic revel is a busy time for the sewers. The mighty meal was soon carved; many a ruddy flask went, and there was quite as much quaffing and laughing as was creditable to the character of the institution. Indeed, the sight of so many chins in motion, some discussing small talk and some small beer—some immersed in a mealy waste of pudding, and some struggling with heartier viands, was a literal exemplification of the old English proverb,

"Tis merry in the hall,
When beards wag all."

The afternoon exercises, which are similar to those of the morning, being over, the degrees were conferred. "This ceremony," to use the words of a writer who knows well how to describe it, "is a very popular one, and to say the truth, it was no small amusement to see the different air of different men, as they marched up, (rank to rank) in alphabetical order. Some went sheepishly and some boldly; some calmly and some hurriedly; some were silly enough to look as if the exaltation and the display were above their merits. Some who had passed the hey-day of their life, and some who had absolutely *dimmed* themselves with study, marched quietly and coolly as if to something they well and truly deserved. Some walked gravely and demurely as a young priest in a procession; some tripping as men in a masque, and some, the most amusing of all, had a kind of consequential swagger, and made all kinds of comical faces, intended to express dignity. Some were of so astringent an aspect, that they seemed like men walking to their own execution—or, as a Limerick student observed, to *their own* funeral!

"The pomp is at an end—the crowds are gone."

The day is over—and, thank heaven, so is our account of it. It will be full twelve months before we undertake another.

XXIII. SHAKING HANDS.*

[Daily Advertiser. Boston.]

MR. EDITOR,

THERE are few things of more common occurrence than shaking hands; and yet I do not recollect that much has been speculated upon the subject. I confess, when I consider to what unimportant and futile concerns the attention of writers and readers has been directed, I am surprised that no one has been found to *handle* so important a subject as this; and attempt to give the public a rational view of the doctrine and discipline of shaking hands. It is a subject, on which I have myself theorized a good deal, and I beg leave to offer you a few remarks on the origin of the practice, and the various forms in which it is exercised.

I have been unable to find in the ancient writers, any distinct mention of *shaking hands*. They followed the heartier practice of hugging or embracing, which has not wholly disappeared among grown persons in Europe, and children in our own country, and has unquestionably the advantage on the score of cordiality. When the ancients trusted the business of salutation to the hands alone, they *joined* but did not *shake* them; and although I find frequently such phrases as *jungere dextras hospitio*, I do not recollect to have met with that of *agitare dextras*. I am inclined to think that the practice grew up in the ages of chivalry, when the cumbrous iron mail, in which the knights were cased, prevented their embracing; and when, with fingers clothed in steel, the simple touch or joining of the hands would have been but cold welcome; so that a prolonged junction was a natural resort, to express cordiality; and as it would have been awkward to keep the hands unemployed in this position, a gentle agitation or shaking might have been naturally introduced. How long the practice may have remained in this incipient stage, it is impossible, in

* This article appeared originally in the Boston Daily Advertiser of September 13, 1820. In the course of the year 1823, it has been published in a London paper as *original*, and republished in many American papers, without notice of the *fraud*. ED.

the silence of history, to say; nor is there any thing in the Chronicles, in Philip de Comines, or the Byzantine historians, which enables us to trace the progress of the art, into the forms in which it now exists among us.

Without therefore availing myself of the privilege of theorists to supply by conjecture the absence of history or tradition, I shall pass immediately to the enumeration of these forms:

1. The *pump-handle* shake is the first, which deserves notice. It is executed by taking your friend's hand, and working it up and down, through an arc of fifty degrees, for about a minute and a half. To have its nature, force and character, this shake should be performed with a fair steady motion. No attempt should be made to give it grace, and, still less, vivacity; as the few instances, in which the latter has been tried, have uniformly resulted in dislocating the shoulder of the person, on whom it has been attempted. On the contrary, persons, who are partial to the *pump-handle* shake, should be at some pains to give an equable, tranquil movement to the operation, which should on no account be continued, after perspiration on the part of your friend has commenced.

2. The *pendulum* shake may be mentioned next, as being somewhat similar in character; but moving, as the name indicates, in a horizontal, instead of a perpendicular direction. It is executed by sweeping your hand horizontally toward your friend's, and after the junction is effected, rowing with it, from one side to the other according to the pleasure of the parties. The only caution in its use, which needs particularly to be given, is not to insist on performing it in a plane, strictly parallel to the horizon, when you meet with a person, who has been educated to the *pump-handle* shake. It is well known that people cling to the forms, in which they have been educated, even when the substance is sacrificed in adhering to them. I had two uncles, both estimable men, one of whom had been brought up in the *pump-handle* shake, and another had brought home the *pendulum*, from a foreign voyage. They met, joined hands, and attempted to put them in motion. They were

neither of them feeble men. One endeavoured to pump, and the other to paddle; their faces reddened—the drops stood on their foreheads; and it was, at last, a pleasing illustration of the doctrine of the composition of forces, to see their hands slanting into an exact diagonal; in which line they ever after shook—but it was plain to see, there was no cordiality in it; and, as is usually the case with compromises, both parties were discontented.

3. The *tourniquet shake* is the next in importance. It derives its name from the instrument made use of by surgeons, to stop the circulation of the blood, in a limb about to be amputated. It is performed by clasping the hand of your friend, as far as you can, in your own, and then contracting the muscles of your thumb, fingers and palm, till you have induced any degree of compression you may propose, in the hand of your friend. Particular care ought to be taken, if your own hand is as hard and as big as a *frying-pan*, and that of your friend as small and soft as a young maiden's, not to make use of the tourniquet shake to the degree that will force the small bones of the wrist out of place. It is also seldom safe to apply it to gouty persons. A hearty young friend of mine, who had pursued the study of geology, and acquired an unusual hardness and strength of hand and wrist, by the use of the hammer, on returning from a scientific excursion, gave his gouty uncle the tourniquet shake, with such severity, as reduced the old gentleman's fingers to powder; for which my friend had the pleasure of being disinherited, as soon as his uncle's fingers got well enough to hold a pen.

4. The *cordial grapple* is a shake of some interest. It is a hearty, boisterous agitation of your friend's hand, accompanied with moderate pressure, and loud, cheerful exclamations of welcome. It is an excellent travelling shake, and well adapted to make friends. It is indiscriminately performed.

5. The *Peter Grevious touch* is opposed to the *cordial grapple*. It is a pensive, tranquil junction, followed by a mild subsultary motion, a cast down look, and an inarticulate inquiry after your friend's health.

6. The *prude major* and *prude minor* are nearly monopolized by ladies. They cannot be accurately described, but are constantly to be noticed in practice. They never extend beyond the fingers; and the prude major allows you to touch even them only down to the second joint. The prude minor gives you the whole of the fore-finger. Considerable skill may be shown in performing these, with nice variations, such as extending the left hand, instead of the right, or stretching a new glossy kid glove over the finger you extend.

I might go through a long list, sir, of the *gripe royal*, the *saw-mill* shake, and the shake *with malice prepense*; but these are only factitious combinations of the three fundamental forms already described, as the *pump-handle*, the *pendulum*, and the *tourniquet*: as the *loving pat*, the *reach romantic*, and the *sentimental clasp*, may be reduced in their main movements to various combinations and modifications of the cordial grapple, Peter Greivous touch, and the prude major and minor. I should trouble you with a few remarks, in conclusion, on the mode of shaking hands, as an indication of characters, but I see a friend coming up the avenue, who is addicted to the *pump-handle*. I dare not tire my wrist by further writing.

XXIV. THE CRAB AND THE OYSTER.

[Mercury. New-Bedford.]

"To youthful breasts where soft emotions rove,
"How animating is the theme of love!"

A Crab there was, a dashing young blade,
And he was in love with a Lobster maid,
But the Lobster maid was a terrible prude,
And she told her mama that the Crab was rude.

Said her dear mama, "pray what did he do?
"Did he give you a kiss, or a billet doux?"
"Oh, no," said she, "with a toss of her head:
"But he ogles me so—'tis so shocking ill-bred,
"That I vow, if he still persist in his suit,
"I'll box the ears of the impudent brute."

But an Oyster dandy saw the maid,
"Oh, split me!" said he, "miss, if I am afraid!"

So tighter he braced his corset shell,
And strutted away with a Bond-street swell.

And he told the maid, as he twirled his seal,
"He would die at her feet, if a dandy could kneel."
"Oh sir," said she, "since that cannot be,
You know you can hang yourself on a tree."
And the Oyster raved—"but no," said she,
"You never shall die of scorn for me."

So she gave him her ruby red hand to kiss,
And he felt like a fish in a sea of bliss;
But the Crab he cocked his hat in their faces,
And challanged the Oyster to fight at two paces.

The ground was marked, and they took their stand,
And a Barnacle gave the word of command.
They took their aim—and the Oyster fell!
But, alas, the worst of the tale is to tell;
For while he weltering lay in his shell,
A giddy young Muscle, that passed that way,
And saw the end of the fatal affray,
Declared that the Lobster's love was a sham,
For he had just seen her married that morn to a Clam.

XXV. SAM JONES.

A PARODY ON THE KNIGHT ERRANT.

[Republican Savannah.]

It was Sam Jones, the fisherman, was bound for Sandy-Hook,
But first upon his almanack a solemn oath he took;
And grant the tide may only serve, was still a prayer of Sam's—
That I may have good luck to night and catch a load of clams.

His vow thus made, he took a spike and wrote it on the door;
And off he sail'd for Sandy-Hook, along the Jersey shore!
When faithful to his promise, there he only took two drams!
Be honoured sober Sammy Jones, that catched a load of clams.

They owe the luxury to his tongues, and Kitty Crammer said,
"The man that work'd so hard last night, shall never want for bread—
In yonder hut we both will live as innocent as lambs,
For thou art sure the greatest man that ever fished for clams."

And then before the nearest 'squire, they tied the marriage noose,
Which is a thing that death has power alone to set it loose;
And all the folks near Sandy-Hook, and every friend of Sam's,
Cried "honoured be the greatest man that ever fish'd for clams."

XXVI. PETER TWINK.

A PARODY ON A PARODY.

[Essex Register. Salem.]

'TwAs Peter Twink, aunt Thompson's son, set out for Montserrat,
But first he drank a quart of gin, though none the more for that;
And by the great John Bull, he cried, for Peter never swore.
Till I have sold my loading off, you'll never see me more.

Now Peter had a barrow got, and by his aunt's desire,
He fill'd it up with eggs and cheese, and jugs of liquid fire,
And forth from Clam-shell-alley then right bravely sallied he,
And soon he reached the tented field in Upper Beverly.

And now, quoth Peter, here I am, let him who wants, begin—
And here am I, Poll Rankins cried, I want a glass of gin;
Now Polly had a round red face, which some in fun have said
Looks somewhat like a washing tub, and some, a cabbage-head!

And when she laugh'd, which (heaven be praised) was very seldom seen,
'Twas cut in two, and four long teeth came sticking out between;
O'ertopping this, her yellow hair hung tangling down her neck,
And children asked, as well they might, what carrots were a peck!

Across her broad capacious back, a tattered shawl was thrown,
On which three tom-cats long had slept, and mark'd it as their own.
And then her eye—with two such eyes the world had been undone,
So old dame Nature wisely chose the jade should have but one.

Now Peter had a thumping dram, prepared with matchless skill,
Which Polly took without ado, and drank with right good will,
And giving then her lips a smack, with tears of joy she said,
The lad that can such toddy make, by me shall be repaid;

For fifty years are past and gone since I my course begun,
And from henceforth, know all the world, we two shall be but one.
If you're in earnest then, we will, the trembling Peter cried,
As with a laugh-provoking phiz, he turned his head aside,
And arm in arm they started off their recent match to close,
But where they went, or how they fare, the d—l only knows.

XXVII. THE SHAM ACTION.

[New-Hampshire Sentinel. Keene.]

'Twas autumn and the day was bright—
Well armed the soldiers were and brave,
With *powder* furnished for a fight—
If noise and smoke such name may have,
A *sham-fight* called throughout the land
By men the highest in command!

My Sunday-clothes I hurried on,
And hied me to the "tented field,"
To see a battle lost or won—
To see troops conquer, run, or yield:
For then I doubted not there'd be
Some awful "*tugs of war*" to see.

There muskets glistened, bright and clean,
And swords gleamed terribly to view—
The deep-mouthed cannon there was seen,
And deadly rifles, always true!
With pistols, such as wounded Mac,
When Cumming shot him in the back!*

Great folks were there, with epaulette
On shoulder, big as bruin's paw—
With feathers in their bonnets set,
As large as e'er old Priam saw;
Badges of office, called, to show,
To what high honours some may grow!

There too, were buxom lasses fair,
In front of where the army stood—
And oft I turned to ogle there,
The charming creatures looked so good—
For well I ween on such a day,
There's nought looks prettier than they!

Some held their sweet-hearts by the hand,
Some unattended tripped alone—
My heart was not at my command,
Or I had caught one for my own—
For nothing ever thrilled so sweet,
As when our ogling chanced to meet!

But hark! the stunning cannon's roar!
Platoons of musquetry we hear—
Columns of solid smoke now pour
Along contending van and rear;—

* Alluding to a recent *series* of sham duels between two honourable gentlemen of the south. Ed.

Beware ! for hearts and heads are broke
With weapons lighter far than smoke !

Now hear the colonel's loud command—
The squads, obedient, retire,
Reload, then wheel—march up and stand,
Make ready, aim, and *snap*—or fire !
Had there been bullets in each gun,
Zounds !—many must have fell—or run !

Lo ! from the wood, with horrid yell,
The *sham*-made savage bounds in sight,
And like the soldiery of H—ll,
Exulting, joins the blood—less fight !
Though Indian dressed, and painted skin,
There's savage *out*-side less than *in* !

Now, now the battle rages hot,
Shrill bugles scream—sharp sabres clash,
Some victim trembles every shot,
And soldiers quake at every flash !
For who 'till now did ever see
Such fighting and such rivalry !

Long they contend—hard is the fight,
The ring of sword and scimitar,
The battle's roar, from left to right,
Is heard in awful din afar !
Nor thinks a man to shrink or tail,
'Till strength or ammunition fail.

Then ends the fray—they leave the field,
And if a conquest or retreat—
If either conquer, either yield,
Is known to only those that beat !
But 'twas a glorious sight, to see
Such smoke, and sweat and chivalry !

XXVIII. THE GATHERING.*

IN IMITATION OF BURNS.

[Observer. Salem.]

THE light just streaked the eastling blue
When ilka street and neuk was fu'

* To enable the reader to understand fully this *Jeu d'esprit*, it may be remarked that, on the morning of a late review at "Tapley's Brook," in Danvers, while a Salem regiment was *forming*, another from Beverly marched by, *ready formed*, and that the former, to be first on the ground, found it necessary to march, *quick time*, a little sooner than was otherwise intended. ED.

Of skelpin chiefs, wha tried to show
A warlike look;
While they gaed to the grand review
At Tapley's brook.

Now ilka lad, in cap and feather,
Wi' nerves weel braced wi' straps o' leather,
Fu' boldly marched in troops thegither,
In fierce array,
A' joyed to find sic pleasant weather,
For training day.

At bugle call, the troops convene—
And weel I wot they a' looked clean;
The state did gie their claes, so sheen,
Wi' liberal hand.
Mars cannot find more friends, I ween,
Throughout the land.

The auld and young, of ilka callin',
In order close were made to fall in;
Aiblins, to drown the unco bawlin'
O' bletherin' louns,
Fu' twenty drummers 'gan their rawlin',
Wi' doolful souns.

Wi' bugles playing, banners fleeing,
Fu' brave each sodier lad was speeing
His neebor's nose, by which agreeing
The line was strait.
'Twad make ane fierce, by only seeing
Sic gallant gate.

Anither clan, sa fate had sealed,
Gaed by, as ours did lea'e the field,
And sae, wi' flying colours, wheeled
Between them twa.
Ah! muckle skin, I wat, was peeled
Fra' heels that day.

Gin ye had seen them scower the street,
Like bounding deers, and fu' at fleet,
You'd thought the de'il been in their feet,
Or in each head.
The chiefs kent na', by this strange feat,
Wha's troops they led.

Determined each, by hook or crook,
The first to be at Tapley's Brook,
It is na' strange the laddies took
Their sprattling leap.
Fu' weel I ken they a' did look
Like frightened sheep.

And as they gaed to muster ground,
Fu' many a lass's head turned round,
To see her bonnie sodger crowned
Wi' powthered head;
For syne so spruce her lad is found,
She vowed to wed.

'Tis lang syne crowds, like these, were seen,
Baith young and auld, wi' glowerin' een,
And chiels and hizzies, too, I ween,
Did rin in haste.
Ane wife wi' squattling chittering wean,
And some ainmaist.

Unlike some troops, the bard has seen,
Maist a' had guns, wi' barrels sheen,
And stocks, and locks wi' touch-holes clean,
And flints and steels,
Yet in the ranks were some, I ween,
Less carefu' chiels.

Ye wha ha' been at Waterloo,
Where fast the fatal bullets flew,
To fill wi' heaps of bones each sleugh,
Ha' seen a sight,
Which was na' brought again to view
By this day's fight.

'Mid clouds o' smeek the squadrons reeled,
In ingle blaze they unskaithed wheeled,
Where rattling guns, like thunder, pealed;
And yet 'tis true,
That nane were killed, as on the field
O' Waterloo.

Now soon the march for hame is ta'en,
By a', wha could march straight alane;
But many a ane did there remain
Till next day's light,
Wha feared to see their hame again,
In sic a plight.

* * * *

'Tis mirk! the guns have ceased their roaring,
And ilka chief in bed is snoring,
Whose pow, that day, was proudly soaring,
And scorned to jouk.
The muse must stop—night's curtain's lowering
Owre Tapley's Brook.

XXIX. VISIT TO THE COTTON FACTORIES.

[Manufacturers' and Farmers' Journal. Providence.]

Did you ever go down to Pawtucket?
Good Lord! what a buzzing it makes!
Like fifty live crabs in a bucket!
What a darned sight of cotton it takes!

What a whirling and splashing! I never
Did see such a racket afore!
And then that 'ere up and down river,
My stars! how the water does roar!

By George! what a nation of spindles!
And mill-wheels all whirling around,
Some of them in garrets or houses,
And some of them down under ground!

Our factory! I vow, 'tis a smasher!
'Tis pretty near flat on the top.
You might put our house here right up on it
And Uncle Sam's saw-mill and shop!

I walked round a while, and went in it,
Then, whew! what a terrible buz!
I swagger! 'twas more than a minute,
Before I could tell where I was!

Confound it. You never could hear there.
A body might stand still and bawl!
I believe you might stay a full year there,
And find something new, after all!

I snore! why it does beat all nature!
Such oceans of pickers and reels!
My conscience! how can they contrive it
To tend all them spindles and wheels?

And then, such great piles of spun cotton!
As big as a common sized mow!
By jings! if my eyes had not seen it,
I would not believe it, I swow!

XXX. VISIT TO UNCLE SAM'S THANKSGIVING.

[Observer. Brooklyn.]

Did you ever go up to thanksgiving?
I swaggers! what oceans of cakes!
Confounded fine lots of good living,
What a darn'd sight of *'lasses* it takes.

By jolly! what *desput* great chickens!
As big as old roosters, I van!
And turkeys as fat as the *dickens*,
I never did see such, I swan!

And then there's the gravy and *tatur*,
Gaul darn it! how mealy and fat!
And puddings! it does beat all *nater!*
I could not get one in my hat.

My stars! what a thundering great pie!
Made right out of pumpkins, I guess;
I wonder 'f the crust 's made of rye!
I snuggers! I'll eat a *whole mess.*

By thunder! only just look o' here,
And see what a big gob of plums!
And cake full *o' lasses*, oh dear!
'Od rot it! how it sticks to my gums!

And then there's the fiddling and dancing
And *gals!* all as *cute* as a whistle!
The fellows are kicking and prancing,
Their legs are as limber as gristle.

By mighty! if there a'n't our Sal,
Jumps up and down like a grasshopper!
Gosh zucks! what's got into the *gal!*
I don't 'spose the *divil* can stop her.

By the powers of mud! how they *blow it*,
What darn'd *curious* capers! I swow!
Oh I wish I knew *how to go it*,
I'd kick up a bobbery, I vow.

XXXV. EZEKIEL AND THE DEACON.

[Farmers' and Manufacturers' Journal. Providence.]

THERE's something very curious in the manner
In which you can twist words into rhymes,
Single and double;
To see how one thing with another chimes;
That is, if you have not wit enough to plan a
Story, or something ele to write about,
Without
Much trouble.

Suppose we try it now. One ASA STOKES,
One of those men whom every thing provokes,
A surly-tempered, evil-minded, bearish,
Ill-natured kind of being;
He was the deacon of the parish,

"Very cold weather, deacon Stokes, to night."
"Begone, you vile,
Insolent dog; or I'll
Give you *a warming;* and should serve you right;
You villain, it is time to end your hoax."
"Why, bless your soul and body, deacon Stokes,
Don't be so cross;
When I've come here
In this severe
Night, which is cold enough to kill a horse,
For your advice
Upon a very difficult and nice
Question:—now, Lord bless you,
Deacon, do make haste and dress you."

"Well, well, out with it—if it must be so.
Be quick about it.
I'm very cold."
"Well, deacon, I don't doubt it.
In a few words the matter can be told.
Deacon, the case is this:—I want to know,
If this cold weather holds all summer here,
What time GREEN PEAS *will be along next year?*"

XXXII. POWERS OF RHYME.

[Inquirer. Nantucket.]

PEOPLE don't commonly discern
The difference 'twixt POETRY and RHYME:
The former can be made to *thrill*, and *burn*,
By master geniuses—and yet
No two words shall together chime.
E'en prose, so called, may be po-et-
Ical, and ring upon the ear
Harmoniously, without a grain of *jingle;*
While rhyme, all sound, with oftentimes
No symptom of idea,
Clinking, like handsful of new dimes,
Causes one's very brain to tingle.

Some folks, *new words* will manufacture,
That have no sense or meaning:—
They would denominate a crack *a cracture*,
Or, to make rhyme, call obloquy *obscening!*

The name of my French friend, *Piemont*,
(A name that's smooth enough in song)
Has often been distorted into *Pie*-mont—
A *hill of pies!*—just to make rhyme on't!

This brings me to the tale that I was going
To tell, of Toby Grizzle, a rough clown,
Who grew up in the country—for in town
The folks are polished, and extremely *knowing*.

Toby had never seen great towns and cities,
Where houses grow together by the acre;
To die then, and see only what his Maker
Had done in lands, and woods, and cattle—
Thought Toby, "'twere a thousand pities;
So, down to Boston, in my cart I'll rattle."

So *down* he went,
And turn'd up at the *Indian Queen*;
Amazement and astonishment
At what he saw,
And what was *to be* seen,
Hung heavily upon his under jaw.
This made him hungry, and he bought
A yard of gingerbread to stay his yearnings,
And after various crooks and turnings
He got into the *parlour*, as he thought;
But, reader, 'twas the *kitchen*—
So *droll* was every thing—and so *bewitching*.

The cook, of his *poetic powers* was boasting;
Betwixt whom and the scullion there arose
A disputation, whether rhyme or prose
Most clear ideas conveyed—
Beef was there roasting
By dint of a huge *jack*—custom *antique!*
"Now," quoth the cook, "I'll speak
In verse to this fat lout, and ascertain
Whether my rhymes be not, *to all* men, *plain*."

Says he to Toby, "may I be so bold
As to inquire how many hours have roll'd,
Since you into these regions strolled?"
Quoth Toby, casting up his eager looks
To where the giddy jack-wheel whirled—
"Odsbluddikins, and snaggers! rat it, and adzooks!
Your *clock* goes faster than aunt Katy's,
And I'll be skinn'd and darn'd, for all the world
If I can see to tell what time of day 'tis."

XXXIII. BLACK *vs.* BLUE.

[Catskill Recorder.]

THE eyes that glow with sparkling jet,
And those that swim in orbs of blue—
Black versus Azure, strove to get
The prize to beauty's empire due.

The courts below were moved, but fail'd
To solve a case of such impression;
Even pleaders melted at the tale,
'Twas told with such a soft expression.

Conflicting claims inflame dispute,
Black was too bold, and Blue too stupid;
At length this most important suit
Came before Mr. Justice Cupid.

And never was a case before
Perplexed with such intense confusion—
And never had the dark robed corps
Before been feed with such profusion.

The witnesses were—burning Kisses;
The advocates—voluptuous Sighs;
The proofs—unutterable Blisses;
And the reporters—Extacies.

Forbear, to both the prize is due,—
'Twas thus the god decreed,—forbear!
Woman is fair with eyes of blue—
With eyes of Black, she still is fair.

Black more vivacity impart;
In Blue, more tenderness we find;
Black indicates finesse and art,
And Blue the gentleness of mind.

Black is too subject to caprice—
Wo to the gazer's heart! but Blue
Is free from guile and artifice,
Is tender, delicate and true.

In Black, I've placed my shafts of fire,
But Blue in liquid languor roll;
Black, sparkling black, transports inspire,
But Blue enchants, dissolves the soul.

BOOK IV.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND OBITUARY.

TO THE MEMORY OF DEPARTED SOULS.

[Courier. Charleston.]

HUSHED is the gale, and calm the billows, that have bleached the bones of the sufferers. Their voices have sunk beneath the struggle of an awful death; and an agonized family, together with a numerous circle of friends, now view with mute and reverential feelings, the dire decree of an all-wise and wonder-working Maker. Submissive to his will, they complain not; and confident, that while with one hand he smiteth, so with the other doth he heal, they join in pious deference and declare, "*the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.*"

No marbled tomb nor sculptured image can speak the praises of the good. Their memories live in our affection, and their worth is engraved indelibly on our hearts. The living are their monuments, and when they, like frail mortality have perished, how truly can we say, "*the evil that men do, lives after them; the good is oft interred with the dead.*" Aware of these facts, a friend offers this last sad tribute to the memory of Dr. LEVI MYERS, of Georgetown, who, together with his wife, three daughters, and youngest son, were swept from the bosom of their family, during the violence of the gale of the 27th.*

* September 27, 1822.

To enumerate those qualities of this worthy family, which have a claim upon our love and admiration, requires a command of feeling to which panegyric is not always obedient. The flow of friendship is too apt to bound beyond the precinct of reality, and mock the solemnity that should prevail—but to the following brief portraits, who of their acquaintances will refuse to acquiesce; or who of their relatives that will not be anxious to multiply?

In his domestic duties, Dr. Myers possessed every qualification that could originate from affection, discretion, and amiableness of disposition. His undeviating equanimity of temper could not fail to command our esteem, and bind us by the most endearing ties to such fascinations. Liberal and affable at home, he always inspired the stranger with the assurance of a reception marked by the fullest confidence and hospitality. No pomp nor empty vanities issued from his board, nor disfigured his external deportment; yet, while regardless of the unimportant garnish of the courtier, he retained the pure and manly polish of the true gentleman. As a *parent*, he was venerated—cherished with unfading affection as a *son*. By his brothers and sisters, he was regarded as a protector and a counsellor. As a *master*, alas! but one remains to speak his praise! and the desolate affliction of this faithful slave, precludes all power of eulogy.

Friendship found an asylum in his bosom. The old never thought confidence more secure than when in his charge, nor their transactions unsafe when stamped by the sanity of his judgement. The young were ever welcome to him; he won them by his unaffected wisdom, and to him they looked for paternal guidance.

Let us now revert to the professional and scientific man. Since his return from Europe, which is above thirty years, Dr. Myers had enlisted the height of public confidence, and their highest estimation. Educated in the school of Cullen, he was wedded to no theory, nor bound by the contending bickerings of modern innovators. But like his great master he confined himself to the accumulation of practical experience, and im-

proved upon that by an unceasing observation and study. By the application of such observation to the bedside, and strengthened by an acute discrimination, he never lost the most trifling lesson that a successful practice afforded. His mind, strong and tenacious, grasped with wonderful avidity whatever science presented to his view, and his powers of reasoning analyzed acquirement to its proper and manifest construction. Mild in argument, he was no less correct in his decisions, and while the most bland and persuasive rhetoric issued from his lips, his hearer could always discern the strength and nobleness of the human mind. No matter what the subject, whether ordinary or abstruse, he was always at home, and invariably was the orator "*suaviter in modo; fortiter in re.*" Steady to his trust, and faithful in the execution of his duties, he was just enjoying the reward of his labours in the plenitude of social joys and public respect, when lo! the destroyer came, and the prospect so recently joyous and cheering, is now left a blank of human evanescence.

Mrs. Francis Myers, late consort of the deceased, was the daughter of the late Mrs. Minis, of Georgia, who, by a strange coincidence of fatality, met with a similar death at the Santee Ferry, in the spring of 1819. Combined with an amiable disposition, Mrs. Myers, possessed a warm and affectionate heart. Alive to the sufferings of humanity, the wearied never sought in vain for rest, nor did the hungry and the naked leave her unsatisfied. Her mind of no ordinary cast, though backward in display, was powerful in its formation, and notwithstanding the continual charge of a numerous offspring, the friend or the stranger could always find pleasure when engaged by the powers of her conversation. Sociable in manners, and fondly indulgent, her house and her exertions were ever at command, when the young and gay solicited either. But now, she sleeps the sleep of death, and the relentless waves, satiated with their prey, have yielded her body to the surviving mourners.

Elizatbeth, third daughter of the deceased, was the eldest of the children who were destroyed in this general calamity. She was but twenty-two years of age.

This amiable and affectionate daughter, had in life no thought but the happiness of her parents, committed no social action, but what was fraught with the warmth of filial piety. Loving as she was beloved, her loss has left a chasm among a large circle of young and afflicted companions. They regret that she has left them, but believing in the promise given to the righteous and the virtuous, they live in the consolation that she is received into those realms of bliss, the portion of the blessed.

Hesse, the next in birth, aged twenty, and Theodosia, the youngest daughter, aged seventeen, conclude the female sufferers; and while memory reverts to those two interesting females, what soul so hardened, or what tear-fount so exhausted, that cannot feel their deprivation, and feeling, renew the flow of commiseration? Young and healthful, they promised a life of happiness to aged parents. Gay without levity, and bouyant with animation, they delighted the sphere of liveliness in which they so often shone. With minds young and vigorous, they were at that period of life fitted to receive the impressions of knowledge and were anxious for cultivation. Respectful and obedient, they were loved by their elders; sociable and affectionate, they exacted a warm reciprocity from their companions, who in universal feeling mourn their loss, and cherish the recollection of their virtues.

"Though last not least," Julian, the youngest child, aged thirteen years, has sought the tomb with his parents and his sisters. Youths at this age do not always afford a subject for admiration—they may be mourned by their parents, and their loss felt by their immediate friends, but in this youth, I truly and sincerely declare, there were traits of character too prominent to be passed unnoticed. He was affectionate beyond the natural feelings of his age. Every noble and manly virtue had taken root in his breast, and, had his Maker spared him to have cherished them, they promised to expand into the most brilliant maturity. His brave and generous soul scorned to take advantage of his superiority, and magnanimous to a fault, he would rather be imposed upon than impose. Those of his associates who loved

and respected him, feel now but the deprivation of a companion, but when remembrance ripens with their years, and his virtues burst with that accumulated force upon their thoughts, they will then feel as we now feel, the loss of an ornament to his country.

But what avails our lament? they cannot be redeemed to worldly happiness, which at best is but transient. They have gone, and leave us on earth to exclaim in veritable acknowledgments,

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

In human affliction, what soul hath never felt the mercy of his Creator? What mind that has not acknowledged the mystery of his wisdom? When the heart is bending beneath the oppression of its woes, who hath not seen manifest the interposition of a divine comfort from irrestible power of religion? Its seraphic influence brings to the wearied sufferers the balm of consolation, and like the dove of the patriarch, seeks its asylum in their ark of misery, until in a calm and unruffled hour it brings its olive branch of restoration. To this, then, let us recommend the afflicted survivers. Let us tell them that though their sea-tossed bodies have met with one common grave, yet their souls, immortal and celestial, have escaped the feeble barriers of their prison houses, and are translated to that sphere, where they will dwell in the presence of their God—the God of Abraham—the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, in peace everlasting.

WILLIAM D. PECK.

[Daily Advertiser. Boston.]

Died at Cambridge on the 3d of October, 1822, William Dandridge Peck, Esq. aged fifty-nine, Professor of natural history in Harvard University. Mr. Peck enjoined on his surviving friends, not to permit any ceremonious interment, or any of those public testimonies of respect, by which the members of that seminary are ac-

customed, very properly, to express their regret, at the loss of an associate, and valued officer. Mr. Peck's injunction should not be considered as expressive of his disapprobation of a custom, highly important in such an institution; no such opportunity should be lost of impressing on the minds of youth, the value of a virtuous, and honourable, literary, and scientific life. To Mr. Peck's personal character alone, this dread, even of posthumous praise, is to be ascribed, and in the short account of his blameless life, which it may be permitted to one of his earliest friends to give, as a very feeble expression of tenderness and respect, the causes of this uncommon fear of exciting public attention, will be perceived. It is not however, from private feelings alone, that this brief sketch of Mr. Peck's biography is presented. The institution of which he was a member, and the state of which he was a distinguished citizen, have a claim to the just praise of his talents and knowledge which he was too diffident to permit to be noticed, and we have a right to make this sacrifice of private duty, for higher and more important objects.

There was nothing about Mr. Peck's life or character which could furnish the materials of a highly wrought picture; nothing which would address itself to the passions or to the imagination; it was simply the example of an unaided, retired individual, struggling during the greater period of his life against every discouragement, upborne by his genius, and love of study, and constantly adding new stores to a powerful mind capable of comprehending all that it received from reading and observation, and of analyzing, arranging and preserving it.

Mr. Peck was admitted Bachelor of Arts at Cambridge in 1782. He was destined for commercial pursuits, and passed a regular apprenticeship in the compting-house of the late Hon. Mr. Russell. His exactitude and industry acquired for him the confidence and lasting friendship of that distinguished merchant. Mr. Peck's father was a man of very great genius in the mechanic arts; he was the most scientific as well as the most successful naval architect, which the United States then produced.

The ships built by him were so superior to any then known, that he attracted the attention of congress, and was employed by them to build some of their ships of war. But his talents did not bring him the pecuniary reward, which all who recollect the superiority of his skill have admitted was his due, and disgusted with the world, he retired to a small farm at Kittery, and with a splenetic temper, resolved, that his models, founded, as his son always affirmed, on mathematical calculations, should never be possessed by a country, which had treated him with such ingratitude. The failure of the father's schemes defeated professor Peck's prospects as a merchant, and at an early age, he too, imbued, not a little, with his father's discontentment with the world, (a very pardonable error in a young man, who venerated his father's talents and virtues) retired to the same obscure village, to pass the whole of that period of life, which nature has designed should be the most active.

During nearly twenty years, professor Peck led the most ascetic and secluded life, seldom emerging from his hermitage; but his mind so far from being inactive, was assiduously and intensely devoted to the pursuits to which the bent of his genius and taste inclined him. At a time when he could find no companion, nor any sympathy in his studies, except from the venerable Dr. Cutler, of Hamilton, who was devoted to one branch of them, Botany. Mr. Peck made himself, under all the disadvantages of very narrow means, and the extreme difficulty of procuring books, an able and profound botanist and entomologist. But his studies were not confined to these two departments only; in zoology, ornithology, and icthyology, his knowledge was more extensive than that of any other individual in this part of the United States, perhaps in the nation.

One trait in his character ought here to be noticed; and the more so, because the opposite defect is the most prevailing one in our country. What he *did know*, or attempt to study, he studied profoundly, and if this knowledge failed in extent, it was in all cases, owing to want of health or means. To those who knew him well, before his removal from his obscurity to Cam-

bridge, it appeared astonishing, how, with advantages so slender, and under discouragements so chilling, he could have acquired so much.

It was principally with a view to draw this learned and indefatigable labourer in natural history from his retreat, that the subscription for a professorship of natural history at Cambridge was commenced. This has once been denied; but the writer of this article, and one of his friends, having been the most active circulators of the subscription, and fully and entirely acquainted with its origin, *know it to be true.* Mr. Peck was elected by the subscribers the first professor, and it is due to his memory to say, that he resisted the first solicitations most feelingly, and with great zeal. He desired his friends to recollect the hermit life he had led, and that, at so advanced a period, after habits of seclusion had been so long rooted, it would be impossible for him to come forth into active life, and to give to his favourite pursuits all the interest, and the charms of eloquence, of which they are susceptible, but which he feared he was not qualified to do.

But his friends, who wished the country to do an act of justice to merit so long neglected, would not listen to his objections, and compelled him to accept the appointment. The board of visiters wished him to visit the scientific establishments of Europe, with which he complied. Having been with him, during a part of that tour, we are enabled to state confidently, that he was received by the men of science, in England and France, as a brother, and his merit was highly appreciated.

Mr. Peck inherited his father's taste for mechanical philosophy, and, as an artist, he was incomparable. His most delicate instruments, in all his pursuits, were the product of his own skill and handicraft. We shall never forget the astonishment of one of the first opticians of London, when Mr. Peck requested him to supply a glass which had been lost out of a microscope, made by *himself*, nor the warm friendship he discovered for him, when he was satisfied, that he was so able a self-instructed artist.

But professor Peck's knowledge and taste were not

confined to natural history and mechanics. We are aware, that with some men these qualifications are considered of secondary merit, but Mr. Peck had that delicate tact as to every subject of taste, which all men admit to be the proof of superior genius. He was a good classical scholar; more correct than those who make greater pretensions to it. He was truly and deeply a lover, and a correct judge of the fine arts. He was fond of painting, and sculpture, and architecture, without professing to have skill in them. No man who ever saw the exquisite accuracy and fidelity with which he sketched the subjects of his peculiar pursuits in entomology, or botany, could doubt the refinement of his taste. Of his character in social life—of his virtues, we are disposed to follow his own wishes, and to leave them to the recollection of a few friends who knew him intimately; they were of that pure, and simple, and sincere, and unaffected character, which such a life, devoted to such innocent and delightful pursuits, was calculated to produce. If greater probity, sincerity, honour, delicacy, are often to be met with, society must indeed be happy.

If it should be asked why, with such attainments, professor Peck has left no greater and more enduring public proofs of his learning and genius, we reply, by asking, where can be found a case in a young country, a country so much in want of such talents, in which a man of genius and profound erudition was suffered to pine for twenty years neglected and unknown? And could it be expected, after all his hopes and prospects had been so long chilled, that he would come out with a debilitated frame, a constitution broken down by study and meditation, with all the ardour and activity of early cherished and flattered youth? It is unjust to expect it, and yet professor Peck has left enough to convince every reading man and every feeling mind, that he was fully worthy of the honour conferred upon him, and such generous and honourable minds will only regret that our country and its seminaries had not availed themselves of his talents while health, and hope, and joy would have given energy and eloquence to his pen, and

thus have enabled him to erect for himself a better monument than this tribute of truth and friendship, and to produce for his country some work, which would have done it honour abroad, and have stimulated its youth to equal exertions in science. But he has not lived in vain; he has shewn what may be done without encouragement, and amidst all possible discouragements, and his cheerful, philosophical, and resigned exit proves, that a life, so employed, has its reward even on earth.

III. SAMUEL R. TREVETT.

[New-England Galaxy. Boston.]

One of the brightest ornaments of the navy is gone forever. Dr. Samuel R. Trevett died at Norfolk on the fifth day of the present month.* He was in the thirty-ninth year of his age, and had just returned in the sloop of war Peacock, from a West-India cruise. His merits require no eulogium for his friends, but they deserve one for those who did not know him. Virtue should receive its reward, not for the honour of the dead, but for the benefit of the living.

He was born at Marblehead in the county of Essex, in Massachusetts, in the year 1783. He was the son of Captain Samuel R. Trevett, who commanded a company of artillery, and was distinguished for his coolness and gallantry on the memorable 17th of June, 1775, at the battle of Bunker Hill; and who is still living, in the service of his country, an active, intelligent, and honourable old man, deeply sensitive of this affliction, in all its extent and aggravation. The deceased received the rudiments of his education at Exeter, under the care of that excellent instructer, Benjamin Abbot, Esq. to whom New-England owes much for his assiduity and talent in forming the minds and fixing the morals of her youths. This pupil of his entered Harvard University in the year 1800, and, of course, graduated in 1804. Among his classmates, Trevett was noticed for his modesty, intelligence, and affectionate disposition. Most of his college acquaintance were his fast friends, and not one of them his enemy. The best judges of the head and heart

* November, 1822.

of a young man are found among the cotemporaries and competitors, for they form their opinions of character before the distinctions of the world have influenced or corrupted their judgements. On leaving college Trevett pursued his professional studies with Dr. Holyoke, of Salem, and completed his medical education with the late Dr. Warren; with both of these great men he was a favourite pupil, which alone was sufficient to introduce him to notice and attention. He commenced his professional course in Boston, but, being naturally of a chivalrous cast of character, he sought and readily obtained an appointment in the medical department of the navy. He preferred this station, which promised variety and incident, to the most flattering prospects of city practice. At this time his imagination was prolific in calling up the brightest visions of the future glories of the American navy, and, although retiring and cautious on other topics, he was enthusiastic and eloquent on this. With these sentiments he with all his soul united his fortunes and his fame to the navy. It is not for his friends to repine, but a premature grave has been his reward.

All who have been under his professional care, from the proudest officer to the humblest sailor, have borne testimony to his fidelity, zeal, and ability in the discharge of his duty at home, on ship board, and abroad; every where, and in all situations in which he could do good, his exertions were not wanting. He saw a great deal of service; no man of his age has seen more. He was in the Constitution during her cruise just before the last war, and then had an opportunity to show his skill, humanity, and assiduity in attending the sick while a distressing and malignant disease was raging among her officers and crew. He was on board the frigate United States when she captured the Macedonian; and also in the President when she was captured by a British fleet; and, after this event, he followed the sick and wounded until they were healed or returned to our shores. Wherever he acted, he conquered the hearts of those around him, above or below him. Hull has certified his distinguished merits; Lawrence and Perry loved him; and Decatur requested his professional attention when he

was about to finish, with a sad catastrophe, the last scene in the eventful drama of a gallant life. Trevett arrived when it was too late to remonstrate or advise.

Notwithstanding his acquaintance with the gay world, and his frequent intercourse with those whose highest virtue is not caution in speech, yet he was never known to have offended any one by a free or licentious remark. At an indelicate allusion his cheeks would mantle with blushes, as sudden and deep as a vestal's, watching at the shrine of chastity and innocence. Yet this refinement had no weakness in it, for in the hour of danger his nerves were as firm as those of the bravest, and his pulse beat as regular as theirs. It was not in the heroic virtues alone that he excelled, for in him was blended every charm of the social circle of domestic life; gentle manners, conciliatory dispositions, and a desire to forget his own comforts in the happiness of others. He married, about six years since, a lady from New-York, but his felicity in the connubial state was but of short duration. She died soon after the birth of a son. The child is living, but too young fully to understand his loss. May he inherit his father's virtues with a better fate.

As a politician, Trevett never suffered his opinion to interfere with his duty—as a moralist he never yielded to situation or accident; and even pecuniary temptations, which often assail men with much violence, were powerless when opposed to his invincible integrity. Without envy he saw others surrounded by wealth and followed by fame—men who had no higher claims than himself; and his meekness was such, that *when reviled he reviled not again.* He shrunk from no danger, however appalling, when he could do good to his fellow men. One instance of this exalted cast of mind, among many which might be named, the writer of this brief memorial cannot forbear to record. He was a passenger in the steam-boat Phenix, which was burnt on lake Champlain, on the night of the 5th of September, 1819. He was among the first alarmed by the cry of fire; coming on deck he saw the general danger, and calmly took the lead in preparing the smaller boat for the safety of the passengers, and assisted the ladies to get into

her, which was no easy task, for they were wild and frantic with fear, and rushed together in confusion to leave the scene of horror. He decided when she was full, and could take no more of them with their husbands and friends. He then cut the rope which held her to the side of the burning vessel, and cast her off, without making any effort for his own personal safety, and until all the passengers had left the deck, he never took heed for himself. At this moment he saw a woman who had returned from the small boat to get some valuables she had left in the cabin, but she had gathered them too late, for when she came on deck the boat had gone. She gazed on the scene with an inexpressible look of despair, and in silence precipitated herself back into the cabin to perish. Trevett, at this crisis alone on the deck, cast his eye on the water, and saw another small boat partly full of men The crew and a few others had taken this boat, and kept still that it might not be overloaded; she had met with some difficulty in getting clear of the vessel. He threw himself among them. He then examined the boat, and finding she had the capacity to carry several more people than she had taken, he used every argument and persuasion to induce his companions to stop and look for some of the unfortunate persons who were in the water, and that there were many in this situation he had no doubt; but selfishness and fear were opposed to his benevolent intreaties, and they would not stay an instant; but when they had reached land, he found men to go back with him in the same boat, and they had the good fortune to rescue several from destruction, who had been struggling for a long time in the water. In the first account that reached us of this sad disaster, it was stated that Dr. Trevett had perished in the flood or the flames, but Providence had not so destined him to die. Such exertions of disinterested benevolence, and such bravery, have no parallel in the hero's life. When foe meets foe, glory attends the mastery; the patriot who dies for his country, pours out his blood before a nation's eyes; and the martyr soothes his agonies at the stake by visions of immortality; but this magnanimity, this disinterested conduct

in such an emergency, this thoughtlessness of self in the welfare of others, this inborn elevation, rising above rules and maxims and ordinary principles, is found but in a few only of the race of men, and should be honoured beyond the praise due to skill or bravery.

In the latter part of his life there was a soft, and, as it were, a religious melancholy diffused through all his actions. He seemed to take delight in contemplating the character of the aged, and in holding communion with those on the confines of another world. His was a high spirit, yielding with philosophical composure to circumstances which he could not control, but still unsubdued and unbroken, buoyed up by a hope that a day of redemption was at hand. But all is over. His sufferings are at an end. Persecution has no power in the grave: malignity stops at the green turf, which lies lightly on the breast of the dead; and elated insolence, with all its enmity and meanness, does not stride with unhallowed foot where sleep the ashes of the just. Public sentiment hangs a Shechinah on the tomb of such a man to extend and protect his name.

IV. JAMES PERKINS.

[New-England Galaxy.* Boston.]

Mr. James Perkins, who died last week, in the sixty-second year of his age, was one of the most distinguished merchants of Boston. He entered upon the business of life, and was an active and enterprising merchant, about the peace of 1783. This was a period, of all others in our history or perhaps in any other, the most propitious for a man of fine mental and moral elements to form his own character in the mercantile profession. Then there were no sturdy and unyielding maxims, drawn from prudent predecessors in trade—no fixed channels, within whose sides folly and wisdom were bound to move on together. The world was before the enterprising, and they made their own calculations, without possessing those numerous results of experience, which are now at the command of every one. The

* August 9, 1822.

house, at whose head he was till his death, has been considered for many years among the first establishments in the country for extensive and important concerns, for good faith, punctuality and success.

In New-England, mercantile men have, since the revolution, held the first rank in society; and, by increasing in numbers and in property, they have generally directed the destinies of the community, and given a cast to the character, and, of course, are, in a great degree, responsible for the reputation of the present age. There were no classes of men to come in competition with them. The learned professions found it politically and morally just to identify their interest generally with those of mercantile men. The agriculturalists were not sufficiently rich to feel jealous of the merchant, and the manufacturer was then hardly known. This powerful class of competitors have arisen within a few years, and will increase for centuries. So situated, it was natural that merchants, having the wealth, should have become almost exclusively, in this part of the country, the patrons of the arts and sciences. They have been so; and their praise is commingled with every strain of gratitude, heard in our rising institutions for the public good. This golden age of mercantile honour and prosperity, can never return. It was peculiar and felicitous. Trade may flourish, as it has heretofore; but rivals to its interests will dispute its former supremacy; and the military, naval, manufacturing, and other classes of men will contend for a share of the power, and will get it. It is a proud reflexion, however, and one that we will cherish,—that, during this period of their glory, the merchants have been conspicuous among the elevated, the generous, and the patriotic. Had Burke lived to this day, and could he have had an opportunity of fairly analyzing the mercantile character, and of knowing it thoroughly, he would have retracted his bitter denunciation against a profession, in which if there be, sometimes, something to blame, there is always much to praise; or, at least, he would have done it as far as regards us.

Is there not something singular, and, indeed, on a

slight view, something unaccountable, in our estimation of the *living* and the *dead?* The common merchant, while alive, the master of countless thousands, feels his influence extend to every relation in life. His smile is courted and valued, his frown is dreaded as some direful calamity; but he is no sooner dead, than his influence and himself are forgotten, and his mightiness transferred to his heir, or to some successful accumulator of wealth. It is remembered, perhaps, that he did exist, that he pursued and enjoyed, nobly, during his brief hour, and left others to fatten on the full harvest he had gathered. There are others, but little known while living, who then had neither influence nor power, and who are no sooner gone to moulder in their narrow bed, than

> Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
> To bless the turf, that wraps their clay.

This distinction is only justice deferred. Those who live for themselves alone, like Dives, may fare sumptuously every day, and command the applause and homage of the multitude; but this lasts only with life. Others, who do not attract attention, but are constantly labouring for the good of mankind, often live unrequited, but there generally comes an after justice that struggles to repair the former neglect, and the names of such benefactors are held in reverence, and go down to posterity in sweet remembrance. But what is said of the oblivion of most men, will not apply to the distinguished merchant, whose death is now generally deplored; for the properties of his character were indestructible. it was thought by the ancients, that he, who did homage to any one of the muses, was certain of a celestial existence in the Elysian fields. How much more is he entitled to enjoy the realms of light and love, who has opened his coffers to enlarge our views of nature and theology—to soothe and heal the maladies of the mind, and who has generously removed his own household gods, without entreaty and without compensation, that the votaries of letters and science might make for themselves a temple worthy of the taste and refinement of Athens.

Mr. Perkins was *intelligent*,—well acquainted with

the geography and commerce of the world,—and ready, at proper times and opportunities, to communicate his information when it would afford any practical benefit to his friends or the community. He was *enterprizing*, but had nothing of that foolish anxiety to monopolize every branch of trade, because it might be profitable—nothing of the restlessness of little minds who are in perpetual dread of some younger competitor, who might strike out a new path to wealth, and get beyond them. He was an *industrious* man, assiduously and carefully watching his large concerns, but never suffered himself to indulge in that poignant distress which some men feel who have much at risk. His equanimity was not disturbed at a loss, nor did his heart overflow at a fortunate voyage; for he believed that when he had done all in his power to ensure success, he ought to leave the event to providence. His views were liberal in the course of business; in which even men, liberal and generous in other respects, are often severe. He did not think, as some do, that the human beings he had used as means to gain his property were to be treated as slaves. No seaman was ever heard, on the longest voyage, to curse him for short provisions or mouldy bread, and his agents of more responsibility were never kept starving at home and abroad by a penurious policy. There was nothing cheap about him—nothing mean in his business. His plans were extensive, and his arrangements above board. He was domestic, accessible, hospitable and courteous, and never discovered any of that pride of purse so often the concomitant and the disgrace of men who are the builders of their own fortunes.

In aid of all these virtues, which exalt and adorn human nature, charity had shed her kindliest influences on his heart, and the silent, hidden streams of her inspiring bounty were in constant flow to cheer and bless the humble and unfortunate—

> Spirits are not finely touched,
> But to fine issues.

To this delicacy and liberal feeling, was superadded a munificent disposition, which identifies a great and opulent man with the history and honours of the age in

which he lived. Like the head of the Florentine merchants, Perkins, and, indeed, if we may venture to speak of the living, his family, too, have done much for the charitable, the literary, the mercantile, and the political institutions of the country. Under the direction of a high-minded man, wealth has a sort of holy value. Gold in the hands of such men seems, as it were, beaten into vessels of the Lord, and kept in the sanctuaries of knowledge and religion, not only for the use of the present but for future generations; and every succeeding age inscribes on them some deathless memorial of such benefactors.

Man, in acquiring wealth, is fulfilling a duty—in saving it he is prudent and praise-worthy; but in distributing it for general and permanent purposes, for the benefit of mankind, he is an elevated and god-like being, in whose actions, self is forgotten, or becomes a secondary consideration. By this noble exercise of his faculties and his means, a finite creature gives perpetuity to his own deeds, and is allowed by his beneficent Maker to claim kindred with him in spirit and immortality.

V. JUDGE LIVINGSTON.

[Evening Post. N. Y.]

On the 23d of March, 1823, the remains of Judge Livingston were entombed in the family vault, in Wall-street church yard, New-York.

Mature in years, and ripe in fame and honours, Brockholst Livingston, having discharged his obligations to society, has paid his debt to nature. A stroke like this, however timely, must be felt; for we are made to feel and to grow better by the discipline of our feelings. There is a sorrow which is useless, affecting the animal rather than the moral nature. None can be worthy of him we lament, but that which is chastened, restrained, and directed to elevate the Man, or improve the Christian. It behoves us, therefore, to waive our idle lamentations, and, imitating the manly and enlightened piety which cheered and sustained the last hours of him whose

less we deplore, let us rather express our gratitude that we have so long enjoyed so great a blessing, and let each individual who knew, and loved or admired him, do what he can to render permanent the beneficent influence of his example.

His judicial character is, of course, the most interesting to the public; and, as a judge, his character was very peculiar and strongly marked. He was eminently a man of genius, of strong, vivid, and rapid perceptions, and the frankness of his character always prompted the immediate impression of his convictions. Such a disposition and habit must, of course, and not unfrequently, induce mistakes. But here intervened a redeeming principle, resulting from one of the most peculiar characteristics of his happily composed nature. For a man of strong and ardent genius, and profound learning, and these, too, rendered conspicuous by great reputation and high office, Judge Livingston was, in one respect, almost a miracle. *He seemed to be without vanity.* He did not listen, or affect to listen, to arguments in opposition to his declared opinions, merely from official decorum; but his mind was literally and truly open to conviction. Others may have committed fewer errors, but who has left fewer unrepaired?

The kindness and suavity of his character were strongly displayed in the discharge of his official duties. At every moment of his life, he was an amiable and a finished gentleman. He never manifested any thing of the petulance or insolence of station. He never seemed to be of opinion, that there was a dignity in the administration of justice which reached even to its inferiour ministers, and, without ever forgetting the propriety of his station, he treated the gentlemen of the bar as his friends and brethren, over whom he was called, as it were, to preside for some temporary purpose.

To say that he was just and impartial, would be low and inadequate praise. He was prompt, laborious, and indefatigable. His own ease and pleasure always gave way at the call of duty—he never delayed or slighted any thing—he often laboured most without the stimulus of fame—he was, perhaps, rather too averse to the pa-

rade of display and publication. Causes were not unfrequently heard at his own house, and many of his most elaborate opinions, the result of laborious and profound investigation, were communicated only to the counsel interested.

In his intellectual habits he was cautious, but not timid. He looked rather to practical results than abstract principles. Nevertheless, his feelings and opinions were decidedly of a liberal cast. He desired to extend and improve legal science, and did not consider all knowledge and all wisdom to be bound up within the compass of English jurisprudence.

Our sketch must be rapid. Judge Livingston was eminently gifted with a fine public and social spirit. This temper was displayed in his zealous promotion of all liberal pursuits and institutions. He was a generous patron of literature. The same spirit diffused itself through his whole character. A strong impulse and glow of benevolence characterised all his intercourse with society. His manners were, to an unusual degree, attentive, kind, and affectionate; to his friends, and indeed to all who deserved and required it, his aid was prompt, decided, and efficient. In one word, his heart was full of warm, kindly feelings, which flowed out upon all around him.

It will be gratifying to all the friends of Christianity to know that the luminous mind of Judge Livingston assented to its evidences; and that he made a public profession of his faith.

Any sketch of the character of Judge Livingston, which did not mention his domestic qualities, would be unpardonably imperfect.

In all the relations of domestic life—and it is there that a man's true character is best known, and its influence felt—he was far above the reach of common place commendation. None but those who saw him in retirement, and knew him intimately, can appreciate his character in this respect. He was ever most affectionate, attentive, and considerate, exacting little for himself, and always consulting the interests and feeling of his family.

The main object of his life, at least that which seemed to interest him most, was to transfuse his own knowledge and character into the minds of his children. Every hour that could be spared from his public duties, and more than could well be spared from the time necessary for his relaxation and the care of his health, was devoted to their education. He was their constant instructer. Of such a man it is common place to say, that to his family, his loss is irreparable. He has done all that the most devoted affection, and the most assiduous attention to their welfare, could do for them here, and has gone to his reward. If his example and precepts have their just influence, they will, in some good degree, continue to them his presence, and supply his loss.

VI. SAMUEL WELCH.

[New-Hampshire Patriot. Concord.]

Died, at Bow, N. H. on the 5th of April, 1823, the venerable Samuel Welch, the oldest person in New-Hampshire, at the age of *one hundred and twelve years and seven months!* He was born at Kingston, N. H. Sept. 1, 1710, O. S. His grandfather, Philip Welch, was a native of England, and one of the first settlers at Ipswich, Mass. His father, Samuel Welch, settled early at Kingston, and lived to between 80 and 90 years of age. His mother lived nearly a century; a sister till about 100, and a brother till more than 90 years of age. Mr. Welch spent the early part of his life on the paternal farm; afterwards removed to Pembroke, purchased a small tract of land, and settled upon it. About fifty years since, he removed to Bow, where he steadily cultivated his little farm, till the winter of age was gathering around him, and the infirmities of a second childhood warned him of his approaching dissolution. It was not, however, till a hundred summers had passed that he was compelled to abstain from labour. Mr. Welch had through life been a man of industry, and a lover of retirement. The dangers of Indian warfare had never disturbed him, though the savages for many years lurked in the vicinity. No accident or evil appears to have

befallen him; his long life has been an even tenor of quiet industry and comfort, unmarked by those vicissitudes which distinguish the history of many of our aged people. The grand secret of his extraordinary health seems to have been his uniform temperance, which, with a single exception, secured to him through life a sound constitution, and an entire exemption from disease

Till within a very short time his mental powers were little impaired, and he could converse with freedom and propriety. With the years long passed he was most familiar, and would relate, with ease, circumstances that occurred half a century ago; while with recent events and the present race of men, he was little acquainted. For the last few years he has had many visiters—the young and thoughtless, to behold the patriarch of a century and an eighth—the old, to commune with a man, to whom they too appeared as youths.

His appearance was truly venerable. Time had made deep inroads upon his frame; his locks had been touched by the silvery wand; his eye, originally dark and brilliant, gave evidence of decaying lustre; while his countenance, wrinkled with years, and his frame, tottering and feeble, could not but deeply impress the beholder. He spoke of life as one weary of its burthens, and wishing "to be away." His death has corresponded with his life—it was calm and tranquil. And we trust he has gone to taste the rewards of a life spent in quiet virtue and unambitious goodness.

Mr. Welch was the oldest native citizen in New-Hampshire. Three, however, have died here at a greater age, viz. Mr. Lovewell, of Dunstable, (father to Col. Zaccheus Lovewell mentioned in Belknap's N. H. vol. ii. p. 233,) aged 120; William Perkins, of New Market, who died in 1732, aged 116; and Robert Macklin of Wakefield, who died in 1789, aged 115. It may be mentioned, in favour of the general salubrity of our climate, that, within a century, about 100 persons have lived in New-Hampshire to the age of a century and upwards. We doubt whether any other state in the Union can present so many instances of longevity.

VII. JACOB PERKINS.

[Commercial Gazette. Boston.]

INTELLIGENCE is now so generally diffused, and enterprise so much applauded, that no man can be great in arts, or letters, without a corresponding celebrity. If the mild virtues of life do not always find a conspicuous page in the history of the day, or if talents do not always insure bread, yet high efforts, and their success or their failure, have no scarcity of heralds to convey them to the world. Newspapers and magazines lend their countless wings to spread abroad feats, incidents, explanations and reasonings, for the information of the community. The elevation of the *plane* of human knowledge is so great, by the increase and diffusion of the arts and sciences,—in fact it is nearly to the extent of ordinary capacities,—that the *heights* are inaccessible to all but a favoured few, of rare opportunities, and those gifted by God, beyond the common measure of his inspiration. The diary of genius, accurately kept, on the painful journey to distinction, wealth and honour, would be as instructing as amusing; but those fortunate men, who have obtained their object, are generally unwilling to make a particular recital of their struggles. The opulent man, who has been the builder of his own fame, has seldom any pleasure in describing the straightened circumstances of his early life; the proud man disdains to remember that he ever wanted the sympathies of his inferiors; and the generous man, perhaps, wishes to forget that he once wanted, but never received them, or not at a time when kindly attentions might have dissipated the clouds of despondency, and brought on a day of hope and enjoyment. We have, it is true, a few pieces of auto-biography, which are read with delight by all classes, without inquiring their length or brevity. The minute details of Cumberland and Marmontel, and the short annals of Gifford and Franklin, struggling in early life, have been read with delight, and will be forever. Most distinguished men are too busy, if they were willing, to write about themselves, and the world must be content with such sketches as their friends can furnish.

JACOB PERKINS, the subject of this memoir, was born at Newburyport, on the ninth day of July, 1776. His father was Mr. Mathew Perkins, a descendant, in the third generation, of one of the first settlers of Ipswich, which is one of the oldest towns in Massachusetts, and has, ever since its settlement, been remarkable for the longevity of many of its inhabitants. This gentleman died a few years since, nearly ninety years of age. He retained his mental and corporeal faculties, in a wonderful degree, until the last days of his life. He was a man of a strong mind; an industrious, good citizen, and a careful father, but brought up his children in the strict school of Presbyterian discipline. Jacob early discovered marks of an inquisitive mind; for before he had learned his letters, he chanced to get into his possession a large watch, which he opened with great care, and for a long time listened to ascertain what made the noise in it. His mother found him with it, and hastily took it from him, thinking he must have done it some injury; but the child earnestly requested her to let him have it again, when he was a bigger boy, that he might see what made the noise. As soon as he could read words of three syllables, he was sent to the public school, and was kept there until he was twelve years old. The school-fellows of Perkins speak of him as a smart boy at that time, who was fair in all play, yet he was sure to be among the first in every game in which children amuse themselves. At twelve years of age, he was sent as an apprentice to a Mr. Davis, of Newburyport, a goldsmith, to learn the art and mysteries of the trade. This was considered the best situation for the developement of the lad's talents for the mechanical arts. His opportunities for acquiring information were, however, small, and these advantages, such as they were, did not continue long, for Davis died when Perkins had only served out three years of his apprenticeship. Davis left a large family of small children, who had been dependent on his labour for support.

This was a trying period for Perkins, then a youth of fifteen years of age, panting for knowledge, and desirous of reaching the metropolis to find instruction in his pro-

fession; but the widow of Davis, with her destitute children, laid such claims to his generosity and sympathy, that he did not long hesitate, but made up his mind to carry on the business of the shop, and give all the emoluments for their maintenance, and this determination he religiously fulfilled; and the establishment, during the remaining years of his apprenticeship, was more lucrative than it was in the life time of his master. Gold beads were then worn on the neck of every class of respectable females, from the aged dame with bible and spectacles to the laughing and buoyant damsel of fifteen: of course there was an extensive market for this article; the workmanship of his beads was of the highest order; the honesty of so kind and faithful a young man was never questioned, nor could be, and the shop was the resort of all who wanted to purchase. This was a fortunate commencement; for people of every grade, from king Hiero, to the simplest maiden whose industry had just reached the happiness of seeing a string of pure and shining gold upon her spotless bosom, dislike to be duped in matters of ornament, more particularly, perhaps, than in any other. Shoe-buckles were then universally worn by all ages and classes, and Perkins turned his attention to the manufactory of them, and soon discovered a method of plating them, entirely new, by which he could bring his work into the market at less prices than the imported ones of equal goodness and beauty could be afforded.

But the fashion of this ornament soon passed away, and so entirely, that for the last twenty years scarcely a pair of buckles has been seen, and then only when worn by some pertinacious adherent to antiquated dress.

During the old confederation, each state had a right to coin money for itself; Massachusetts had a mint, from which was issued copper coin only, stamped with the arms of the commonwealth. The art of making dies for this coinage was then, with us, in its infancy; and it was with great difficulty that a mechanic could be found, of sufficient skill to undertake the task. After numerous failures of others, Perkins was employed by government, when he was but twenty-one years of age, and

succeeded to the satisfaction of the master of the mint, the late Ebenezer Hancock, Esq. from whom the writer had this information. At twenty-four he invented the nail machine, which cut and headed nails at one operation.

This was the best labour-saving machine that had ever been in use among us. Those, at first doubtful of its success, were at length convinced of the great utility of this invention; and it was generally considered as the sure foundation of the inventor's fortune and fame. Great offers were made him for a share of the patent. This was indeed a wonderful machine; such celerity of motion, such power of execution, such a combination of mechanical principles, had rarely, or never, been seen in this country. Those who foretold the success of the invention were right—time has proved it; but those who thought that great advantages would result from it, to the inventor, forgot that knaves might reap what industry sowed, and bargain-making men enjoy what genius had created. At this time, two unprincipled adventurers from abroad, with the appearance of great wealth, engaged with Perkins in erecting a factory for putting the machine in operation on a large scale. The works were auspiciously commenced, and continued to answer the expectations of the public for a year or two, and were becoming more perfect every day, under the superintendence of Perkins; when it was discovered by him that his copartners had but little money, and less honesty, and that their credit was lost. The establishment was sold by them, and Perkins was suddenly left with the loss of all his hard labours and the property he had put into the concern. This was not all; they left debts for which he was answerable, without any means for their payment. The disaster would, to most men, have been overwhelming;—to be levelled with the dust is nothing; to be stripped of every thing is but a trifle to one of such unbounded resources; but to be surrounded with duns, to be crushed with debts of others, is sufficient to bow the mightiest intellect, that Heaven ever, in its bounty, created. To meet the sneers of fools, who prophesied, after the event, that the plan was too great;

to encounter the pitiful arrogance of vulgar minds, who swell in importance in proportion to the depression of their superiors, and increase their taunts in proportion to the calmness of the victim, is almost too much for human nature—it requires a divine one to support it and fully forgive the tormentors. Little creditors are always the most vindictive. These Lilliputians bind down, by the cords of the law, the *man-mountain*, until they have taken an inventory of every article about him, vex him with their tiny, poisoned arrows as long as they please, and then stipulate for his future services as a condition of release. By the assistance of his friends, however, Perkins soon overcame these difficulties and started with fresh vigour to apply his mind to his profession, and was successful in almost every thing he undertook, so far as to shew that he seldom pursued an inquiry without some beneficial result to the public. A set of liberal men had purchased the factory he and his copartners had abandoned, who employed him to put the factory in operation and to add some improvements to the old works. This did much to amuse him, until he found other business, and they knew and acknowledged, in a proper manner, the value of his services. The evil of counterfeit bank notes in the market, was severely felt by all classes of people. The ingenuity of Perkins was called into requisition to avert in some degree this sore vexation and calamity. Nothing could be more difficult than to stop the practice of counterfeiting by detecting the authors of it; they fly from one place to another at a great distance from each other, with such security in a thinly settled country, and find so many facilities in getting off spurious bills, that the race can never be extirpated by the terrors of the law, nor the vigilance of the police; something, therefore, was to be done, which would give the most ignorant in the community some guide by which he might determine, in most cases, the spurious from true bills.

This was a progressive labour. The experiment was first made by a small stamp on the common bills; this answered a very good purpose, for the stamp was seldom imitated. Afterwards, the check-plate was used,

which was one of the best preventives of deception that we have ever had. Even the race of counterfeiters never tried to imitate this plan, or never, with the slightest success; and in their flash language to one another, they bear testimony to its excellence, by often saying, that they had such a sum of money in *bank bills*, and so much in *check-backs;* or, sometimes, *striped backs* —giving their associates to understand by these latter terms, how much good and genuine paper they had in their possession; and many of them, when detected and condemned, and could have no farther interest in the prosperity of the trade, have declared the fact, that they could do nothing with these plates. The public prosecutors have uniformly stated, that they never had made an indictment on an imitation of this plate. The bills were rather thick and clumsy, and of course, not of easy management in the banks; and others of a thinner sort were preferred. But it would be better for the safety of the community, if more of these bills were in circulation; and the banks begin to be of this opinion. Many brokers have very lately regretted that the law of this commonwealth, in favour of Perkins's stereotype plate, was ever repealed.

A self-taught man, in his progress to knowledge, has a thousand difficulties to contend with, that the regularly educated man does not meet. Instead of having rules, principles and axioms stored in his memory for use, he has to form, as it were, his own alphabet of the sciences and the arts he is striving to understand. The elementary principles which have been discovered and fixed for ages, are but little known to him. He becomes the true inventor of many things, when, perhaps, the original inventor lived ages before him, and may be forgotten. Much time is therefore spent in toiling up to the knowledge of his own time. This exertion may strengthen the powers of his mind, but it certainly consumes some of the best years of human life; and after all, he has, probably, imbibed numerous errors in philosophy, which have been detected, and their fallacy proved to the learned and scientific, long before he existed. He who becomes a traveller of the globe, had better

take the main road as far as it is found to be in his course; for there will be wilds and deserts to explore, sufficient to try all his strength, patience and fortitude, after he had used every highway made for his accommodation. Perkins deeply felt this want of early instruction; he knew there must have been many things settled which he was trying to discover, but he did not know where to find them. A man of genius without the light of knowledge, resembles Samson when his vision was extinguished, but his hair had grown, groping, in vain, for objects on which his supernatural gift might be tried. When Perkins was young, there were but few good books on natural philosophy in this country, and those, perhaps, not within his reach. Lectures were given at the several colleges, but they did not contain much information, compared with those of the present day, and these were chiefly confined to professors and students. The exact sciences were but slightly regarded at that period, by many men of learning. The taste has changed, and there is a strong desire for this kind of knowledge in almost every profession; and, in truth, philosophy has been brought to the common cares of life, with wonderful success.

The growth and progress of a great mind, depend much on the place where a man's lot is cast in early life, and the rank he holds among his fellow men. The birth place of Perkins was, in many respects, friendly to a mind like his. Retirement is the nurse of thought; he had, in that place, sufficient opportunities for deep and uninterrupted reflection. It was a busy, thriving town, with a population of six or seven thousand souls. The people, in general, were very intelligent, and some of them, especially in the professions, men of much erudition. The mass of the inhabitants were sober, honest, and religious, industriously engaged in their own pursuits; they never disturbed him by vague and unnecessary inquiries about his discoveries, but waited until he was ready to communicate them. He was in this place equally removed from the excitement and idle curiosity of a great city, and the peering inquisitiveness of a small village. Among these relations,

friends and townsmen, if he had not much to fire his ambition, he found nothing,—after his first embarrassments were removed,—to disturb the current of his thoughts, nothing to crush his hopes, or to mortify his spirits. He was known to all, connected with many, respected by most, and associated with the best; from boyhood he has maintained, and augmented the favourable impressions he had made on the public mind for talents, and his name was as familiar to every child, for superiour ingenuity, as the dial which the urchin watched to mark the moment for his school to begin. The literati of the town were among his warmest admirers and friends, and if he did not get much information from them in his own pursuits, he received many other advantages of perhaps equal value; they were the guardians of his fame; their opinions and friendship were a shield to his reputation, when assailed by the envious and carping, among those engaged in similar pursuits.

The latter years of the residence of Perkins in Newburyport and Boston, were occupied on subjects so numerous and various, that it would be impossible, for any one, but himself, to give an accurate detail of them, or hardly to make out a full catalogue of his inventions and improvements. The method he discovered of softening and hardening steel, at pleasure, increased the interest the community had taken in his check-plate for security against counterfeiting. This discovery has produced many fortunate results and opened a great field for his labours. The softness of copper-plates, which required often retouching, precluded the possibility, by these means, of producing a perpetual similarity in dies for bills, or other use, but this invention has effected the object practically, if not mathematically.

The King of Siam never expressed greater surprise and incredulity, when told by the Dutch ambassador, that in Holland water became so hard, at times, as to bear all his royal elephants, than did the philosophers of Europe and America, when Perkins first maintained the doctrine of the compressibility of water. He for a long while doubted the old philosophy, but made a series of experiments, before he dared risk his reputation on a

full avowal. His perseverance is now amply rewarded by a general belief in this phenomenon. This discovery led to the invention of his bathometer, an instrument, as its name denotes, to measure the depth of water—and his pleometer, which marks with precision the rate at which a vessel moves through the same element.

Every man, who knows Perkins, and is capable of judging of his merits, cannot but place his intellectual powers in the first class of mind, but common observers have frequently thought him dull and plodding—a man who built up his fame by slow and patient drudgery; but they do not know him. it is true he is patient and laborious, but it is also true that he possesses that divine *impulse* of the mind which cannot be measured, nor exactly analyzed; *power*, which creates, combines, and felicitously arranges all it acts upon; that *faculty* of the soul which leaves all things of a common cast and seems to go on as if ordained to develope the great laws of creation. There was as much of the "*mens divinior*" in him who first used the alembic, or invented numbers and pursued them to the higher branches of mathematics, or taught the extent, and the charms of algebraic calculation, as in those who have produced the sublimest efforts of taste, in poetry, sculpture, and painting. The etherial spirit which lighted up the soul of Archimedes was as intense, as pure and hallowed, and came as directly from the great fountain of light and intelligence, as that which warmed the breast of Homer. The poets, painters, sculptors, and orators are not the only sons of God by the daughters of men: the philosophers and inventors—that have made

"————fire, flood and earth,
The vassals of *their* will,"

for the benefit of mankind, have an equal birth claim in the heraldry of nature.

Simplicity is the striking characterstic of the habits and manners of Perkins; and his methods of reasoning are all of the same cast; he begins upon a subject, whatever it may be, with calmness and serenity, and though constantly "on the rack of invention," he seems in a reverie, on a bed of flowers. Invincibly persever-

ing until he is certain that he can accomplish what he has undertaken, he often leaves the design to be carried into execution by some one to whom he accidentally imparts the information, and, probably, the first he knows of the advantage of his invention is through the medium of the altered condition, and perhaps consequential airs of the creature who had grown up by catching the offals of his genius. Smaller animals often feed on the prey the lion has hunted down.

To his brother artists, Perkins always showed the most delicate attention; and, notwithstanding he was teazed by them, to examine, and recommend their inventions, as often, and as pertinaciously as the bard of Twickenham, by his rhyming brothers, yet he never lost his patience, or ordered the door to be shut, the knocker tied up, nor charged his workmen to say that he was sick or dead; he felt no jealousy of them, and would do much at any time to oblige them, if they were tolerably clever in their business. He was modest and quiet, but did not think humbly of his own capacity; not that he ever assumed a tone of superiority, or discovered any self conceit, but he always indulged ardent hopes, and it would not be going too far to say, a fixed belief, that he should find something in his course which would lead to fame and fortune. When entreated by his friends, as he often was, to control his disposition for invention, and attempt to turn some of his numerous matters, already in operation, to pecuniary account, he quietly answered that he was, in his own opinion, still an apprentice in his profession, and must do something more before he should be satisfied to set up for himself; and he sometimes modestly intimated hopes that England would one day be the theatre on which he should act his part.

There never lived a man more destitute of selfishness, nor more prodigal of his labours for public good; but it generally happens that, in views and feelings too expanded, a very particular attention to ordinary and every day matters is not readily found: Perkins wanted such a man as Franklin was, for his friend and companion, with his maxims on prudence, thriftiness, punctual-

ity in pecuniary settlements, and all the economical philosophy of "Poor Richard"; and such a sage might, in return, have been paid for his friendship, by purity of feeling, singleness of heart, and an inexhaustless fund of intellectual wealth.

Perkins never made any complaint of the neglect of the world, or its ingratitude, which is so common to men who are sometimes not sufficiently appreciated.

In every strait and difficulty he found one friend that was never weary—such an one as is seldom seen or known—one who never obtruded his advice, never sought him to share his fame, or followed him to mingle with his associates, for pleasure or pride, nor kept near him to speculate on his credulous generosity—but a man of good affections and an excellent understanding, who came when the funds of his friend were low, and his pulse sinking with disappointment, to lend his name to the bank and relieve his mind from the load which oppressed him: all this was done with such delicacy and gentleness as greatly to enhance the value of the service, and to give new charms to the fraternal tie—for this was a younger brother; and the vicissitudes of fortune have given the elder an opportunity of showing a similar disposition. For several years before Perkins went to England, he had resided in Philadelphia, a city in which the arts, sciences, and letters have been patronized in a higher degree than in any other in our country; but New-York and Boston are emulous of the fame of Philadelphia, and are following her closely in the march of improvement; may we soon discover to the world, that we have reached her. Much is here given to charitable and literary institutions; every year adds a new name to the long list of munificent donors to the public, who, by gifts and bequests, have done much to soften the ills of humanity, and to add to our mental stores. The arts too, which have had no splendid patrons, are rising in estimation, and will soon have their votaries, bringing acceptable offerings. The time is not far distant when such talents as distinguished Fulton, and give universal celebrity to Perkins, will find their due patronage and praise in the cities of the east.

At the commencement of his career in England, Perkins was hailed by all classes with enthusiasm; he was encouraged to go on, and, we trust, will receive honour and reward from a people who will give him a fair opportunity to exhibit his powers; the British nation will be just to his merits, without asking how long it is since his ancestors left their shores. They will cherish the fame of their foster-child as of one of their own sons, and this country will echo back his praise, mingled with notes of pleasure at England's magnanimity. Such conduct will do much to destroy reciprocal prejudices and to teach those who speak one language to be constant and firm friends. Perkins has no political account to settle with any body of men, for he always considered himself as a citizen of the world. Science was his pursuit, usefulness his object; and although he enjoyed his own opinions and exercised his rights, yet he never stopped to join a party or to warm himself by political excitements. Of the last and great invention which he has announced, but not fully explained to the public, the writer of this sketch does not, from any thing he yet knows, venture to form a decided opinion; but from a thorough knowledge of the man, he has a strong belief in its ultimate success. Perkins may deceive himself, but all the world's great masters have to bestow, would not make him an impostor for an hour.

He has a compact, athletic frame, a strong constitution, and sprang from a long-lived race of hardy men; therefore we may indulge a hope that he will have opportunities of doing much before he passes the boundaries of active life: May it be so decreed—and the remotest nations enjoy the benefit of the labour of one whose track to glory was bloodless, and whose elevation never gave the human heart a pang, nor drew from mortal eye a tear.

BOOK V.

PROMISCUOUS SELECTION.

I. NEW-ENGLAND SKIES.

[Vermont Intelligencer.]

THERE are many, who have told of the clear and charming skies of Italy and Greece, who have sung of their beauty and their loveliness, who have said no man whose mind is ever so dull, so unmusical and so unpoetical, but that he, when he breathed their air and viewed their skies, would be inspired to strains of music and of poetry—his whole soul would be changed, and his spirit would fly to purer and nobler objects. With reason it may be thus, to those whose lives have been spent in the murky and foggy atmosphere of England. But for a happy and pleasant life, give me the bright cold nights of New-England, where, in full and joyous splendor, the moon moves among the stars, where no cloud appears in its track and disturbs its wake, as it rolls along shedding around its beauty and its glory. This is such a scene as best fits, and is most congenial to, our habits and constitutions. It is the air of freedom that we breathe, nor do we ask for that soft and gentle clime that would only weaken and render less powerful and energetic, the stout and hardy spirits of our countrymen. It is this season of the year that adds to the strength and elasticity of the mind,—the clear, cold and transparent air invigorates and nerves the spirit. The happy father of a family can now spend the long and pleasant evenings around his own fireside, and in the midst of his own circle, and recount with joy and thankfulness,

the blessings of the year, and remind them of the benefits which will result from a social, temperate and religious life, and commit them to the protection of that Being, who controls the elements at his pleasure, and supplies the wants of all his creatures in infinite wisdom and mercy—give me, I say, the cold and pure air of New-England, with its attendant blessings, in preference to the milder climes of Italy and Greece, or those of any other country with their attendant evils.

II. A MAP OF LIFE.

[Morning Chronicle. Baltimore.]

Having cast our eyes over the pages of a newspaper, we could not but be struck with the variety of intelligence conveyed in a single sheet. It first states the wholesale prices current, which brings to the view the bustle of merchandize—then follows an half column of applications for letters of administration, forcibly reminding us that many of these lately active individuals, are now quietly reposing in the arms of death, and that many clamorous relatives and friends are thinking more of their property, than of their ashes. The intelligence now takes a bolder swell—we are informed what, and in what state, a number, a large congregation of these transitory mortals, are doing in their dignified, executive, and legislative capacity—men who talk about their rights as if they were of eternal duration. Then a case of piracy occurs, shewing how these important characters may hasten the approach of the king of terrors, as if death delayed his advances too long; then we have an account of a penitentiary, explaining the mode adopted by society to secure to the possessors of property the means of enjoying it during the regular advances of death. Then comes a project of internal improvement, that for the little time that we do remain upon this earth, we may be allowed the use of internal canals; that we may divert rivers from their ancient courses, every particle whereof reminds us of the flow of human existence. Then comes advertisements for builders, stone masons, and what not, to inform us, that these tenants of an hour

must build houses for their residence that will stand longer than themselves, erecting superb mansions for others to inhabit. At last, in a little obscure corner of the newspaper, we find an obituary—passed over as an ordinary event, to remind us, after all, of how little consequence we are.

III. FATAL AFFECTION.

[Commercial Advertiser. New-York.]

"————————————But who is she,
Her dark hair streaming on her brow, her eye
Wild and her breast deep-heaving? She oft gaz'd
At distance for the white sail, nor wept nor spoke,
And now is gone."

A CORONER's inquest was held at West-Point, on Thursday, on the body of a woman named M'Ginn, who was found dead among the rocks at the foot of the high cliff which overhangs the favourite retreat of the grotto of Kosciusko, where that officer was wont to regale himself and friends with wine after dinner, while stationed there during the revolution. The verdict was—accidental death.

The circumstances, that have marked the life of this humble woman, and her now unhappy husband, have been in some respects romantic; and her conduct, since her marriage, has afforded one of the strongest examples of constant and ardent affection; and what is most remarkable, is, that it was the intensity of her affection that caused her untimely death. It appears that they were acquainted in Ireland, but as no peculiar attachment existed between them, they emigrated to this country separately, and at different times. By accident they met either at West-Point, or near the Foundery, on the opposite side of the river, a few years since; soon after which, it was agreed that they should be married, whenever Patrick should have raised a certain sum of money. Patrick then went away and laboured hard, and lived prudently, until he had accomplished that object, when he returned, and was awarded for his toil by the heart and hand of the object of his affection.

Their lot was cast in the humble walks of life, it is

true, but never did a couple live more contentedly and happily than they; and whenever Patrick has been called away on business, if detained longer than was anticipated, she knew neither rest nor slumber until his return. It is, but a short time since, Patrick went to Newburgh in a boat, where he was detained all night; and such was the anxiety of his faithful wife, that she sat upon a cliff that overhangs the river, or walked upon the edge of the rugged steep, until the boat came safe to the shore in the morning. Often has she counted the solitary hours as they passed tediously on, in the same manner, while no sounds broke upon the dull hours of night, save the howling of the rude winds above, and the dashing of the surge against the rocks below, mingled occasionally with the stern voice of the weather-beaten sentinel, as he slowly paced his solitary round, or perchance the gloomy screech of the lone bird of night. On the morning of the fatal day, Patrick went in an open boat to the mills at Buttermilk Falls, about two miles below, and she had prepared to visit some friends on the opposite side of the river, but would not go until his return. He was absent longer than was expected, and she repaired to the wonted place of watching, and seated herself upon a crag, which shelved over the deep and dark abyss beneath. Night came on, and the faithful creature, probably overcome by fatigue and anxiety, dropped asleep, fell—and was dashed in pieces. In the morning, her shawl was found upon the rock, and her lifeless body, among the fallen fragments, 170 feet below.

IV. ART OF FLYING.*

[Morning Chronicle. Baltimore.]

———parvo curvamine flectit
Ut veras imitentur aves.—Ovid.

Among the numerous Arts and Sciences, which have employed the attention of the ingenious part of mankind,

* During the session of Congress, December, 1821, a Mr. Bennet, of Pennsylvania, actually presented a memorial to the House of Representatives, praying for the exclusive right of navigating the air with a machine which he had then recently invented. His memorial was the origin of this and the two following articles.—Ed.

none surpasses the Art of Flying, either in boldness or utility, if brought to that kind of perfection, which many learned mechanics have supposed possible; yet no art of like importance has been more neglected than this, which is principally to be attributed to the decision of of public opinion, which considers all searches after this art as nothing better than a " wild goose chase."

The celebrated Bishop Wilkins remarks, " amongst other impediments of any strange inventions, or attempts, it is none of the meanest discouragements that they are so generally derided by common opinion, being esteemed only as the dreams of a melancholy distempered fancy. Yet the inquiry into those strange desiderata has been the origin of the greatest discoveries in mechanics, chemistry, astronomy, &c. all of which have conferred so many benefits on mankind."

A mathematician of Philadelphia by the name of Bennet, is now petitioning to Congress for some privileges as to the time of using a machine which he has invented, by which men can elevate themselves from the earth and perform voyages at pleasure. It appears from the remarks of some of the members of the House of Representatives, that they were disposed to consider the whole invention and its object chimerical, and consequently deserving of no attention from the public. How far their opinions of his invention may be false, it remains for Mr. Bennet to show; yet to assert that it is impossible to fly at all, is at once to contradict experiments which have been made, if history is to be credited, and the opinions of many learned philosophers from the remotest times to the present day.

Roger Bacon, a man of great genius, in a work entitled De Mirabile Potestate Artis et Naturæ, expresses himself thus: " Possunt fieri instrumenta volandi, ut homo sedans in medio instrumenti revolvens aliquod, alœ artifici liter compositœ, ærem verberent ad modum avis volantis," that it is possible to make a flying machine, so that a man sitting in the middle, can by some expedient produce a rotary motion, which shall occasion the percussion of artificial wings on the air like the flight of a bird.

It has also been recorded, that at the coronation of Edward VI. an Arragonese descended a rope stretched from the battlements of St. Paul's steeple to the ground, running on his breast as if it had been an arrow from the bow: and in the thirteenth century a monk named Elmerus flew above a furlong from the top of a tower in Spain; a flight was also attempted from St. Mark's steeple in Venice; and at Nuremburg, a man named Dante of Perouse, by means of a pair of wings was enabled to fly; while amusing the citizens, he fell on the top of St. Mary's church, and broke his thigh; Besnier, a locksmith of Sable in France, obtained considerable effect from the aid of four wings.

In the year 1808, Mr. Degan, a watchmaker of Vienna, actually realized the most sanguine expectations; it is said he mounted in the air, and exhibited by means of wings, a flight resembling that of a bird.

Bishop Wilkins was so confident of success, that he anticipated, that, at some future day, a person should as readily call for his wings, as his horse, before starting for a journey.

Sir George Cayley, a philosopher of a later day, examined this subject, asserted that it was possible for men to fly, and constructed a small instrument for this purpose, which is described in the 24th volume of Nicholson's journal, which is extremely curious.

From the facts above mentioned, and the opinions of the scientific, it does not appear, that the art of flying and constructing machines for that purpose, are by any means visionary, but founded on strict philosophical principles. A machine has been constructed by Dr. Bushnel of Connecticut, which, by means of manual power, could be propelled under water, and heavy bodies are daily seen propelled by steam, with amazing velocity. Now upon considering the atmosphere in common with water, and the effects produced by mechanical power, being the same on both fluids, it is rational, provided light substances are employed, and these so disposed as to move with sufficient velocity, that similar effects could be produced in the atmosphere; nor does it appear more incredible, that the art of flying could be so improved,

than to believe, that lightning could be brought harmless at the feet of a Franklin—that a lamp could be so constructed by means of a covering of wire gauze, as to give the miner light, while working among gases as inflammable as gunpowder, or that men could ascend in the air, by means of a linen bag filled with hot air. In our country, where the arts languish for want of encouragement, the least mark of ingenuity should be noticed with respect, that all may have an ambition to excel in those, which have, and may, confer such lasting benefits on the world.

V. MR. BENNETT'S PETITION TO CONGRESS.

[City Gazette. Charleston.]

Mr Editor,

The application of Mr. Bennett to Congress, for an exclusive privilege to fly through the air, is so inconsistent with the immemorial freedom of that element, which, above all others, we should carefully preserve from a monopoly, that though far from wishing to *cramp the wings* of Genius, I cannot but hope the petition will not be granted: that Congress should, at any rate, act with caution upon the subject, will, I think, be admitted, when it is considered, that if the Art of Flying can indeed be perfected, such *airy speculations* as those of Messrs. Bennett and Lee, will become very common, and attract numerous other enterprizing spirits; in which event, a thriving source of revenue might be opened to the government, by *granting out* the immense tracts of æther spread over the Union, now lying idle, and abandoned to the birds, applying to the sales the same principles observed in the disposal of our Western Territories. It might be well to attend to this hint, as I fear, without some such *assistance from above*, we have very little chance of ever being extricated from the various financial embarrassments which our blessed system of borrowing and banking has brought upon us. While our resources in land are daily diminishing, the atmosphere constitutes a vast and untouched fund, which may be rendered highly available and useful, and would cer-

tainly form a very appropriate support for a Republican Government, as it would tend to bring it into a more direct literal dependence upon the *breath of the people.*

It should further be borne in mind, that the object of Mr. Bennet is immediately at variance with the long established privileges of a worthy and active class of individuals: I mean our seamen, dancing-masters, and adopted French citizens, who spend a large portion of their lives at a considerable elevation above the surface, but whose rights are not the less to be respected on that account, by their more terrestrial brethren. Some late writer has computed that a Frenchman passes the greater part of the time *between the Heavens and the Earth;* and though it may be somewhat exaggerated, it cannot be considered very erroneous. By the way, it is truly extraordinary, when we recollect the known *volatility* of their temperament, that our friends the French should not have taken the lead in volitation, and been the first revivers of the Dædalean art. Should Mr. Bennett come into conflict with any of the above descriptions of persons, it is impossible to conceive of any end to the contest, as it would doubtless be carried on as long as the parties *remained above ground*, and there would be no chance of its ceasing until after they had *returned to their mother earth.*

It may be well for Mr. Bennett to bear in mind, that the officers of our navy and army have been very successful of late in teaching our enemies the *art of flying*, and, I make no doubt, stand ready to repeat their lessons, whenever the occasion may call for it: any interference with them, therefore, in their peculiar vocation, is a matter of delicacy, and ought to be avoided. It yet must be confessed, that the confining the right Mr. Bennett contends for to a single individual, would in some views be desirable, for it would certainly be no small inconvenience, and nothing less than a public evil, to have flights of projectors coming upon us, and the air darkened by speculators, who would enjoy a manifest advantage *over* every pedestrian competitor, and be enabled to *look down* all opposition, and pounce and prey upon the community at will.

I cannot but suspect that Mr. Bennett must be something of a poet, from his aiming at so exclusive a pretension over all who would mount as high as himself, and from the disposition he shows, like many others of the poetic tribe, to soar on *borrowed plumes*, and pinions not given him by nature. I hope, however, that he will not be allowed to *take the air* exactly in the style he proposes, and thus render it indeed a "chartered libertine;" but that Congress will forthwith compel him to make an experiment before them, and *put him to flight* with the least possible delay.

VI. THE FLYING MAN.

[Courier. Charleston.]

Although few would acquiesce in the proposition of Lord Bolingbroke, that it would be better to be a brute, having four legs and a long tail, and to be guided and governed by unerring instinct, than to have two legs and no tail, and to be called a man, and liable to error; yet, there are none, perhaps, who have not at some time or another coveted the wings of a bird; of such a bird, that is, as no militia-man should dare to shoot on a holiday, nor scullion decapitate on the eve of a festival. To fly from the crimes, the follies, the cares, the grossness, and the frivolities of this world; to escape from its humid and noxious vapours; to fly to the objects of our love; to ascend into the atmosphere of Heaven; to mingle with the stars in the zodiac, and track immortal spirits in their homes! What beautiful facilities of happiness might we thus enjoy.

But men do not deserve wings. Poor, sordid, groveling creatures, they come out of the earth, and their affections are bent on the earth—and they sink into the earth; and not one half of them dream of the beautiful canopy which is over their heads, and the unseen spirits which observe them from above. It is related of a miser, that he made an essay to fly, but as his gold was happiness with him, and he was nothing without his gold, his pockets were too ponderous for his flight, and he fell amid the shouts of contempt, into the mire to which

he belonged. So fares it always with avarice, whose machinations are odious, whose acquisitions are base, and whose triumphs are contemptible.

Intellect and innocence are the wings of life; love is the breeze which impels them; joy is the atmosphere through which they pass, and happiness is the haven to which they fly. The quenchless happiness of the soul is the sweet society of perfect and beautiful forms in the radiant realms of light, on the crystal floors of Heaven.

Birds are the choristers of the skies, and are allowed to approach them to make music for the angels—for birds are innocent. But man, whose privilege it is to look above, must remain below, and aspire not beyond it. You may attribute to physical causes, if you please, the inability of man to fly; but much of it may be inferred from debasement and servility of soul and of spirit. They would not fly if they could.

To stand on the invisible air, is to have a light heart, and a buoyant spirit, and elastic feet. The experiment to fly, could not, perhaps, be made with fairer chances of success, than by a young, pure maid, with the plumes of innocence, on the unruffled pinions of hope and of joy, in the balmy morning of life—the zephyrs flowing through her ringlets, and sweetly kissing her cheeks; her glowing heart exulting in the sunbeams, and her sorrowless eye fixed on heaven,—warbling the notes of gladness, angels would gather her to the society of the blessed, but she would not return any more upon the earth.

VIII. LAWYERS AND MINISTERS.

[From the same.]

Care is very unequally distributed in this world. Some people skate over life with beautiful rapidity, and find no pause in pleasure. The path of others is irksome, rough, rugged, and precipitous. Now, although it is a part of our creed, that every man may be happy who chooses to be so, yet are there certainly greater facilities of happiness in some tracks, than in others—something more genial in the moral climate, to the growth of joy.

It is well, however, that this is not generally understood; otherwise we should behold a monopoly of pursuit, and all mankind, instead of being physicians, lawyers, &c. would inevitably be—*clergymen*.

The clergy have the easiest time of any people on this earth—perhaps it is because they deserve it. A clergyman enjoys a prescriptive respect and esteem, being ranked, by common consent, as high as a lady, and above a man. He has the charge of souls, which are not tangible, and have no rough edges, nor corners, nor acute angles, to annoy and afflict sensibility. The comforts of this world are accorded to him with cheerfulness. The merchant presents him a quarter-cask of Madeira—the planter a barrel of rice—the ladies send him sweetmeats, and all the baby-clothes of his children are made in advance, by the courteous labour of his youthful parishoners. A few hours toil produces his weekly discourse, which he delivers to hearers who believe all that he says, and never think of denying it if they do not. He is associated with happiness by those whom he marries, with wisdom by those whom he instructs, with hope by those whom he consoles, and with blessings by them all. Now can there be a more envied situation, a more smooth and unembarrassed journey, than this? Compared with the poor unfortunate lawyer, the clergyman travels on a railway, and the lawyer in a crazy waggon, struggling through mud and water, over a road abounding with ditches.

The lawyer incurs a prescriptive distrust. His gown is associated in the mind, not with the idea of purity and innocence, but of cunning and concealment. His client regrets that he has occasion to employ him, and struggles to get rid of him as early as possible. He is not like a clergyman, who, acting by himself, cannot well differ from himself—nor like physicians, who meet only to consult and to agree, but like a gladiator, or, rather, like a game-cock, trained for perpetual war, and brought out of obscurity, only for a public contest. Much as he may love music, he must be always in discord; much as he may covet peace, he must never cease disputing. If there be only one side, he must make two out of it;

and whether it be the right or the wrong, he must contend it is the right. He may be perfectly conscious of the superiority of another, but that won't do. He must oppose him in open court, and if he lose the victory, stands an excellent chance of losing his livelihood. People will take a clergyman, or a physician, on trust; but with regard to a lawyer, they are as fastidious as Othello, in requiring evidence.

So much for the general and pervading embarrassments of a lawyer's professional life. But if, unfortunately, he has a great deal of business, and several courts will sit at the same time, requiring him in all, then is there an additional distress, arising from the impossibility of being in more than one place at any one time. Then it is harrassing indeed, to hear him called in the city court, and in the admiralty, and in the equity, and in the common law, and peradventure at chambers. "*Mungo here, Mungo there, and Mungo everywhere.*"

There is another additional misery, which is too true to make a joke of. If, by any misfortune, people come to think that you are disinterested and humane, they imagine themselves entitled, on all occasions, to your gratuitous labour, and to the wear and tear of your mind and affections. Thus comfortable is the profession of the law.

IX. THE DEAF AND DUMB.

[From the same.]

To enter this world without a welcome—to leave it without an adieu—to suffer and to be unable to communicate your suffering—to stand a sad and silent monument amid the joys of others, which you cannot understand nor conceive of—to be shut out of life—to carry within your bosom the buried seeds of happiness which is never to grow, of intellect which is never to burst forth, of usefulness which is never to germinate—to find even your presence afflictive, and not to know whether you excite compassion or horror—a whole existence without one cheering sound—without one welcome accent—without one exhilirating thought—without one

idea of the present—without one recollection of the past—without one hope of the future. Oh! what a cloud of wretchedness covers, surrounds, and overwhelms such a deplorable victim of sorrow!

Now to throw over such a benighted being the sweet rays of intelligence—to open the intellect, and let it gush forth in streams of light and joy—to rouse the affections that they may know and love God, the giver of all things, merciful in his chastisements—to enlighten the soul, that it may see its origin and its destiny—to cause the lips to smile, although they cannot speak—the eye to glisten with other emotions than those of sorrow—and the mind to understand, although it cannot hear,—Oh! what a beautiful supplement to the benevolence of Heaven!

X. CREDULITY.

[From the same.]

Credulity is an affliction. It is the sign of ignorance; the source of alarm—the prelude of danger. Such is the contagion of speech; so easy of coin and of utterance are words; that the air is always full of counterfeit rumours, poisoning the wholesome condition of society. If men would tell only what they know; if women would not listen except to the truth; if bridles were put on the tongues of triflers, and seals on the ears of the easily alarmed, much more of happiness and tranquillity would prevail in populous cities.

As it is, however, the tongue, the sign of perspicuity, which elevates man, as he thinks, and will tell you boastingly, above the brute creation, is as often the source of mischief as it is of good. There is in human nature, a melancholy but an unreflecting propensity to communicate marvellous stories; to excite surprise, and wonder, and alarm. There is, also, in human nature, a melancholy but an unreflecting propensity to believe in what is strange, and sorrowful, and ominous, and destructive. So do we play upon each other—and so do we make ourselves unhappy. Let the rule be to listen to nothing but what is true, and to mention nothing but

what is known, and truth and knowledge will circulate instead of error.

What a pity that there is not a peculiar rule of moral gravitation, which would cause a lie to drop dead from the speaker, while the fleetness of the wind should be enjoyed in the dissemination of truth.

XI. LEARNING.

[From the same.]

Learning bears the same relation to talents that charcoal does to fire. It is the elaborated product of mind, but without mind it is useless. You must warm it to make it sparkle, and dissolve it to feel its benefit.

Learning, is, therefore, separate from, and can no more be identified with, genius, than a basket of coal on the shoulders of a coal-heaver can be identified with or assimilated to the electric fires of heaven.

Thus, it is obvious, that learning may oppress. The mind has its apartments as well as the body, and both may be over-crowded. If the muscles are relaxed by pressure, and the erect form of man stoops when it is imposed upon, what is there to preserve the elasticity of an over-loaded intellect—what to preserve the regularity of a mind in confusion?

An auction store on the vendue range, with its universal medley of matter and things, is not an inapt emblem of a mind crowded to satiety with the ideas of others, without one original idea of its own And as the most sagacious auctioneer must frequently be puzzled to find in such a promiscuous society, the article which he seeks, and places his hand on Canton crape when he is in quest of Brussels lace—so the most laborious reader finds that he has filled his mind, it is true, but he has forgotten on what shelf of his intellect he has placed a particular idea.

And as the auctioneer puzzled, must take down and expose many articles before he discovers the right one, which, peradventure, he shall not discover at all,—so with the learned man; he being at a loss for that learning which applies, shall make an useless and gaudy dis-

play of the furniture of his mind, and relying on the thought of others, and not daring to think for himself, he shall add nothing to the stock of human knowledge—resembling altogether a cistern, but by no means a spring.

XII. BARTHOLOMEW CURTIS.

[Gazette. Lynchburg.]

"Dust shall return to the dust as it was, and the soul to God who gave it."

"Behind a frowning providence,
"He hides a smiling face."

Departed this life early on Friday night last, Bartholomew Curtis, at between seventy and eighty years of age. The history of this humble but extraordinary man, is so very remarkable, and the circumstances attending his dissolution were so unprecedentedly shocking that the writer, to whom he was for many years well known, cannot refrain from communicating a hasty though sincere tribute to the memory of the deceased.

It was the unhappy lot of Bartholomew Curtis to be born both deaf and dumb, and thus to labour under a privation of two of the most important senses belonging to the mere external frame of a human being. This, however, did not at all affect the innate vigour and intelligence of his mind, that nobler and etherial part of man. Every intellectual faculty seemed to have been lavished, as it were, upon him, in remuneration of the melancholy defects, to which it pleased an overruling Providence to subject him from his birth. Every feature in his countenance was replete with expression; in his action and gesture too, there was an eloquence singularly intelligible and far more powerful than the ordinary language of those who are blessed with all the organs of external sense. At the dawn of the revolutionary war, Bartholomew Curtis glowed with such fervent zeal in the cause of liberty, and besides afforded such wonderful indications of sound and mature intellect, that the regular army could not resist his importunate demands for employment in its lines. Being finally admitted into the service, his competency as a soldier was soon proved to the amazement and admiration of every body; for

he fought through the long and appalling scenes of the revolution, with a patience of mind and an intrepidity of spirit unsurpassed by any of his companions in arms. There are now in this neighbourhood several surviving soldiers of the same memorable conflict, who can testify to his admirable conduct in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, to the North, and that of Guilford Court House, to the South. Stricken with years, a welcome and privileged guest at every house where he was personally known, it at last pleased Almighty God to snatch this interesting and venerable man from time to the eternal world, in a manner equally sudden and heart-rending. The old man, after going to several places in the neighbourhood in his usual unceremonious way, sojourned on last Friday night, at the house of Mrs. Selah Ann Estess, in this county. He was lighted to bed, in the upper story of the house, as soon as feeble nature called for repose. Alas! about ten o'clock, after the deceased and every other member had sunk into profound sleep, the mansion of their rest was suddenly and by accident wrapped in the flames of a desolating fire, from which Bartholomew Curtis never escaped. The other persons providentially saved their lives; but the fire consumed every thing within its range. The subject of this obituary was entirely burnt up, with the exception of his bones, that remained, bleaching amidst the awful ruins, to the dawning sun of the next morning. Thus perished Bartholomew Curtis—a deaf and dumb soldier of the revolution, equally pitied for his lamentable defects, admired for his peculiar powers of mind, and venerated for his faithful services in the war that founded the independence of his native land. Let the philanthropist and the patriot re-echo the benign sentiment of the good old lady in whose dwelling he perished. "If," said she, "poor Thall could only have been saved from the flames, I should not regard my own losses, great as they are." Let the whole christian community too, cherish the pious, consolatory hope, that "Heaven has raised high its portals" for the reception of the deceased, and that his spirit has been welcomed into the mansions of eternal felicity.

XIII. THE RAPIDS OF LOVE.

[Courier. Charleston.]

THERE are rapids in Love, but they fall as they flow,
Thus pleasure inhabits the borders of wo;
And the tears of their union, though sun-beams illume,
They meet in the rainbow, and part in the gloom.

There are rapids in Love, but they must be passed o'er,
By those who would not be confined to the shore;
For danger has charms, when it points to delight,
And morning is lovely, for following night.

Let us risk the descent, our barques shall combine,
Our hopes and our hearts shall together incline;
Love beckons us on, to the perilous wave,
One moment shall ruin us both, or shall save.

Protect us! ye stars of the fond and the true,
The dangers of lovers are sacred to you;
The rapids are over—surviving secure,
In the sea of delight our barques we will moor.

XIV. LOVE AT THE CAPUCHIN CHAPEL.

[From the same.]

LOVE went into the Capuchin Church,
But soon came out again;
For after all his eager search,
He saw there only men.

Oh church of grief! Oh shrine of tears!
Where woman has no place—
To lift her snow-white soul in prayers,
And sweetly sue for grace.

There cannot be for man a heaven,
And not for woman too;
For woman to the earth was given,
To bless it, and renew.

In virgin forms do saints abide,
In virgin voices pray;
And all upon the earth beside,
Is worthless, lovely clay.

XV. LOVE AT THE RACES.

[From the same.]

LOVE went out to see the race:
I marvel if there be a place
Where Love goes not; unless it be
Some place unknown to you and me.

Love did not in a sulky go,—
The surly equipage of wo;
Nor rode he in a coach and four,
By vulgar eyes gazed o'er and o'er:

Nor travell'd like the common throng,
Who mutter as they trudge along;
Nor like the dandy, turning round,
To look contemptuous on the ground.

Part of the ceiling of the sky
Happening to fall when Love was nigh,
He made of it an azure car,
And placed on either side a star.

His chariot open'd from above,
For Love sees heaven, and heaven sees Love;
But when a *tete-a-tete* he chose,
Love bade it like a violet close.

He harness'd Hope and young Desire,
And, lest the generous steeds should tire,
With kisses he supplied their fare,
And baited them with capillaire.

Love's wheels were of the sandal tree,
Sweet circles of perfumery;
Each spoke entwin'd with jessamine flowers,
Like Love's sweet dial of the hours.

Dreams curtain'd little Love around,
And Zephyrs played, and Pleasures crowned.
The seats were myrtle—only three—
For Love himself, for you and me.

Love marvelled, when the race was o'er,
How short the conflict did endure;
He turned contemptuous from the sight,
And plumed his wings with self-delight.

"Why, we, ourselves, can better do;"
So said Love, to me and you:
There's not a steed beneath the sun,
That Love in rapture can't outrun.

XVI. LOVE AT THE JOCKEY-CLUB BALL.

[From the same.]

Methinks, said Love, as I went to the race,
I'll go to the ball, where each smiling Grace,
Like a band of sylphs, in their mystic round,
Will lightly dance to the music's sound.

I'll wear me a sash of the violet's hue,
As bright as a hare-bell, bathed in dew,
And I'll go as a harper, and get from P.*
His tuneful lyre of minstrelsy.

And I'll sweep its melodious silver string,
That rival beauty and youth may bring
A chaplet of bays for his brow, that he
May remember them, when he thinks of me.

So said Love—and away he flew,
For P's gold harp; for full well he knew,
That the muses had destin'd his hand to bear
To their favoured bard, a gift so fair.

XVII. LOVE ASLEEP.

[From the same.]

WAKE him not—he dreams of bliss,
His little lips put forth to kiss;
His arms entwined in virgin grace,
Seem linked in beautiful embrace.

He smiles, and on his opening lip
Might saints refresh and angels sip:
He blushes—'tis the rosy light,
That morning wears on leaving night.

He sighs—'tis not the sigh of wo,
He only sighs that he may know,
If kindred sighs another move,
For mutual sighs are signs of love.

He speaks—it it his dear one's name—
He whispers—still it is the same—
The imprisoned accents strive in vain,
They murmur through his lips again.

He wakes—the silly little boy,
To break the mirror thus of joy!
He wakes to sorrow, and in pain—
Oh Love renew thy dreams again.

XVIII. LOVE'S BILLET-DOUX.

[From the same.]

LOVE wrote a billet—what do you think
Was Love's paper, pen and ink?
Not such things as mortals use;
Ink of sable, quill of goose,
Pewter stand, and paper wove
Out of rags, won't do for Love.

* Dr. James Percival.

He cut the heart of a dove in two,
And mixéd the drops with honey dew;
In an amber vase he-plac'd them then,
And went to seek for a lover's pen.

He plucked a ray from the setting sun,
A plume of light, as the day is done,
For Love is warm, though night invades,
And Love is bright among the shades.

He waited till the stars arose,
Ere he his billet would compose;
He wrote on rose leaves, newly blown,
Because their fragrance is his own.
A glass of capillaire he quaffed,
Then laughing wrote, and writing laughed.

"*We were for each other born,*
"*We are from each other torn;*
"*Where we should, then let us be,*
"*I with you, and you with me.*"

Love copied then his billet-doux,
One for me and one for you;
He sealed them with his own dear kiss,
And sent them by the mail of bliss.

XIX. THE DECAY OF LOVE.

[From the same.]

THY charms are all decaying, Love,
Thy smile that once was playing, Love,
So pure and bright
It seem'd to light
From day's clear fountain straying, Love.

That smile away is stealing, Love,
Thy lip no more revealing, Love,
The sweets of soul
That Cupid stole
To fill his cup of feeling, Love.

That lip will shed its sweetness, Love,
Thy form will lose its fleetness, Love,
Array'd no more
As when it wore
The snowy veil of neatness, Love.

Oh! time is stealing by us, Love,
And age is drawing nigh us, Love,
So let me sip
Thy dewy lip
Before the young hours fly us, Love.

The rose of youth is blowing, Love,
The tide of health is flowing, Love,
Then let me be
Entwin'd with thee
As elms and vines are growing, Love.

A chain of flowers has twined us, Love,
And blest the hours shall find us, Love,
Then heart from heart
No more shall part,
Till age and death unbind us, Love.

XX. LOVE'S BENEDICTION.

[From the same.]

Be as thou art—forever young,
Still on thy cheek the vernal bloom;
The honey's essence on thy tongue,
And on thy lips the rose-perfume.

Be as thou art—forever fair,
Still beam with love, those eyes of thine;
Forever wave thy yellow hair,
And round thy graceful bosom twine.

Those coral lips, those teeth of pearl,
Those smiles, those glances, and those sighs;
Heaven save them long, my charming girl,
To bless this heart, to bless these eyes.

For all of thee, thank heaven, is mine:
And I am happier made by thee;
As when the oak surplants the vine,
'Tis glad, and looketh cheerfully.

XXI. THE CORAL GROVE.

[From the same.]

Deep in the wave is a Coral Grove,
Where the purple mullet, and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew.
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.

The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;

The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the stars are bright as the sands, that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air:
There with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bath'd in slaughter:
There with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean,
Are bending, like corn on the upland lea:
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms,
Has made the top of the wave his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet, and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

XXII. THE MERMAID'S SONG.

[Newburyport Herald.]

COME mariner, down in the deep with me,
And hide thee under the wave;
For I have a bed of coral for the
And quiet and sound shall thy slumber be,
In a cell in the Mermaid's cave.

On a pillow of pearl thine eye shall sleep,
And nothing disturb thee there;
The fishes their silent vigils shall keep—
There shall be no grass thy grave to sweep
But the silk of the Mermaid's hair.

And she who is waiting with cheek so pale,
As the tempest and ocean roar;
And weeps when she hears the menacing gale,
Or sighs to behold her mariner's sail
Come whitening up to the shore—

She has not long to linger for thee;
Her sorrows shall soon be o'er;
For the chords shall be broke, and the prisoner free,
And her eye shall close, and her dreams shall be
So sweet sweet she will wake no more.

XXIII. HOLIDAY PRESENTS.*

[Evening Post. N. Y.]

Now, ere winter commences hostility,
Friends of genius, this festival day,
Call for tokens of love and civility,
Such as Bonfanti will sell in Broadway;
For jewels and glasses, and trinkets for lasses,
This artist surpasses all others in York;
His clocks and his watches, his ear-rings and broaches,
And juvenile coaches, are masterly work.

There's a snuff-box of costly materials,
Gold enamell'd, with diamonds and pearls,
Rich as ever despotic imperials
Gave, on Christmas, to favourite girls;
Containing a treasure that gives us more pleasure
Than this kind of measure, which playfully rings;
Touch a spring in it, and out flies a linnet,
Which warbles a minute, while flapping its wings.

Small as a bee, yet it sings so delightfully,
Nothing can equal its plumage and tone;
While you listen, the little thing, spitefully
Vanishes, just like a ghost, and is gone:
Again touch the thing so, and out he will spring so,
And flutter and sing so, you'll swear he's alive;
As Broadway is handy, each lover and dandy
Should call on Bonfanti—*three hundred and five.*

There's a gig and the little miss in it, sir,
Drives her horse at a terrible rate,
Round the room, in the tenth of a minute, sir,
Gaily she gallops, nor pauses to bait;
Velocipedes prancing, and little dolls dancing,
With rolling eye glancing, and sweet rosy cheeks;
Clocks, with figures of butchers and diggers,
And soldiers, with triggers to pull for the Greeks.

Silver spoons, too, enclosed in a cherry pit,
Six times twenty I counted in one;
Glass torpedos to crack in a merry fit,
Roaring as loud as a pistol or gun;
But what is still queerer, the moon is brought nearer,
Until we can hear her poor poets complain;
And this is effected, as might be expected,
By glasses collected in one hollow cane.

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* Advertisement of Joseph Bonfanti, in the New-York Evening Post.

Gloves in nuts, too, a great curiosity,
Chains for lockets, and bracelets for arms;
Pens and pencils to rule with velocity,
Paints for ladies to heighten their charms;
Tooth-picks and tweezers, with needles and scissors,
And glasses called quizzers, to gaze at the fair;
Razors in cases, with bodkins and braces,
And patches for faces, and combs for the hair.

Canes for walking, an endless variety,
Some are musical, made like a flute;
Swords in others, to meet with propriety
Rude assaults from a bully or brute;
Bottles to smell of, like fishes they tell of,
Designed for each belle of a delicate frame;
Cork-screws and purses, with rattles for nurses,
Or those who write verses for nothing but fame.

Flasks for powder, for sportsmen or duellist,
Swords and rifles, with pistols and dirks;
Were they wielded 'gainst tyrants the cruellest,
Greece would quickly be freed from the Turks.
Elegant castors, imperial court-plasters,
And toys for young masters and misses you know;
And true pulse-glasses to tell us what passes
In veins of the lasses, who've hearts to bestow.

Quills and wafers for forming a billet-doux,
Tinder-boxes, with snuffers and stands;
Case for dressing, and matters to fill it too,
All that a gentleman's toilet demands.
Faithful barometers, best of thermometers,
Clocks and hydrometers, finished with care,
With breast-pins and lockets, and lights for the pockets,
And holiday rockets to burst in the air.

There, and a thousand of others most beautiful,
Now invite the inspection of taste;
Sweethearts and children, if constant and dutiful,
Thus can at once be rewarded and graced,
As holiday present to *cit* or to *peasant*,
Is equally pleasant this festival day,
Let every gay dandy, who has the cash handy,
Apply to Bonfanti, who lives in Broadway.

XXIV. THE PRINTER'S PRAYER.

[Baltimore Patriot.]

Oh! thou Great Head of earth and heaven!
Who dost the howling tempest ride,
Thy will the holy *rule* hast given;—
Be thou the printer's friendly *guide*.

When eve thy *azure book* expands,
He sees in *starry letters* bright,
The *work* of thy eternal hands;
Great Sovereign of etherial light.

With heaven's effulgent *type*, serene
The beauteous rainbow's cheering ray,
Imprint upon his soul the scene
That opens in celestial day.

And when this earthly mouldering *form*
Is *lock'd* in death's cold icy *chase*;
Oh! save his spirit from the storm
That hurls the vicious from thy face.

And oh! when thy last trump shall sound,
And bid the slumbering dust arise;
May he be in the *columns* found,
That form the *pages* of the skies.

XXIII. LIBERTY TO ATHENS,

AN ODE, BY DR. PERCIVAL.

THE flag of freedom floats once more
Around the lofty Parthenon;
It waves, as waved the palm of yore,
In days departed long and gone;
As bright a glory, from the skies,
Pours down its light around those tow'rs,
And once again the Greeks arise,
As in their country's noblest hours;
Their swords are girt in virtue's cause,
Minerva's sacred hill is free—
O! may she keep her equal laws,
While man shall live, and time shall be.

The pride of all her shrines went down;
The Goth, the Frank, the Turk, had reft
The laurel from her civic crown;
Her helm by many a sword was cleft:
She lay among the ruins low—
Where grew the palm, the cypress rose;
And, crush'd and bruis'd by many a blow,
She cower'd beneath her savage foes;
But now again she springs from earth,
Her loud, awakening trumpet speaks;
She rises in a brighter birth,
And sounds redemption to the Greeks.

It is the classic jubilee—
Their servile years have roll'd away;
The clouds that hover'd o'er them flee,
They hail the dawn of freedom's day;
From Heaven the golden light descends,
The times of old are on the wing,
And glory there her pinion bends,
And beauty wakes a fairer spring;
The hills of Greece, her rocks, her waves,
Are all in triumph's pomp arrayed;
A light that points their tyrants' graves,
Plays round each bold Athenian's blade.

The Parthenon, the sacred shrine,
Where wisdom held her pure abode:
The hill of Mars, where light divine
Proclaim'd the true, but unknown God;
Where justice held unyielding sway,
And trampled all corruption down,
And onward took her lofty way
To reach at truth's unfading crown:
The rock, where liberty was full,
Where eloquence her torrents roll'd,
And loud, against the despot's rule,
A knell the patriot's fury toll'd:

The stage whereon the drama spake,
In tones that seem'd the words of heav'n,
Which make the wretch in terror shake,
As by avenging furies driv'n:
The groves and gardens, where the fire
Of wisdom, as a fountain, burn'd,
And every eye, that dar'd aspire
To truth, has long in worship turn'd:
The halls and porticos, where trod
The moral sage, severe, unstain'd,
And where the intellectual god
In all the light of science reign'd:

The schools, where rose in symmetry
The simple, but majestic pile,
Where marble threw its roughness by,
To glow, to frown, to weep, to smile,
Where colours made the canvas live,
Where music roll'd her flood along,
And all the charms that art can give,
Were blent with beauty, love and song;
The port from whose capacious womb
Her navies took their conquering road,
The heralds of an awful doom
To all, who would not kiss her rod;

On these a dawn of glory springs,
These trophies of her brighter fame;
Away the long-chain'd city flings
Her weeds, her shackles, and her shame;
Again her ancient souls awake,
Harmodious bares anew his sword;
Her sons in wrath their fetters break,
And freedom is their only lord.

XXIV. TO C. G —— V—— R——.

[Evening Post. New-York.]

——Sic tu sapiens finire memento
Tristitiam vitæque labores
Molli, Plance, mero. HORACE.

ONCE more, old friend, we meet
O'er the bright and rosy wine,
While the only heart I greet
In this weary world is thine.

Then fill the goblet high,
Let it sparkle to the brim,
We will drink to days gone by,
Ere the light of life grows dim.

First we'll pledge the shrouded dead;
Those who loved and were so dear,
Those for whom our bosoms bled:
Let us pledge them with a tear!

Let us pledge their grassy graves:
Be their slumbers sweet and blest,
Where the weeping willow waves,
O'er their lonely place of rest.

Fill the bowl, again, again,
Let us pledge our early hours—
Why pour out a mournful strain
O'er our being's faded flowers?

No, we'll bathe their memory
In a flood of mellow wine;
Though our joys have ceased to be,
'Twere a folly to repine.

Let us pledge our countless foes,
Be their hatred what it may;
If they chase our steps too close
They'll find lion-hearts at bay!

None are left who wish us well
On this wide and dreary earth;
Let our spirits proudly swell,
As we plege *each other's* worth.

We have tried life's varied round,
In the dance and festival;
We have culled the flowers we found,
And have proved them worthless all!

We have worn the wreath of love
Till we found it valueless;
We have worn it but to prove
'Tis not that of happiness.

We have studied woman's heart,
We have sunned us in her smile,
We have burst her bonds apart,
For we found her vain and vile.

Fill the goblet full and high,
There is pleasure on each brow;
By our *strong* and *mystic tie*
Let us pledge each other now!

When the grass shall o'er me grow,
Thou wilt pledge my memory;
And if thou art first to go,
I will do the same for thee.

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